

THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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WHY DAUGHERTY IS OUT

TWO WORDS ARE ENOUGH to tell why Harry M. Daugherty is now a private citizen, and not Attorney-General of the United States; at least such is the commonest conclusion reached by editorial commentators on the forced resignation of the most persistently criticized member of the Harding-Coolidge Administration. These two words are—public opinion. Mr. Daugherty is out, says the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer* in the East, because he “has not had the confidence of the people”; he is out, agrees the Republican St. Paul *Pioneer Press* in the West, “because the American people have not been able to feel that the business of the Department of Justice has been in safe hands.” With here accusations of a political play on the part of President Coolidge; with there sharp criticism of the methods of Mr. Daugherty’s Senatorial adversaries; with here a word of sympathy or praise for the man himself; with there the suggestion that the Attorney-General finally made a better showing than the President who dismissed him, and with even an occasional suggestion that Mr. Daugherty should have been retained a little longer, there is, nevertheless, a most remarkably unanimous sigh of relief that he has gone. In a Republican keynote speech at Portland, Maine, said to have received President Coolidge’s approval before delivery, Senator Pepper (Rep. of Pa.) characterized Daugherty’s incumbency of the Attorney-Generalship as “a great error in judgment” on the part of the President who appointed him. Turning historian, the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) tells us that no Cabinet officer in the past twenty-five years has drawn the fire that Mr. Daugherty has drawn. For a time, remarks the Columbia *Record* (Dem.) the Attorney-General followed the example of the boy who stood on the burning deck—only to jump at last as the flames leaped higher. The Cleveland *Press* (Ind.), in Mr. Daugherty’s own State, says only what dozens of papers all over the country are saying, when it observes that “the final

result was inevitable,” that the pressure of public opinion “was becoming too great for even this hardened, dogged veteran, whose contempt for public opinion enabled him to withstand the shocks that would have been politically fatal to most men.”

The most important point to be considered, as papers like the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), Boston *Herald* (Rep.), Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.), and Dallas *News* (Dem.) see it, is that Harry M. Daugherty did not enjoy public confidence. And, says the Texas paper, “the ability to inspire the country with faith in his integrity is a prime qualification of every Cabinet officer, and indeed of every public officer.” The notion that it is necessary to prove a Cabinet officer actually guilty of crimes or misdeeds before he can be expected to resign bears, in the opinion of the Springfield *Republican*, “no relation to the theory and practice of a government that rests upon public opinion. As this independent journal understands it, Mr. Daugherty “was not tried in a court of justice but in a court of public opinion where all public men are tried, and in his case the sentence of dismissal was fully warranted by the undisputed facts.” The Republican New York *Tribune* agrees that “his associations, his friends, and his training made him a vulnerable man for the Attorney-Generalship, so largely judicial in its functions.” To the Democratic Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*, trying to explain why public

opinion turned thumbs down on Mr. Daugherty, it seems that he committed the blunder of being “out of date.” He was a reminder of “the old ways of Penrose and Mark Hanna,” which “have been swept up and are in the ash-can.” But Attorney-General Daugherty was not so much out of date as out of place, reasons the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* (Ind.). Continues this paper:

“Daugherty emerges as a complete embodiment of the qualities which most American communities accept and encourage in minor political leaders. He kept the faith—of the ward



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THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL

Harlan Fiske Stone, of New York, had just resigned as Dean of the Columbia University Law School when President Coolidge chose him to succeed Harry M. Daugherty. “He knows the law,” we are assured, “and has courage to enforce it.”



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GASTON B. MEANS



ROXEY STINSON



CAPT. H. L. SCAIFE

THREE CONSPICUOUS WITNESSES, WHO TESTIFIED BEFORE THE DAUGHERTY COMMITTEE

They made charges of graft, laxity and favoritism in the Department of Justice, the most serious of which have been denied by Mr. Daugherty.

leaders. What he didn't understand is that the American people tolerate in restricted fields of politics many things which, for obvious reasons, they will not tolerate in Washington. There they demand courage and honor and truth and high thinking.

"For the sins of his retainers, as well as for his own errors of judgment and conduct, Daugherty has been indicted before the people."

If there had been public officials who were loved because of their enemies, Mr. Daugherty was one of those distrusted because of his friends. "Found in bad company," is the way the *Ogden Standard Examiner* (Ind.) sums up the case against him. Mr. Daugherty's intimate friends and boon companions, writes Henry Suydam of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "were as strange a crowd as ever gathered around a Cabinet officer." The Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* explains that, "When Daugherty came to Washington there followed in his train a group of politicians who were bound sooner or later to make an unpleasant situation. Daugherty liked them, and because he did he saw no evil in their plans to harvest the spoils of high office." And while nothing has been brought out to prove that Mr. Daugherty was a party to any of their "deals," Washington, we are told, was "becoming more and more convinced that some persons very close to the Attorney-General were playing 'fast and loose' with the prestige of the Administration." A writer who was peculiarly close to President Harding, Mr. Mark Sullivan of the *New York Herald Tribune* (Rep.), tries to describe the exact situation from the standpoint of an unbiased observer. In the first place, he asserts, Mr. Daugherty, because of his training and experience, was "a misfit

every day of the three years" he was in office. Then there came to Washington with him a crowd of old political associates and hangers-on, some obtained public offices, others "attached themselves in one way or another to the fringes of the Harding Administration."

"They didn't all announce that they were here to 'do business.' Their past careers were a sufficient advertisement. There was enormously rich business to be done. There was immense money to be made in 'facilitating' the getting of permits to take whisky out of warehouses. There were opportunities in connection with income taxes, with war contracts still hanging over, and the like

"It was the things some of these men did on the shady side of law and propriety—it was these that form the bulk of the Daugherty scandal. Daugherty was inefficient. Also, the mere fact that Daugherty had such associations was enough to disqualify him. Those associations were a sign that Daugherty had not the sort of standing that the head of the Department of Justice ought to have. But Daugherty himself was not corrupt. He was meticulous in trying to do the best he could—the best he could, that is, Daugherty being Daugherty."

Before quoting editorial opinion on the testimony brought out by the Senate Committee investigating the Attorney-General's office, it will be well to note briefly what that testimony was. To summarize:

The last chapter in the history of Mr. Daugherty's Washington career began on January 29, when Senator Wheeler (Dem., Mont.) offered a resolution calling for the Attorney-General's resignation. On March 1, the Senate voted, with only one dissenting, to investigate Mr. Daugherty's conduct in office. On March 12 the Senate committee began its hearings. The star witness was Miss Roxey Stinson, of Columbus, Ohio, divorced wife of Jess Smith, Daugherty's intimate friend. Smith



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THEY "INVESTIGATED" DAUGHERTY FOR SIXTEEN DAYS—

And then he resigned. From the reader's left to right: Senators Wesley L. Jones (Rep., Wash.); Smith W. Brookhart (Rep., Ia.), Chairman; George H. Moses (Rep., N. H.); and Burton K. Wheeler (Dem., Mont.), who suggested the investigation.

came with him to Washington, lived with him, and for a time had a desk in the Department of Justice, tho occupying no official position. He committed suicide May 30, 1923. Miss Stinson told much of the intimacy between the two men, and repeated general statements made by Smith about his influence at the Department and his opportunities for making money. Mr. Daugherty issued statements to the effect that Miss Stinson was 'a disappointed and malicious woman,' angry because her ex-husband had not left more of his property to her, who had tried to capitalize her silence. Mr. Daugherty flatly denied any dishonorable dealings with Smith or any one else. One of Mr. Daugherty's counsel pointed out that Miss Stinson's testimony was based altogether upon statements made to her by a man who is now dead. Another star witness was Gaston B. Means, a former agent of the Department under W. J. Burns, and now under indictment in the Federal courts. Without directly implicating Daugherty, he made charges of corruption against Jess Smith and others in connection with war fraud cases and illegal exhibitions of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight films. He also charged that the Department had ordered an investigation of Senators and of witnesses connected with various inquiries. Other witnesses testified to payment of graft to some one connected with the Department in connection with the fight films and whisky withdrawals. It was said in testimony before this and the Teapot Dome committee that Mr. Daugherty was speculating in oil stocks while in office. H. L. Scaife, another former Department agent, asserted that the Department of Justice blocked inquiry into overpayments to aircraft concerns during the war. A negro valet told of parties at Daugherty's apartment and of whisky brought there. Before the Teapot Dome Committee, Al Jennings told that Jake Hamon, the Oklahoma oil man, paid a million dollars to secure the Harding nomination, of which \$25,000 went to Daugherty. Practically all the statements made by these witnesses were denied by persons or companies mentioned, as well as by Mr. Daugherty.

After months of rumors of White House debate over Daugherty's resignation, the resignation was asked, offered, and accepted on March 28. The reason given by President Coolidge was based on Mr. Daugherty's refusal to allow the investigating committee access to certain files. This brought out the point of Mr. Daugherty's ability to function properly as Attorney-General, and the President based his request for the official's resignation on the following argument:

"You have a personal interest in this investigation which is being made of the conduct of yourself and your office, which may be in conflict with your official interest, as the Attorney-General. I am not questioning your fairness or integrity.

"I am merely reciting the fact that you are placed in two positions; one, your personal interest, the other, your office of Attorney-General, which may be in conflict.

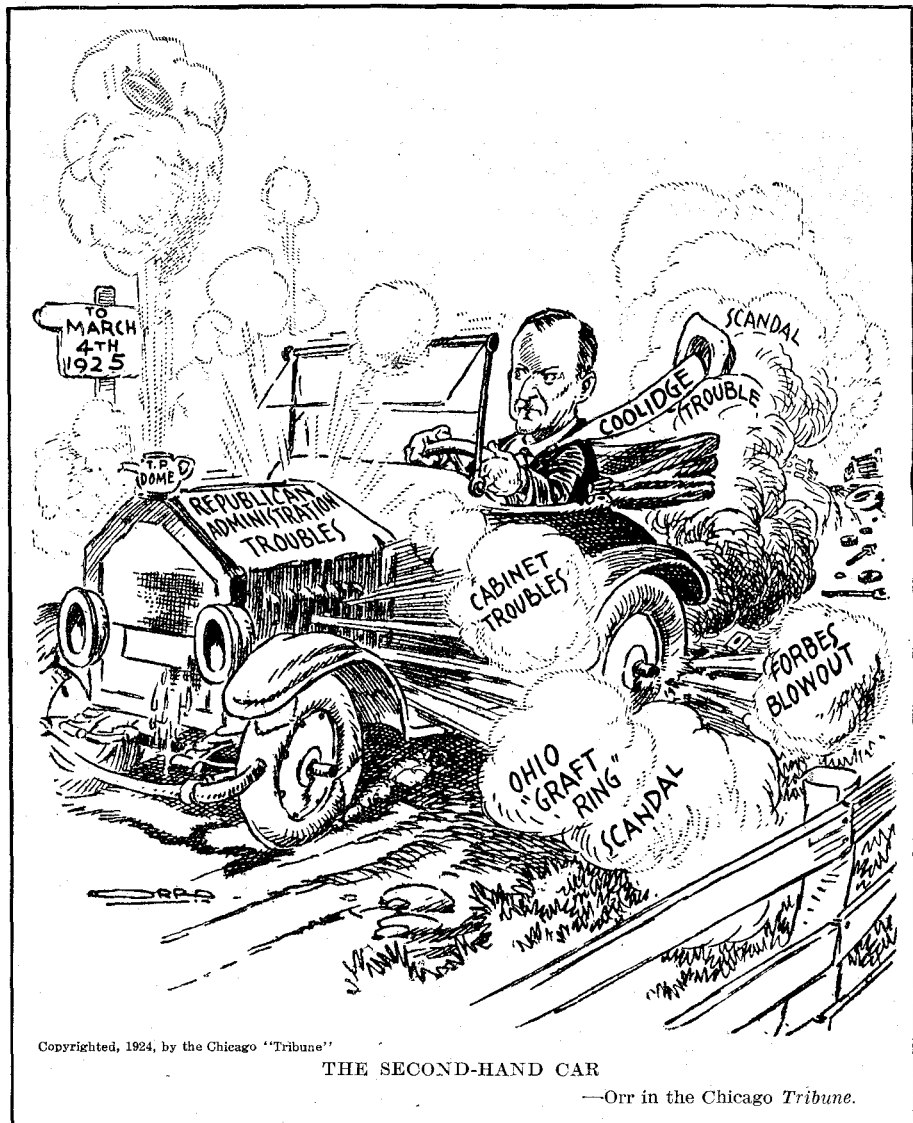
"How can I satisfy a request for action in matters of this nature on the ground that you as Attorney-General advise against it, when you as the individual, against whom the inquiry is directed, necessarily have a personal interest in it? I do not see how you can be acting for yourself in your own defense in this matter and at the same time and on the same question acting as my adviser as Attorney-General."

Immediately after leaving office, Mr. Daugherty issued a long statement, from which the following paragraphs are quoted:

"Mr. President, all the pretended charges against me are false. But whether true or false, if a member of the Cabinet is to be incapacitated or disqualified by the preferment of charges against

him, no matter how malicious and groundless, and he is compelled to give up his responsible position and sacrifice his honor for the time being because of such attack, no man in any official position is safe. . . .

"I can not escape the conviction, Mr. President, that your request for my resignation is also most untimely. It comes at a time when the truth is banishing falsehood from the public mind, even tho I have not as yet had an opportunity to place upon the witness stand before the Senate committee a single



witness in my defense or in explanation or rebuttal of the whispered and gossipy charges against me.

"I am aware, Mr. President, that the suggestion has been made to you that my retirement from the Cabinet would serve the ends of party expediency. Had I believed this, I would have retired when this contention was first raised. Twice since you became President, and when I could have done so without criticism, I have offered to retire from your Cabinet, and you have in each case requested me to remain, because, as you were kind enough to say, of your entire satisfaction with the splendid accomplishments of the Department of Justice under my administration.

"After this recent attack and while under fire, I stood my ground because I believe cowardice and surrender of principle are never expedient, and that every sacrifice of justice to clamor is followed by demands for still greater sacrifices."

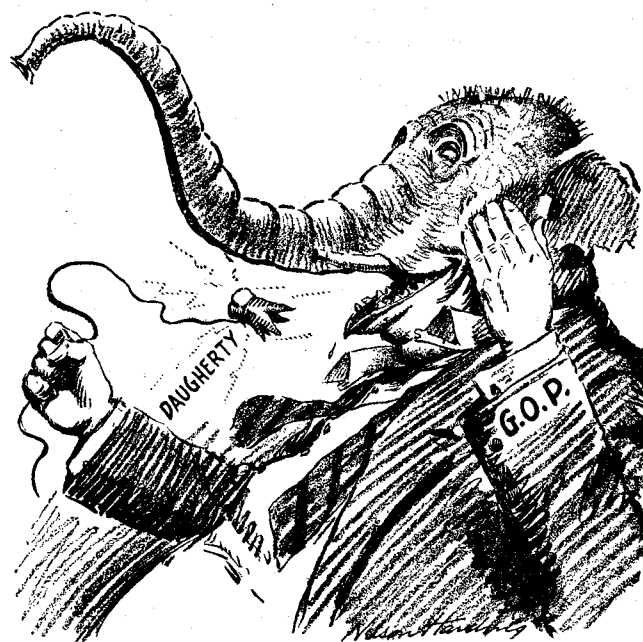
A few days later Mr. Daugherty made another statement in which he declared himself a firm supporter of the President, called on the country to back the Coolidge program, and said that he himself "took a difficult position with the President as a matter of duty and a desire to help him most in the long run."

Mr. Daugherty's claim that he did not have a square deal before the investigating committee seems reasonable enough to a number of newspapers. An important point, as the



ONE MORE JONAH!

—Knott in the Dallas News.



"WHAT A RELIEF!"

—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

DEMOCRATIC GLEE OVER A REPUBLICAN CASUALTY

Montgomery Advertiser (Dem.) sees it, is that all the talk before the investigating committee "lacks the testimony of the witness who actually swears that he knows of the guilt of the Attorney-General." The Manchester Union (Rep.) agrees with the Fort Wayne News-Sentinel (Rep.) that "Mr. Daugherty resigns without having had a fair trial." The St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Ind.) concludes that the committee investigating Mr. Daugherty, "which is prosecutor, judge and jury, is composed largely of his bitter enemies, and they have raked the muck of the land in search of justification for their prosecution, without giving him even the opportunity of presenting witnesses in rebuttal or of defending himself. Because "the American sense of fairness has been outraged by the Senate committee," the Cleveland Times and Commercial (Rep.) questions the advisability of Mr. Daugherty's dismissal. The Omaha Bee (Ind.) considers the attacks on Daugherty largely political and intended to keep "in the background his work as a prosecutor." In a signed editorial in his newspapers, William Randolph Hearst quotes this comment on Daugherty from the news columns of the New York Herald Tribune: "Altho charged by his enemies with laxity in action against trusts, he in fact prosecuted such cases with much energy and effect, and had the distinction of being the first Attorney-General to obtain jail sentences against violators of the Anti-Trust Laws." Mr. Hearst attributes the opposition to Mr. Daugherty "largely to the fact that he was not a corporation lawyer like most of the men who have occupied the office of Attorney-General in late years." And, continues Mr. Hearst, Mr. Daugherty made the fatal error of actually securing "jail sentences in certain prosecutions against trust magnates," thus securing "the enmity of these great financial backers of the Republican party."

Behind and beyond all the testimony before the Senate Committee and all the discussion of Mr. Daugherty's fitness for office there is the political issue involved in his dismissal. Senator Hiram Johnson, Mr. Coolidge's rival for the nomination, says that the ousting was based on political expediency. Chairman Hull of the Democratic National Committee insists that the President waited "until public opinion has driven the panic-

stricken leaders of his party to bring pressure upon him." Democratic journals like the Savannah News, Charleston News and Courier, and Cleveland Plain Dealer assert that the President was moved chiefly by political expediency. Frank R. Kent writes in a Washington dispatch to the Baltimore Sun (Ind.) that Mr. Coolidge was pushed into action by party pressure to get rid of Mr. Daugherty before things got worse. The Raleigh News and Observer (Dem.) suggests that "it was fear of what Johnson might be able to do, even with the slightly increased prestige gained from the South Dakota primary, that probably moved Coolidge to speedy action rather than the result of the primary itself."

Several newspaper writers agree with the Washington correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution (Dem.) that politically "Coolidge probably will profit by his act, altho the delay in taking it will mar its effectiveness in some degree." Editorially, the Baltimore Sun comes to the conclusion that most people are likely to think that the President "climbed out of an unpleasant hole in a manner more cunning than convincing." And the New York World (Dem.) concludes that the people of this country can see that President Coolidge "kept Daugherty out of fear, dismissed him out of fear, held on to him too long, then threw him out in a panic and covered the whole transaction with a confused letter based on a flimsy pretext."

On the other hand, the St. Louis Star (Ind.) considers President Coolidge's course "adroit" and "masterful." It seems to the Chicago Evening Post (Rep.), Philadelphia Inquirer (Rep.), New York Commercial (Ind.), and San Francisco Chronicle (Ind.), that the President went at the matter very wisely. In Mr. Daugherty's State the Columbus Ohio State Journal (Rep.) says the President's course in this matter "has been unselfish, considerate, and courageous." And on the floor of the Senate Mr. Pepper of Pennsylvania remarked:

"The President, after having given to the Attorney-General the longest chance that fairness could dictate to relieve him of embarrassment by resignation, has now acted in a way which I applaud, and believe the country will applaud."

ANOTHER DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE?

IS THE SITUATION IN EUROPE such that a discussion of armament reduction would be worse than futile? Three weeks ago the House of Representatives voted unanimously for further limitations of armament, and requested the President to enter into negotiations with the leading nations for an agreement on small surface vessels, submarines, and aircraft. Senator Borah advocates an economic conference at the same time. Secretary of State Hughes, President Coolidge, and Prime Minister MacDonald, of Great Britain, however, all take the view that the present moment is far from auspicious for a successful arms conference, according to London and Washington dispatches. Meanwhile, points out the *Dallas News*, the work of the original conference of 1921 remains unfinished, for poison gas as an implement of warfare has not been banned, and at least two of the nations which signed the treaty at that time "have been building more submarines and aircraft than they ever did before." Therefore, thinks the *Brooklyn Times*, "there should be another conference to finish the work of the first, and the new conference should outlaw the submarine, the airplane war on cities and the use of poison gas. There was an old theory that making war more terrible was the way to shorten it. That theory has been tried out and found to be fallacious." "The situation, particularly with regard to airplanes and dirigibles, should have more attention on this side of the Atlantic than it has received," agrees the *Boston Herald*, and the *New York Herald*, in an editorial written before the amalgamation of that paper with *The Tribune*, takes this strong stand:

"The Washington Conference did not make the clean sweep it should have made. There were reasons. The task of inducing some nations to consent to junk battle-ships was not easy. Then there was the matter of the Four-Power Treaty and the agreement between this country and Japan on the Island of Yap. Very likely most of the Powers in the Conference felt that they had gone as far as they could for the time being.

"But a new time has come. The world has seen how easily the capital-ship program worked out. It is in a mood for further limitation of armament. It sees the submarine, poison gas and the bombing plane in even worse colors than it saw them two years ago. They become more costly each day, and they become more cruel as they become more perfect.

"England is as strongly against submarines as she was in 1921. The United States ought to be against them, for the picture of the *Lusitania* remains in the public mind. Japan and Italy probably would be glad to agree to eliminate the submarine if France could be induced to give up this inhuman implement of war. And France ought to be willing to join in any general renunciation of a weapon that is as expensive as it is abhorrent.

"Vile as the submarine is, poison gas is worse. It is so infamous a thing that before the great war it was not dreamed that men would descend to anything so brutal.

"The airplane and the Zeppelin as vehicles of destruction should go also. The world saw enough during the war of the bombing of cities. In the next war—if there should be a next war—the terrors of bombing would be worse, for science has made possible larger bombs and larger air-machines in which to carry them. The devices we saw in the recent war would be as toys compared with those now possible of construction."

Previous to this, Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, had asked the Secretary of State for an expression of his views on his resolution to request President Coolidge to invite Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany and Japan to participate in a conference in Washington to discuss "the best means to achieve and preserve world peace, on the basis of justice, cooperation and conciliation; to agree on a program to limit naval and military armaments, with special reference to the limitation of light cruisers, submarines, aircraft and the use of poisonous gas; to secure mutual reductions of existing military establishments consistent with national safety, and to regulate, through international agreements the production and sale of arms and munitions." In reply, Mr. Hughes said in part

"So far as light cruisers, submarines and aircraft are con-

cerned, the position of this Government is the same as that taken at the Washington Conference, and the difficulties in reaching an agreement have not yet been removed. So far as aircraft is concerned, it may be noted that the Washington Conference encountered a serious obstacle in the fact that it appeared to be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to effect a limitation of military aircraft without limiting commercial aircraft.

"At the Washington Conference an agreement was reached with respect to the use of poison gas, but as one of the signatory Powers has not yet ratified this treaty, it has not been possible to put it into effect.

"The problem of military establishment, as distinguished from navies, is essentially a European problem."

In the circumstances, thinks the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, our unsolicited suggestions and undesired intervention would be more injurious than helpful. This is also the view of the *Syracuse Post-Standard*, which reminds us that "the Secretary of State is in a better position than the House of Representatives to know how they feel about further limitations of armament in London, Paris, Rome, and Tokyo." "The unwisdom of talking of a reduction at this time ought to be clear," thinks the *Omaha Bee*, and Edwin L. James, in one of his illuminating Paris dispatches to the *New York Times*, explains just why this is so:

"Americans in Europe who are close observers of the international situation feel that it would be perfectly useless to call a disarmament conference in Washington at this time. Indeed, it would be worse than useless, because its certain failure would cause international ill-feeling.

"These observers present their conclusions and deductions in this way:

"People favoring the project doubtless have in mind the Washington naval conference and its successful limitation of the building of capital ships. But a second Washington Conference called now would not meet under the same circumstances. There may still be those who believe England and Japan accepted limitation of capital ships from love of humanity and devotion to peace, but President Coolidge probably realizes that England and Japan accepted Secretary Hughes's proposals for the one big reason that if they did not England stood to see the United States build a bigger fleet than hers and Japan to see America outstrip her even further.

"When we offered to give up the naval supremacy we were able financially and otherwise to achieve, England and Japan agreed. France was forced into the arrangement against her will, and Italy accepted because she was put on a parity with France and because limitation in no wise interfered with her plans.

"But the United States would have no such inducement to offer at a 1924 conference. Suppose, the observers argue, we undertook to limit auxiliary naval craft—submarines in particular—which were not limited by the naval treaty. If, against the advice of our leading naval authorities, the Washington Government proposed abolition of submarines, it would inevitably run into a flat refusal by France, especially in view of the recent show of British naval strength in the Mediterranean maneuvers off the southern French coast; that is, between France and her North African colonies.

"As for light ships, England would probably take the same stand Mr. Balfour voiced at Washington two years ago, that without limitation of submarines there could be no limitation of craft built to combat submarines.

"In addition to limitation of submarines, which England regards as dangerous for her ocean lines of communication, the British are interested in the limitation of aircraft, there having arisen immense popular attention in England to the superior air strength of France. If it were proposed to apply to aircraft the same principles as were applied to capital ships—a future strength proportioned to existing strength—France would be pleased, for that would give her an air strength more than twice that of England's.

"But England's experts do not intend any such limitation, and former Premier Baldwin stated in the Commons that it was his idea that air strength should bear a ratio to capital-ship strength. With French military experts believing that the next great war will be fought in the air, it is extremely doubtful if any headway could be made in persuading them to cease their development of this arm.

"To sum up, it is agreed that as Europe is now we would be merely wasting our breath to advise Europe to disarm for the good of the world."

FINAL REPORT ON THE "DIGEST" TAX POLL

FEAR THAT THERE WILL BE NO REDUCTION of taxes by Congress before the June adjournment, fear even that there may be no reduction at all, greets the completion of THE DIGEST's record-making poll. The poll figures, overwhelmingly in favor of tax-reduction along the lines laid down by the Administration, are hailed by various editors as "the largest agglomeration of the views of the thinking public ever attempted," and as proof positive that "the nation wants tax relief, wants it now, and that the thinking voters approve the Mellon Plan as giving the needed sound, sane and continuing relief." In the face of these views, the St. Paul *Dispatch* (Rep.) expresses a wide-spread sentiment in its announcement that, "on the whole we should say that the prospects for tax-reduction are exceedingly slim and growing slimmer every day." The Brooklyn *Eagle*, on the other side of the political fence, observes that "Congress has been in session more than three months, yet the one measure of relief which is of greatest public consequence has been made the football of politicians who think that it can be safely juggled with as a party or factional question." The Republican Chicago *Evening Post* quotes Senator Borah's "timely words," when he "called attention of the Senate to the fact Congress has been in session since December and has not yet accomplished one of the legislative ends which were contemplated when it met."

In the meantime, while Congress debates the features of bonus and tax-reduction bills, and "Tax-Reduction Week" burdens Congressional mails with demands for action, THE DIGEST, as the New York *Telegram and Mail* points out, presents an "impressive commentary" on the tax situation. People who are "scornful of the average straw vote," adds this New York journal, "will be wise to set aside their prejudice for a

little while and scrutinize this return." "The people have had ample time and opportunity to study the question," adds the Topeka *State Journal*, from the Midwest, "and the LITERARY DIGEST poll shows that they know what they want."

The distribution of tax-reduction sentiment throughout the country as shown by the DIGEST poll, especially as regards sections where the Mellon Plan is especially in favor, is brought up by the editors of the Wilmington *News* and the New York *World*, among others. The two map-diagrams published on the opposite page, taken together, furnish a lively commentary on this phase of the situation. The Wilmington *News* believes that:

"One point which has influenced what sentiment there is for a bonus in the Western States as disclosed by the DIGEST poll is the belief that the Eastern States would pay for it, no matter what the bonus would be.

"If a bonus should be paid by per capita taxation upon every individual, many of those who are loud for it now would be the first to squeal when the tax collector hit them."

The New York *World* (Dem.) points out that the poll shows that "South Dakota is the geographic focus of the political discontent, which in Congress bars the Mellon Plan from passing." The *World*, which favors the Garner Plan, or some compromise Democratic measure, argues that THE DIGEST's poll proves that the people want tax-reduction in general, rather than that they particularly favor the Mellon Plan. South Dakota, which votes against the Plan in the DIGEST poll, might seem, according to this argument, as arraying itself against any cut in the taxes whatever, rather than expressing itself as merely against the Mellon Plan. "The vote was asked on a specific plan," points out the Albany *Journal*, which credits *The World* with partizan motives, "wherefore it is to be believed that it

THE LITERARY DIGEST POLL ON THE MELLON PLAN FOR TAX-REDUCTION

Votes Received up to and Including April 1, 1924

	Favor the Mellon Plan Votes "Yes"	Oppose the Mellon Plan Votes "No"		Favor the Mellon Plan Votes "Yes"	Oppose the Mellon Plan Votes "No"
NEW ENGLAND STATES			SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES		
1 Maine.....	18,043	4,382	1 Delaware.....	2,557	584
2 New Hampshire.....	9,654	2,002	2 Maryland.....	19,160	5,160
3 Vermont.....	8,828	1,769	5 District of Columbia..	7,986	2,074
4 Massachusetts.....	66,220	9,564	4 Virginia.....	20,853	9,643
5 Rhode Island.....	11,509	1,871	5 West Virginia.....	15,331	7,570
6 Connecticut.....	29,678	4,631	6 North Carolina.....	14,529	12,185
TOTAL VOTES.....	143,932	24,219	7 South Carolina.....	8,043	5,576
MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES			8 Georgia.....	16,108	6,561
1 New York.....	185,066	35,326	9 Florida.....	13,021	5,157
2 New Jersey.....	44,815	5,789	TOTAL VOTES.....	117,588	54,510
3 Pennsylvania.....	98,808	23,900	WEST SOUTH CENTRAL STATES		
TOTAL VOTES.....	328,689	65,015	1 Arkansas.....	10,304	6,486
EAST NORTH CENTRAL STATES			2 Louisiana.....	10,769	3,604
1 Ohio.....	82,271	36,850	3 Oklahoma.....	21,125	16,939
2 Indiana.....	53,489	31,998	4 Texas.....	49,862	29,482
3 Illinois.....	92,263	47,425	TOTAL VOTES.....	92,060	56,511
4 Michigan.....	61,593	26,237	MOUNTAIN STATES		
5 Wisconsin.....	43,728	30,800	1 Montana.....	9,160	4,687
TOTAL VOTES.....	333,344	173,310	2 Idaho.....	6,579	4,867
WEST NORTH CENTRAL STATES			3 Wyoming.....	4,160	2,349
1 Minnesota.....	45,100	36,073	4 Colorado.....	19,858	9,157
2 Iowa.....	46,321	33,410	5 New Mexico.....	3,165	1,949
3 Missouri.....	43,879	24,110	6 Arizona.....	4,579	2,562
4 North Dakota.....	9,598	8,949	7 Utah.....	7,480	3,499
5 South Dakota.....	9,264	9,617	8 Nevada.....	1,400	486
6 Nebraska.....	20,428	19,946	TOTAL VOTES.....	56,381	29,556
7 Kansas.....	33,374	24,945	PACIFIC STATES		
TOTAL VOTES.....	207,964	157,050	1 Washington.....	22,716	11,453
EAST SOUTH CENTRAL STATES			2 Oregon.....	17,481	9,860
1 Kentucky.....	17,026	8,045	3 California.....	89,742	37,042
2 Tennessee.....	14,980	9,357	TOTAL VOTES.....	129,939	58,355
3 Alabama.....	12,201	6,076	STATES UNKNOWN.....		
4 Mississippi.....	7,728	4,344		17,638	9,191
TOTAL VOTES.....	51,935	27,822	GRAND TOTAL VOTES.....	1,479,470	655,539

TOTAL VOTES TO APRIL 1, INCLUSIVE, 2,135,009

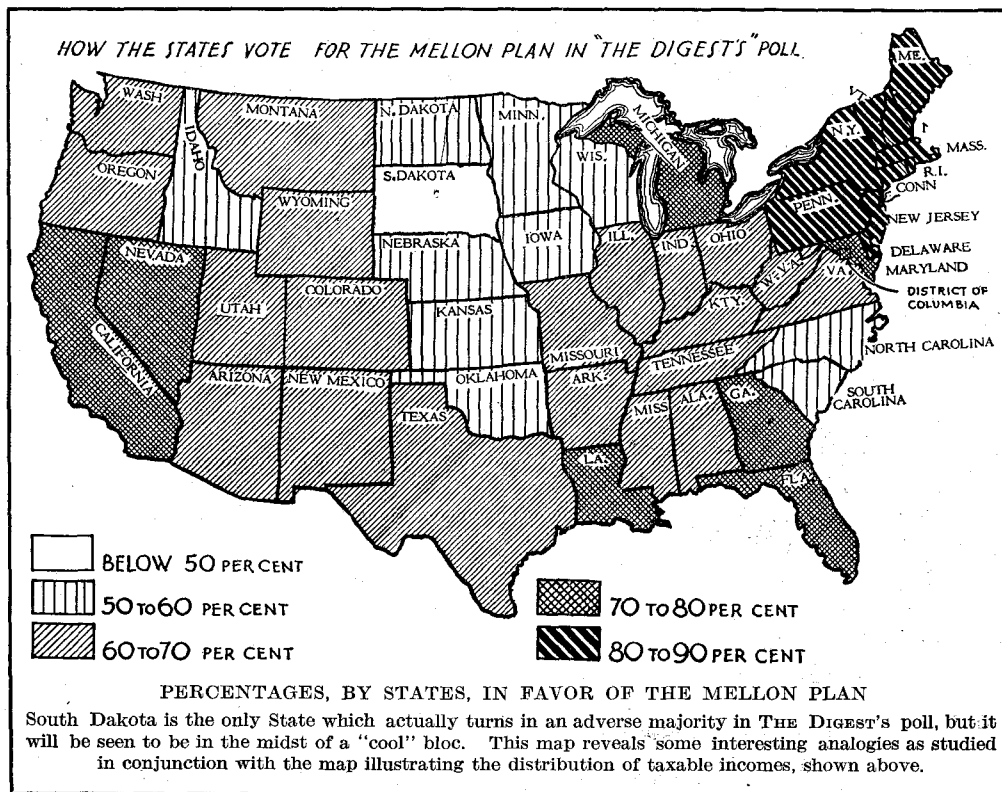
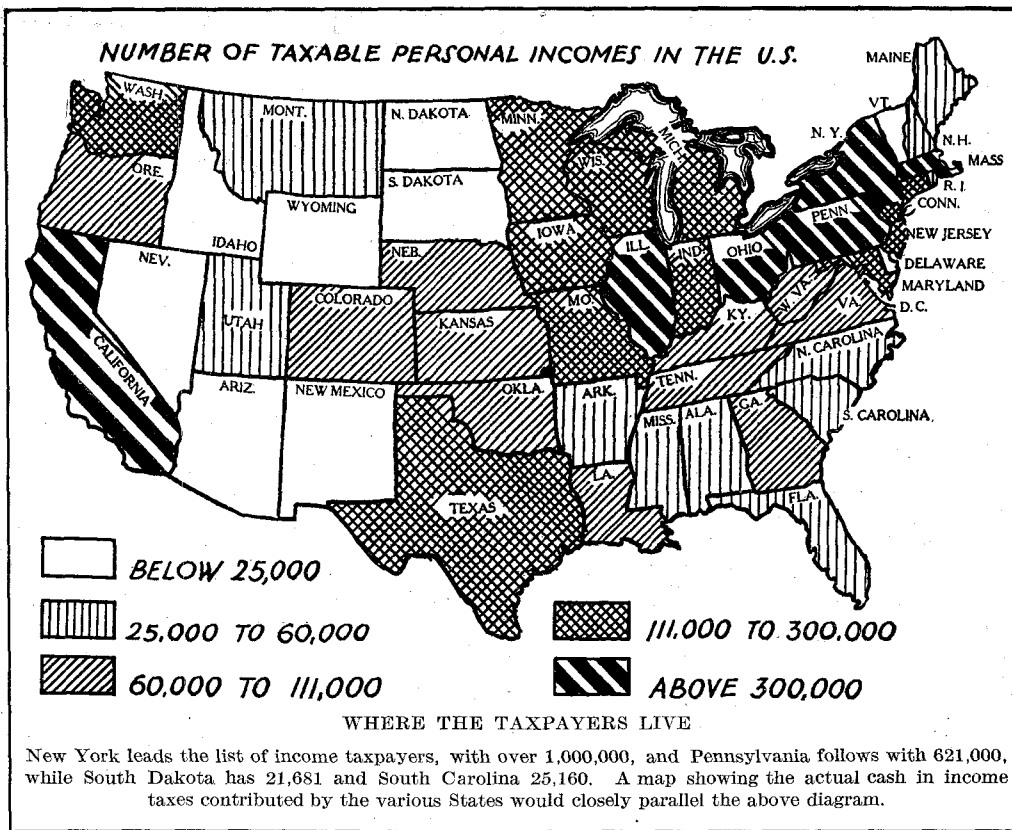
was delivered on that." The Philadelphia Inquirer, declaring "that the vote represents the wishes of the vast majority of the people is not to be doubted," adds that "it is not too late to give the taxpayers what they want"; and the Cleveland Times (Rep.) finds some solace for delayed tax-reduction in the reflection that:

"Democratic leaders are making the election of Coolidge easier by giving him the tremendous advantage of the Mellon plan of tax-reduction as a paramount issue in his campaign. If they possess the good, common sense of Governor Smith of New York, they would have acquiesced without delay in passing the tax-reduction bill. The LITERARY DIGEST poll demonstrates what farseeing political leaders should know—without waiting for any demonstration—that the millions of taxpayers of the United States are more vitally interested in a reduction in Federal income taxes than in any issue they can manufacture. What Ohio Democracy apparently needs most is leadership of the horse sense shown by 'Al' Smith."

Complete returns in the poll, shown in the table herewith, account for a total of 2,135,009 votes, representing 14.2 per cent. of the grand total of 15,000,000 ballots sent out. The average return on polls of this kind is in the neighborhood of 10 per cent., so that in percentage of returns, also, the poll establishes a record. The final figures show 1,479,470 voters in favor of the Mellon Plan to 655,539 opposed. The percentages stand, as they have stood since the poll became stabilized in the fifth week of the voting, at 69.3 in favor of the Administration's measure to 30.7 opposed. Only one State, South Dakota, is

registered in opposition, with an "edge" of only some 300 votes in the total of 9,264 in the "Yes" column to 9,617 opposed. New Jersey registers as the most heartily in favor of the plan, with an affirmative vote of almost 8 to 1. Massachusetts is close behind with a vote 87 per cent. favorable, the total standing 66,220 in favor to 9,564 against. Of the groups of States, the West North Central section is shown as least favorable, with a favorable percentage of only 57 per cent., while the New England States lead with a "Yes" vote of 85.6 per cent.

The two maps on this page illustrate, among other things, the power of economic factors in politics. New York, with its huge number of taxable incomes—1,066,637—Pennsylvania with its second largest number—621,103—are among the leaders in favoring tax-reduction according to Mr. Mellon's system. South Dakota has only 21,681 taxpayers, out of a total population of 636,547. The two Carolinas have approximately one taxable income among fifty citizens. In New Jersey, on the other hand, one person in twelve possesses a taxable income, and the average of Massachusetts is almost as high. In actual cash, New York is credited, in the tax returns of June, 1923, with a contribution of \$455,377,373 to the national income; Pennsylvania, \$181,429,263; Illinois, \$163,624,962; Massachusetts, \$112,112,785; Michigan, \$88,673,931; Ohio, \$88,030,895; California, \$84,477,982; New Jersey, \$65,255,460, and Missouri, \$40,151,278. South Dakota contributed \$1,188,439—or less than any other State except Arizona, New Mexico, North Dakota and Nevada.



WOMAN SUFFRAGE DECLARED A FAILURE

AS JUNE APPROACHES, and with it the Democratic and Republican national conventions at New York and Cleveland, many pertinent questions regarding the political activities of women, and their value, are being asked. What, for instance, does the vote mean to women? Do they use it? Has it made any noticeable change in our politics? Is the American woman interested in public affairs? Or is it true that women as a whole "do not care for the vote, are not interested in using it, and will not accept the responsibilities which suffrage



International Newsreel photograph

"AMERICA HAS ONLY ONE CONGRESSWOMAN"

Says Charles Edward Russell, in comparing the "timidity" of American women voters and candidates with the "aggressiveness" of their English cousins. Mrs. Mae Hunt Nolan, of California, widow of the late Congressman Nolan, is here shown with her daughter.

has brought?" Is it true that "women will not vote for a woman"? That they are a negligible quantity in local politics? That voting women have done nothing but double the votes of men? That they are apathetic regarding public matters? In short, is woman suffrage a failure?

These questions and charges are not our own; they come from many sources. In an effort to get at the facts, we have examined many magazine articles and newspaper editorials which discuss both sides of the question. In the February *Atlantic*, for instance, we find a woman, George Madden Martin, who, after having crossed and criss-crossed the United States in the past fourteen months, is of the opinion that "among American women in general, the country over, there is a lack of interest in public affairs, an apathy, an absence of concern, not so much in the issue at hand as in the principle behind it." The women with whom she talked were from various sections of the country; they were from the city, the country, the town; among them were professional women and women of average education; toilers and women of wealth; cultivated and uninformed women. They constituted, in fact, a cross-section of Mrs. Martin's sex. And yet, she says:

"The writer, within this period of fourteen months, can recall no instance in any casual group, social or otherwise, composed entirely of women, where the conversation voluntarily turned on public affairs as such: on politics, on government, or on the principles or fundamentals back of these things. *Voluntarily*, please note.

"In mixed groups, men and women, yes; she has heard these and other issues of public moment discuss. But, whatever the nature of public affairs thus touched on in these mixed groups, whether immigration, the I. W. W., or the tariff on lemons, peonage, convict labor, the whipping-post, or the Ku Klux, the subject was always introduced by a man, and any sustained discussion was carried on by the men.

"I heard a clergyman from the North, called to a church in the South, ask a group of five Southern women just what was the attitude of the white South generally to the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill. These five women, representing as they did three States where racial friction is intense, never had heard of the bill.

"I heard a man on the porch of a hotel at an Indiana water-cure ask a group of women how women in general feel about the World Court. They confessed without a qualm that they personally did not feel at all; that, while they had heard the name, they didn't know what the World Court was.

"A man in my hearing brought up the Sheppard-Towner law in a group of men and women. The ensuing discussion waxed interesting, but it was a masculine discussion. If the women had a point of view to advance, or a position to defend, they did not embrace their opportunity.

"In my judgment, American women generally are not interested in public affairs, national or local, in the concrete or in the abstract."

Charles Edward Russell, a veteran political writer, concludes in an article in the March *Century* that "comparatively few American women have any notion of their duty at the polls, if any." Mr. Russell maintains that the fears formerly entertained by politicians regarding suffrage have not been realized since the suffrage Amendment was ratified. According to this writer—

"Not one of the disasters has come to pass that four years ago glowered so fearsomely upon the politician's trade. Not a boss has been unseated, not a reactionary committee wrested from the old-time control, not a convention has broken away from its familiar towage. Nothing has been changed, except that the number of docile ballot-droppers has approximately been doubled.

"There are no women Governors of States, and not the least promise that there will be. No woman has place in the nation's Cabinet, or within miles of it. After four years of woman suffrage the Congress of the United States contains one woman member, and she was elected as a tribute of respect to her late husband, a Representative who had been suddenly stricken with death after years of public service.

"In the Congressional election of 1922, only twenty-eight women were candidates for seats. Of the twenty-two that sought places in the House of Representatives, one was elected to fill out her late father's unexpired term of a few weeks, but defeated for the long term. All the rest, and the six candidates for the Senate, missed election by astonishing margins.

"One thing was demonstrated: women would not vote for women.

"For the State offices to be filled at this election, totaling many thousands, there were nominated all told 225 women, of whom 153 were candidates of the two major parties that alone had a chance to win. The only conspicuous achievement from this was the election in Ohio of an eminent and capable woman lawyer to a place on the Supreme Court bench of the State. But she had been for years a judge in a lower court. In the forty-eight States nearly five thousand members of legislatures were chosen, and of these only sixty-three were women. Two of the States reported no women elected to anything; two others reported that there were no women candidates for any office. In twenty-six State legislatures not a woman sits after four years of woman suffrage.

"Instead of forming half of the effective electorate in the Presidential election of 1920, it is to be doubted if women composed anything like their normal share of it. Only 49 per cent. of the qualified electors went to the polls that year, anyway, and by common report the greater number of absentees were women. Apparently, these did not care enough about any public duty to vote. When the election returns were analyzed, they seemed to show that the heaviest balloting by women was for men who had most vigorously opposed their political emancipation.

"How then? Shall we say that woman suffrage is a failure?

"Inquiries among great numbers of women in many parts of the country have brought out an identical answer. Women in America take virtually no part in politics because they feel they do not know enough about such things.

"Astounding it is to contemplate the difference in this respect between the American and the English woman. In the country accustomed to the greater democracy, access to the suffrage makes women timid. In the country with the less democracy, it makes them confident, aggressive, and independent. This is a phenomenon to baffle inquiry. English women vote as they please, vote for other women, vote to make their influence felt. American women vote as their husbands, brothers, or fathers indicate. . . .

"If political regeneration and the more intelligent conduct of public affairs were the main considerations on which we fought for woman suffrage, it would be absurd to contend that the present results constitute a success."

A dark picture. In fact, says the conservative New York *Times*, "there is only one ray of sunlight to illumine it. Women, it seems, are still as gentle, as feminine, and as lovable as ever."

Apparently, too, they are "on the peck," as a Montana cow-puncher might put it—at least, to judge by the replies evoked by Mr. Russell's article. Taking up what she designates as a challenge, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, replies somewhat categorically in the April 9 issue of *The Woman Citizen* (New York) to Mr. Russell's charges. To summarize:

First, declares Mrs. Catt, bosses *have* been unseated, and reactionary committees *have* been wrested from their old-time control. There have been battles within the parties, friendly and otherwise, and women have won a creditable share of the victories, avers Mrs. Catt. Besides, she argues, why not grant women more than four years to remove the unsatisfying outgrowths of men's political evolution?

It is true that there are not as many women in Congress and the legislatures as there should be, admits this experienced suffrage leader, but the reason, we are told, is that women are reluctant to become candidates because they are forced to "wade through mud" to victory, and to make concessions to "interests." As for Mr. Russell's figures, she questions both those giving the number of women in official life and the number of qualified women voters who went to the polls in 1920. Mr. Russell's contention that "election returns seemed to show that the heaviest balloting by women was for men who had most vigorously opposed woman suffrage," is explained as follows: In every instance where a legislator opposed woman suffrage, party women left him by thousands, but male voters from the other party deserted their candidate and flew to the support of the opponent of woman suffrage.

Moreover, maintains Mrs. Catt, women most certainly are a factor in municipal affairs, so much so that Premier Mussolini of Italy has promised municipal suffrage to Italian women. The difference between the "aggressive" English woman voter and the "timid" American woman voter, which Mr. Russell can not fathom, is thus explained by Mrs. Catt: The women of England have a powerful advantage over American voters. They have one Parliament where everything is done. In this country the well-informed must know the politics of his election district, his ward, his city, his county, his State, the Congress, and in addition must have considerable information of the remaining forty-seven States. And the average American citizen, she says, "is overwhelmed with the task of trying to keep up with the news."

The "helplessness" of American women, Mrs. Catt concludes, is not due to their timidity or incapacity, but to our governmental or party system.

Speaking for New Jersey, the Jersey City *Journal* says in defense of women's activity in politics:

"In the New Jersey legislature this year there are four women members, and they are making a record equal to that made by their male colleagues. In most instances the women members have championed the better things. No one would expect that in four short years with the ballot women should 'revolutionize things.'"

"The public sees little or nothing of the stirring fight of the individual woman within her precinct organization or her party



Pacific and Atlantic photograph

ENGLAND, HOWEVER, HAS SEVEN WOMEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

They are, from left to right, with T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House," in the center, standing: Miss Jewson, Mrs. Phillipson, Lady Terrington; seated: Duchess of Athol, Mrs. Winttingham, Lady Astor, and Miss Margaret Bondfield.

club," writes Marjorie Shuler in the April *Review of Reviews*, "but the fight is there." The Democratic National Committee, we are informed, acting upon the suggestion of Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, vice-chairman of the Committee, has recommended to each State that eight instead of four delegates-at-large be sent to the National Convention in New York in June, the additional four to be women. The Republican National Committee likewise has appointed a large number of women to the committees for the National Convention at Cleveland in June. Both of the major parties have appointed women on their convention committees, and each has a chairman of women's convention activities. "This means that women will wield great influence at the conventions, as they did in 1920," maintains Mrs. Blair. Moreover, we read in the *Review of Reviews* article:

"Women's non-political organizations and the women in the parties are sending forth speakers, literature, and instructors for schools. The Democratic women have held schools of democracy in thirty-two cities, covering every part of the country, and are now supplementing this plan with a twelve-weeks' correspondence course. The Republican organization lays stress on local self-determination, so that its schools and lectures have largely been a matter of local decision. Now they have started a series of 'political Plattsburges,' by which they hope to train 100,000 women for campaign work in their own localities."

THE PRESIDENT'S MOVE TO SAVE OUR OIL SUPPLY

THE MOST REASSURING NEWS that has come out of Washington since the oil investigation began, several editors agree, is the appointment by President Coolidge of a special commission to begin at once a comprehensive study of the best means to conserve the nation's oil reserves and to map out plans for storing sufficient quantities of fuel oil to take care of the Navy's needs in the future. Moreover, notes the *Indianapolis News*, this action followed a conference with the new Secretary of the Navy, who recommended the step. "This is an admirable beginning for Judge Wilbur, and the President has acted wisely in the matter," believes *The News*. "As for the Commission, the men chosen—George Otis Smith, director of the Geological Survey; Rear-Admiral Hilary P. Jones, and R. D. Bush, of the California State Bureau of Mineralogy—are worthy of the confidence of the people, both because of their character and their expert knowledge."

"We have heard a vast deal about what happened to our oil reserves in the past, but extremely little on the more important question of what is to happen to them in the future," remarks the *New York Herald Tribune*. "So far," adds this paper, "the scandalous side of the oil inquiry has been allowed completely to obscure the fact that there is a real and valid difference of opinion in regard to the best disposition of the oil reserves." There are really two sides to the question, we are told. As *The Herald Tribune* summarizes the events leading up to the appointment of the Commission:

"The oil reserves were originally set aside in order that it would be possible to supply the Navy from within the United States after our commercial oil stocks should be exhausted, an event which is expected to take place within about twenty years. They were insurance for the future and not for the present. But, as defenders of the leases have pointed out, the present was left unprovided for. For operations in the Pacific our fleet would have to base on Pearl Harbor, but before the Doheny leases there was no assurance of a safe supply at Pearl Harbor. Until the fields should be developed there was no way for the Navy to make use of them at all. In the meanwhile the Elk Hills reserve was certainly being drained, and the Teapot Dome was probably being drained as well.

"What the leases were actually to accomplish was to take the oil out of the fields and to store it at Pearl Harbor and within the continental United States, where it would be safe from drainage and would be at all times immediately available for use. This would have to be done some time, and would be expensive. It was proposed to do it now, and at the cost of an enormous percentage of the oil reserve itself.

"Was it wise to do this, considering the many factors involved?

Could it have been done differently? Was the cost excessive? The answers to these questions have nothing to do with the matter of corruption. The leases may have been corruptly obtained and yet be good leases. They may have been innocently obtained and yet be very bad ones. The Walsh Committee has not endeavored to find these answers. But the Presidential commission will have to find them, and on them turns the future of our naval oil supply."

If this paper's prediction is fulfilled, it may be that the Navy will not lose by the present oil investigation, after all. For, we read in the *New Haven Register*, "the caliber of the members of the new commission promises real results; they will get down to

bedrock in the practical aspects of the naval fuel reserve situation." Said President Coolidge in announcing their appointment:

"The purpose for which the naval oil-lands were set aside was to provide reserves for the future. In order to do this in the best manner the oil should be, wherever possible, retained in the ground. Where this is not possible, however, it should be retained in tankage above ground. This oil is an important part of the national insurance.

"At the present rate of production there is estimated to be but twenty years of oil supply within the limits of the United States. When this is exhausted, we will be dependent upon foreign sources for our supply.

"In time of war such supply will certainly be jeopardized and possibly cut off. Unless, therefore, the Navy has conserved in this country sufficient oil wherewith to fight a war, our national security is seriously endangered.

"This commission will have as its mission the general study of this problem, but specifically it will review the situation in each one of the Navy's reserves, and endeavor to ascertain whether it will be possible by assignment of additional public land, transfers, trades, purchases, or otherwise, to create larger or better protected reserves than those existing at present. This not only pertains to the United States proper, but in addition to such oil-lands as might exist in Alaska."

"It certainly is high time something was done to make sure of a naval oil supply in the future," declares the *New York Times*, for—

"No one can have waded through the mass of conflicting testimony by geologists, naval officers and practical oil men without coming to the conclusion that the whole problem needs to be restudied and a wise and farsighted policy worked out for the Government to pursue. The members of the commission are to investigate the question how much of the oil in the existing naval reserves can be conserved underground, and how much of it, if it is to be saved at all, must at once be got out and put in storage. These disputed points have been endlessly discussed before the Senate committee. Now they will be passed upon by highly competent experts. We have thus far had an oversupply of talk and wrangling and recrimination, but fuel of that kind, even when mixed with an abundance of super-heated air, can not be burned in a battle-ship."



International Newsreel photograph

"OIL IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE NATIONAL INSURANCE"

Said President Coolidge recently, in appointing a commission to protect our naval oil reserves. Rear-Admiral Hilary P. Jones, president of the General Board of the Navy, at the left; Dr. George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, at the right; and R. D. Bush, of the Bureau of Mineralogy of the State of California, are the Presidential "directors" of the "insurance company."

Now that the Commission has been appointed, "what," asks the *New York Journal of Commerce*, "can it do, and to what extent can it rectify errors already committed?" Says this business daily in reply:

"Let it be definitely understood that in undertaking to do any real work this commission, or the Administration on its advice, will be met by the most strenuous opposition in Congress and out of it. Conservation has always been an unpopular policy with a large section of the people, a fact which accounts for its lack of progress. Added to this is the fact that many citizens in the Western States frankly avow their desire to have immediate and rapid exploitation in the interest of prompt and extensive 'prosperity.' They are not worrying about the future, but are perfectly willing that later generations should take care of themselves as best they can. And yet it is essentially necessary that President Coolidge or his successor, as soon as the subject has been sufficiently canvassed by expert advisors, shall take this matter up with Congress from a constructive standpoint. He must draw Congress back from its immersion in personal scandals and direct its attention, at least in part, to serious study of the oil question. It will, moreover, be necessary for those who want to get legislation from a reluctant and recalcitrant Congress, dominated by interests which want immediate gain, to develop much more frankly and fully the real conditions which surrounded the oil-land leasing act of 1920 and the attitude of the different elements, including the then President of the United States, with respect to it.

"The United States still has a very large supply of oil resources of various kinds. As long ago as 1917, Secretary Lane, then at the head of the Interior Department, noted that we had some 6,000,000 acres of supposed oil-land reserved outside of the naval reserves, while in addition very large supplies of shale lands with considerable oil possibilities were also available. With technical improvement in extraction and better methods of conservation there is every reason to suppose that the Government could prolong the life of its petroleum resources for a great while. It can do so, of course, not by adding to the supply of its petroleum, that being fixed and suffering a net reduction with each successive year's use, but by regulating the conditions of extraction, transportation and consumption with a view to satisfying those demands that are obviously in the interest of the nation as a whole and not merely the outgrowth of demand stimulated by private interests for the sake of profit. The problem at issue thus involves not merely the prevention of further sacrifice of Government lands, but also the control of production, and particularly of exportation of oil produced on private lands.

"President Coolidge's action in appointing a conservation board is a first step along the right road. Much must be done to make it effective, but he should have the support and approval of the community in carrying into operation what will certainly be a most difficult and harassing policy."



"AM I ON THE SUCKER LIST?"

—Knott in the *Dallas News*.

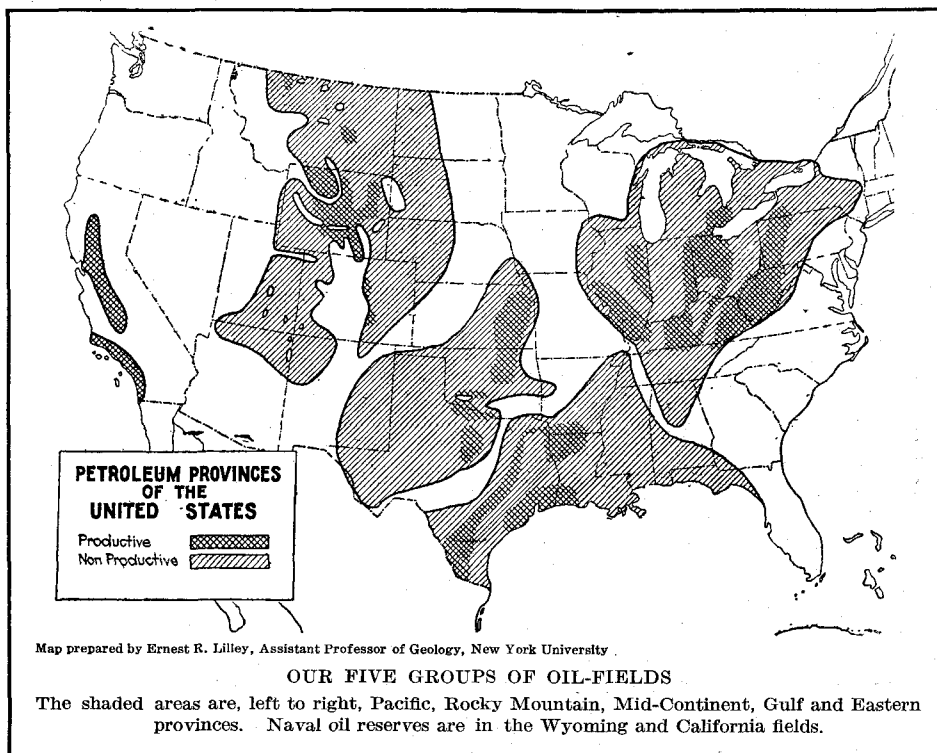
The Coolidge policy, points out the *New York World*, "is the old Roosevelt-Taft-Wilson policy of conservation," and it recalls that—

"It is nineteen years since President Roosevelt directed the Geological Survey to report on the oil-bearing areas of the United States, with an eye to providing for the Navy in the long future. With the same ends in mind President Taft and President Wilson established the three large naval oil reserves in California and Wyoming. Conservation was accepted as our settled policy, and no one seriously believed that it could be abandoned to profit private interests. Then came Fall and Denby, and without notice the conservation policy was reversed."

And now, explains the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

"In appointing an oil commission to make a thorough study of the fuel-oil situation and to offer recommendations regarding the best disposition to be made of existing naval oil-lands, the President, in a measure at least, reverses the position taken by former Secretaries Fall and Denby. Without waiting for the results of the commission's investigation, he declares 'the oil should be, wherever it is possible, retained in the ground.'

"But the evidence as to the proper disposition to be made of naval oil-lands and the use of them which best protects the public interest is conflicting. If it be true that the burden of expert opinion taken by the investigating committee points rather in the direction of retaining the oil in the ground, it is also true that considerable evidence was presented on the other side. The primary service which the President's commission can perform is to establish the facts in this connection beyond any reasonable doubt. That is a problem upon which the investigation is throwing no light, and which probably demands consideration at the hands of such men as the President has appointed to his commission."



TO A HATE-CURSED WORLD: "I SAY UNTO YOU, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, DO GOOD TO THEM THAT HATE YOU!"

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918, at five o'clock in the morning, the Armistice was signed which ended the World War. Ten million fathers, brothers, and sons had been slain, and countless more were broken in body and spirit. Immeasurable anguish was the lot of motherhood and childhood, and thousands of cities and homes lay in ruins. When the news flashed that the Armistice was signed, a mighty thrill of joy swept through the nations, and men said that at last the world was safe; the supreme price of peace had been paid; there could never be another such war. But the sun had hardly risen and set before war began all over again in the hearts of millions who still remained foes. Many refused to lay down their arms. Lesser wars continued among the smaller nations, and plottings for revenge went on apace. The real price of peace had not yet been paid.

More than nineteen centuries ago the Angels of Heaven proclaimed that only by Men of Good Will should peace on earth be established. This was their message: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace AMONG MEN OF GOOD WILL." And on that same day The Babe was born, The Prince of Peace, who was to repeat to all men the same message. The old law of hatred and revenge must be cast off. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Men have regarded these as the words of a dreamer—as an idealism impossible for any practical use. They have gone on loving only their friends without realizing that it meant chiefly loving themselves; and hating their enemies without understanding that in doing so they were placing a sword at their own throats. But by every scientific law and by every human experience the rule given by Jesus Christ—the rule of Good Will and Unselfish Service—has been proved to be the only possible way by which war and hatred can be banished from the world and the reign of peace established.

"There is no path to peace except as the will of peoples may open it," declared Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes. In the spirit of the peoples lies the destiny of the world. It will be lifted up to the sunlit plains of peace, prosperity, and happiness if the Men of Good Will everywhere shall assert their will, multiply their number, and do their appointed work in the world. It will again be crushed down into the deepest hell of war, and blood, and despair if ill will remains, as it is to-day, the controlling spirit among the peoples of the earth. Leagues, covenants, and treaties are effective only as they express and are supported by the spirit and will of the peoples. Otherwise, soon or late, they find their way into the "scrap-of-paper" baskets of the world.

Many grave warnings are coming from press correspondents, travelers, statesmen and others, in many countries, all to the same effect—that "People have bitterness in their hearts, such intense bitterness. There is no gentleness, no love, no forgiveness anywhere. There is just bitter hatred, frenzy of passion, or else sullen discouragement." The former Prime Minister and the present Prime Minister of Great Britain have both given the serious emphasis of their high office and authority to the same warning. David Lloyd George declared that this spirit is the "peril of the world at the present moment." J. Ramsay MacDonald, before becoming Premier, declared, as Member of Parliament, that "At this moment Europe is being plowed and harrowed for another world war. Was ominous writing on a wall ever more plain than the events and tempers of to-day?"

This spirit of ill will is rendering futile many earnest efforts for peace. The most devoted and unselfish enterprises for the relief of suffering and for the service and blessing of humanity are hampered, and hindered, and often caused to fail by the hatreds, bitterness, suspicions, and cold indifference which they meet. And now Major-General Henry T. Allen, striving with great-hearted, magnanimous Good Will to minister to the pitiful needs of over 2,000,000 children in Germany, is finding, even in America, the same spirit of unforgiving hatred hampering his work and threatening his efforts with failure.

In all ages of the world the spirit of hatred, with ruthless disregard of blame or innocence, has visited its bitterest cruelty upon little children. From Herod's brutal slaughter of the innocents down to the fearful holocaust of the World War, the children, innocent of all offense, helpless in self-defense, have borne in their tender hearts and bodies the tortures of both friend and

foe. Pain-racked, starved, neglected, unloved, often unburied, these little waifs have been scattered by millions hither and thither over the earth by the blasts of war and fratricidal hatred. No bright flags nor thrilling music led them on; no honors, nor monuments, nor hymns of a nation's praise marked their fall. What! Can children be heroes, dear to a nation's heart? Can children be martyrs for whom a nation can mourn? What nation has ever valued its children enough? When have the statesmen, planning national security and greatness—the business men, planning prosperity—or the peacemakers, planning world agreements, sought first to plant, and cultivate, and fructify their plans in the hearts of the people? And when, above all others, have they chosen the children?

You practical men of business and of politics, as you look abroad over a world cursed by hatred, hardly maintaining even a fragile formality of peace, preparing by spirit and act for a greater and deadlier war, do you know of a plainer and surer way to enduring peace—to the permanent prosperity and stability of the institutions of civilized society—than through a change in the spirit of the people of the world from ill will to Good Will? Be assured, it is possible to accomplish this change. Even in this "practical" age it is possible to dispel the hatred which threatens the world with another storm of blood and fury. It is possible to remove the spirit of war out of the world and to put an end to war. Mobilize the Men of Good Will for this noble task!

In the countries of Europe there are still many millions of children. Altho countless multitudes of tender, childish lives have been sacrificed to the war tragedy that has seemed to be, for childhood, almost without end, millions of others have been kept alive thus far by the ministrations of love and Good Will with which readers of THE LITERARY DIGEST are so familiar; and these children will ever love and revere the land and the people that gave them life and comfort.

In the heart of childhood hatred does not easily abide. The natural and instinctive emotion is love. From the mother's first kiss, through all the hours, months, and years of a mother's devotion and sacrifice, love is the one great emotion that reproduces itself in the tender heart of a little child. The first cruel wounds of suffering, and even of hate, can be quickly healed in the childish heart by the ministry of love. Only by long and bitter experience with cruelty, neglect, disappointment, and hatred is the spirit of love driven out and replaced by a deep discouragement and ill will. Tens of millions of children throughout Europe are still within the reach of the healing and holding power of love. They can still be saved from becoming lifelong subjects to the destroying reign of hatred, suspicion, fear, jealousy, and revenge. These children of to-day will control the destiny of the world to-morrow. In their hearts is now growing the "will of peoples" by which alone the path to peace is to be opened, or by which the world is to be drenched in fratricidal blood.

Fathers and mothers of America, there are 2,000,000 children in Germany to-day, and in the countries around them many millions more, who will be the friends of your children, or their bitter enemies in the years just ahead. You can make them whichever you choose. Choose now, while yet there is time!

Business men, statesmen, educators, your investments in the children of the world to-day will insure the safety and prosperity of America and the world more than billions of dollars invested in battle-ships, poison gas, and bombing planes. So impressed are we with the great need for which Major-General Allen appeals, and with the consecrated service of the Quakers, by whose hands the relief is being administered, that we have sent our own check for \$5,000 to the fund, and we urge our readers to do all they can do in its support. Saint Paul was not urging an impossible ideal, but the only possible practical method of accomplishment, when he said, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." It is possible, through the children, to overcome even the great evil of war to-morrow with the Good Will of to-day.

Save the children! Let them not inherit the hatreds of to-day! Cultivate in their fertile hearts the love and spirit of unselfish service which are theirs by every law of nature, and which may now be made strong and permanent for the salvation of the world in their generation. In dealing with them now you are settling the future of civilization. In God's Name, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice, and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

THOSE cats they are letting out of the bag in Washington seem to be wildcats.—*Nashville Banner*.

A THIRD party couldn't be any worse than the two we now have.—*Brann's Iconoclast (Chicago)*.

NO, it wasn't Washington, D. C., that said "I can not tell a lie."—*Alburn Bureau (Lakewood, Ohio)*.

SPEAKING offhand, we should say that Germany will erect very few statues to Mr. Dawes.—*New Britain Herald*.

SOME politicians who yearned for the White House would now be content with whitewash.—*Vancouver (B. C.) Sun*.

YOU'VE got to admit that just now the Prince is the most outstanding representative of the Thrown.—*Chicago Tribune*.

CONGRESS has still another fruitful field for investigation if it should take up the matter of the Ivory Dome.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

CONGRESSIONAL blocs are developing splinters.—*Washington Post*.

HOW Mr. Vanderlip would enjoy a session of the sewing-circle!—*Hartford Times*.

IT is evident that oil and dough, when mixed, gum the works.—*Columbia Record*.

WELL, why shouldn't speech be free? Very little of it is worth anything.—*Stamford Advocate*.

TO the pessimist who inquires if the universe is rational, we venture the opinion that, omitting the population, it is.—*Columbia Record*.

THE birth-rate in Europe is declining, which seems to indicate that modern infants are possessors of unusual discretion.—*Waterbury American*.

THOSE conservatives who predicted that the fair sex would never learn to use the right of suffrage are referred to the fact that twelve women have just been indicted for election frauds in New York.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

MARCH 15 meant nothing to Congress, but November 4 may mean something to taxpayers.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

WE have our moments of depression when we apprehend that we owe somebody an apology for having saved civilization.—*Columbia Record*.

"WE have statues erected to celebrate events which now have no significance," says a writer. So do the Americans. Look at their Statue of Liberty!—*London Opinion*.

UP to date all Senator Magnus Johnson has done to help the farmers was to win second place in a milking contest in which there were only two entries.—*Toledo Blade*.

WE gather from the remarks of most European statesmen that all that is needed to stabilize the world is a loan by America of about sixty billion real dollars.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

A STUDY of windmill efficiency is being undertaken in England, but we think they would have better opportunities for research if they would send their experts to Washington and let them observe the operations of Congress.—*Houston Post*.

WE learn from the Washington news that Secretary Mellon's scheme for reducing taxation includes the elimination of the miscellaneous nuisance taxes. So far as we are concerned that looks mighty like 100 per cent. elimination.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

ALL that we ask of Congress is taxation without misrepresentation.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

THE lamb who butts his head against it understands why it is called Wall Street.—*Columbia Record*.

THE great need seems to be a dark horse who hasn't too much to keep dark.—*Windsor Border-Cities Star*.

IF Mr. Sinclair is to be prosecuted for being in contempt of the Senate, we are in imminent danger.—*Columbia Record*.

SOME ancestors would be surprised to learn that they are the chief source of their progeny's pride.—*New Haven Register*.

THE great problem is to frame a tax measure that will get sufficient revenue and still get sufficient votes.—*Bridgeport Star*.

IT is about time to start an investigation to ascertain why the Congress is not attending to the nation's business.—*Albany Journal*.

AMERICA'S increasing export is of increasing import.—*Washington Post*.

AN idealist is one who hopes to keep politics out of politics.—*Boston Transcript*.

JUST now the kettle could not be blamed for calling the Teapot black.—*New Orleans States*.

IT might not be inappropriate to change the name to Washing-done.—*Columbia Record*.

IN the old days they used to anoint a king with oil; but we doubt if the practise will be popular hereafter.—*Columbia Record*.

IT looks at this writing as if it would take more than Henry Ford to get the boys out of the oil-wells by election.—*Philadelphia North American*.

IT is reported that the Government has about \$7,000,000 tied up in unused post-office sites. Now if there

were only some way of keeping this information from Congressmen!—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

SOME day, perhaps, our near statesmen may discover that honesty is also the best politics.—*Columbia Record*.

A FALSE alarm in New York costs the Fire Department \$300. One in Washington costs only so many innocent reputations.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

TEN college glee clubs have been engaged to furnish music for the Republican campaign this fall, but some one has to find the subject for the glee.—*Charleston Gazette*.

IT is reported that the man who made the telephone popular in this country has just died in a workhouse. And we did not know that he had even been born yet!—*London Opinion*.

A LARGE number of English plays are being produced in Berlin. This condition was not made in the Versailles Treaty, and appears to be unduly harsh.—*The Passing Show (London)*.

THE statement to the effect that fewer trains are being held up in China by bandits is probably explained by the fact that there are fewer trains running.—*Cassell's Saturday Journal (London)*.

BENEDICT ARNOLD's downfall in American public life might easily have been averted if he had only understood modern Republican technique. He should have issued a statement rebuking the country and the Congress for hysteria and then stood pat.—*New York World*.



FOREIGN - COMMENT

BRITAIN'S SINGAPORE NAVAL PROJECT ABANDONED

JAPAN WILL BE DELIGHTED, but Australia will be furious, at the decision of the British Labor Government not to proceed with the development of Singapore as a naval base, say some British editors, who tell us also that it required some courage to do this, because the scheme was strongly backed by the Government's expert advisers and had been approved by the Imperial Conference. Rather sarcastically the London *Outlook* remarks that the plan was turned down in the "nicest possible manner," and it adds that Premier MacDonald's speech "breathed brotherhood" and he "irradiated ideals, and was full of gestures of friendship." But to this weekly, the Labor Government seems to be "in the old dilemma of the idealist in a brutally real world." It says further:

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is an honest man and an intelligent man, but he is not likely to defend the thesis that his principles cease to operate east of Suez. It is a commonplace that morality varies according to climate. But it will never do to assume that politics are equally elastic.

"There will be a certain amount of disappointment over this matter in England, and possibly a little resentment in Australia. That is natural, and indeed inevitable. But too great an outcry at the moment would be a mistake. In the first place, the Government is still inexperienced, and has yet much to learn. And in the second, the Government is not immortal, and the delay of a year will not be vital. The Singapore base will have to be made, but whether it is made in 1924 or 1925, by this Cabinet or by its successors, will not in the end make much difference."

The London *Nation and Athenæum*, in common with other journals, thinks it worth while to consider the question of Singapore in the light of the Government's declared policy on defense problems as a whole. That policy, it tells us, as defined by Mr. MacDonald, is to consider all questions of defense in close connection with the problem of improved international relations; to seek every opportunity for promoting agreed limitation of our armaments; but to maintain a reasonable standard of defensive strength. This weekly then says:

"The increase in the air force seems to us absolutely consistent with these principles. It does not start a new competition in armaments, for it falls short even of a one-power standard. It will provide, at most, a force sufficient as a deterrent against wanton aggression, and the provision of such a force is no ill service either to the peace of Europe or to the prospect of an agreed limitation of air armaments. As regards the new light cruisers, the Government weakened their case by introducing the issue of unemployment, but whether the real arguments of the Admiralty be strong or weak, these cruisers can not, in view of building programs abroad, be regarded as a provocative threat to any particular Power. The question of Singapore stands, to our mind, on an entirely different footing. The scheme has been

attacked and defended on so many different grounds that the main issue has become obscured. That issue is one of policy."

It has been argued, we are further told, that expenditure on a base for capital ships is waste of money, because capital ships are obsolete. *The Nation* does not share that view, yet it thinks the real objections to the scheme "remain just as cogent, however high the value of the capital ship be placed," and we read:

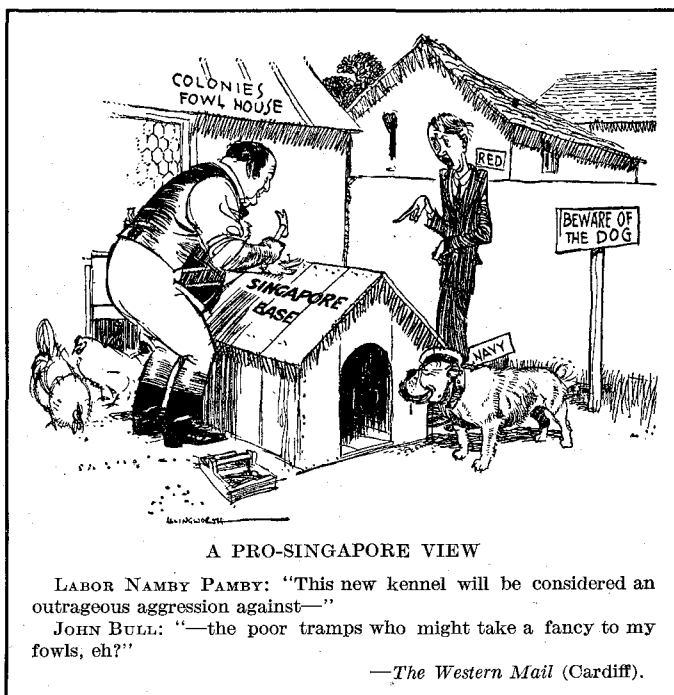
"It has recently been suggested by a writer in *The Times* that, in the event of a war in the Pacific in which Great Britain was neutral, the presence of a battle squadron, based on Singapore, would be needed to protect British commerce from undue interference. We do not think this argument carries much weight. In any such war, the importance to both belligerents of keeping Great Britain as a friendly neutral would be great. Considerations of finance, of tonnage, and of supply—even apart from the danger of provoking an open breach—would act as a strong restraining influence, irrespective of the exact strength of our forces in Eastern waters. The same writer

argued that the ravages of the *Wolf* and the *Emden* proved such a base to be necessary in war for the defense of our commerce against sporadic attack. This can only be characterized as stark nonsense. No degree of naval superiority has ever given complete immunity against the losses inflicted by raiders; but the problem of hunting down elusive raiders has nothing to do with capital-ship bases. Ample light-cruiser bases were available, and the *Emden* was, in fact, brought to book after seven weeks' active operations. The *Wolf* made good her escape; but neither the *Wolf* nor the *Emden* caused anything like the damage frequently inflicted in a single month by submarines and mine-layers acting within easy reach of our naval bases in home waters."

The one contingency that would render a base for capital ships at Singapore important, declares this weekly, would be Britain's engaging in a war, the main theater of which should be the Western Pacific. Singapore has been called "the gateway to the Pacific," it tells us, and proceeds:

"That is what, as the original debate clearly proved, the advocates of the scheme had in mind, and the stress is laid on the fact that the base is required for purely defensive purposes, the methods of naval warfare—a struggle for the control of communications—allow of no clear differentiation between defense and attack.

"The proposal, therefore, is concerned not with a general measure of naval defense, but with open preparation for war in a particular theater, and, in the eyes of some of its supporters, against a particular Power with whom we happen to be on exceptionally friendly terms. There has been much talk of rendering the fleet mobile, and Lord Balfour, the ablest advocate of the scheme, has urged that the proposed expenditure would render the Navy 'effective for purposes all over the world where the Empire might require it'; but if we follow Lord Balfour's advice and use a large map, it will be clear that, to render our



A PRO-SINGAPORE VIEW
LABOR NAMBY PAMBY: "This new kennel will be considered an outrageous aggression against—"
JOHN BULL: "—the poor tramps who might take a fancy to my fowls, eh?"

—The Western Mail (Cardiff).

battle squadrons completely mobile, in all parts of the world, and for all conceivable contingencies, not Singapore alone, but a great program of base-development would be required. Such a program would be enormously expensive; but it would, at least, be less invidious than the present scheme."

While denying that the Singapore project was a breach in principle of the Washington Agreement, this weekly calls attention to the fact that the Washington Conference disposed of the majority of the questions likely to cause trouble in the Pacific, and to the additional fact that the armament and base conventions were clearly designed to diminish as much as possible the risk of such a conflict, and it adds:

"The good relations thus established have been confirmed by the manner in which Japan has carried out her treaty obligations, and it may be added that, while the earthquake has not greatly weakened Japan's naval strength, the consequent financial stringency is likely to incline her more and more to a policy of peace and retrenchment.

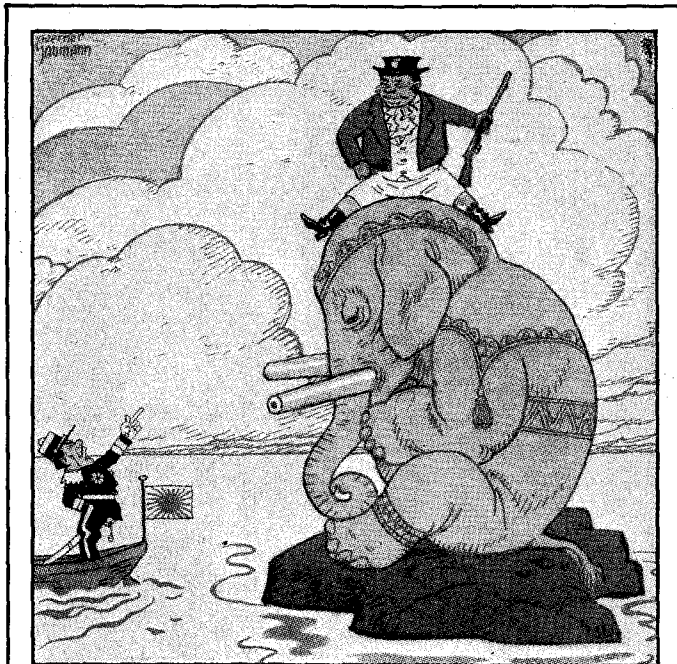
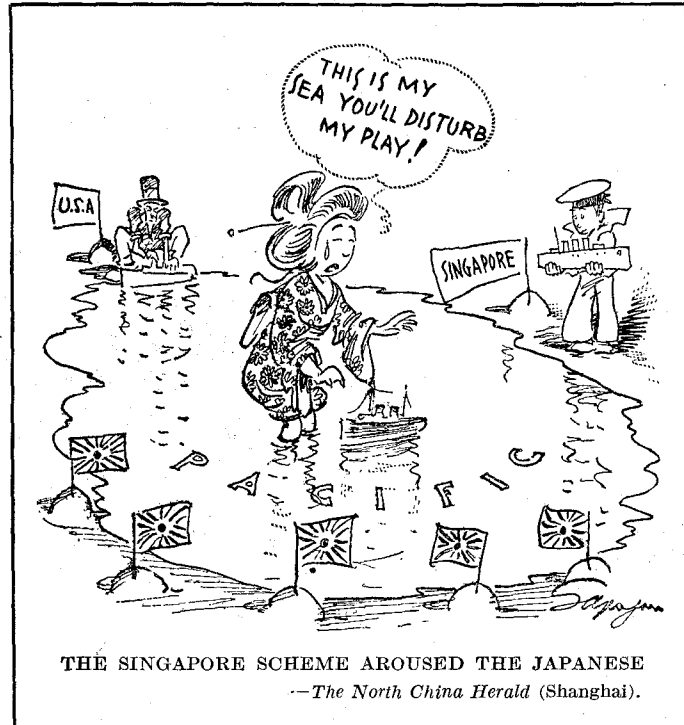
"The vital issue of Singapore is whether we have sufficient faith in the policy which inspired the Washington Treaties to risk something on the permanence of this new atmosphere in the Pacific. If we have, the Conference may prove to be the first step in a new development in world history—the only development which, in the long run, can save civilization from destruction. If we have not, we must demand not merely the construction of a capital-ship base at Singapore, but ultimately the permanent stationing of a battle-fleet in these waters, and the provision of an extended program of large light cruisers suited to the conditions of Pacific warfare. In that event our pessimism as to the continuance of present relations is likely to be justified."

The heaviest argument in favor of the Singapore project, according to some British editors, was furnished in a statement circulated to all branches of the Navy League throughout the world, and which reads in part:

"At any given moment there are at least £180,000,000 worth of British trade afloat east of Suez, of which £157,000,000 are

an average five voyages out and five home every year. Thus the 297 ships trading in the India area alone may be said to have an annual floating worth of over £800,000,000, which it is the business of the Navy to protect.

"What the effect would be of leaving this vast trade unprotected we may see from the experience of the late war. The *Emden* in under two months sank seventeen ships, whose hulls and cargoes were valued at £2,200,000; the *Moewe* sank twenty-two ships on one cruise and twelve on another. This, too, happened at a time when there was a large number of cruisers, not



A GERMAN THRUST AT JOHN BULL

JAPAN: "What do you mean by planting yourself in Singapore?"
JOHN BULL: "Don't get excited—I'm not going to hurt you."

—Kladderatsch (Berlin).

in what may be called the Singapore sphere of influence. From that area we draw 98 per cent. of our supplies of tea, 97 per cent. of our jute, 96 per cent. of our zinc ore, 90 per cent. of our rubber, 89 per cent. of our wool, 77 per cent. of our hemp, 63 per cent. of our rice, 57 per cent. of our tin, 52 per cent. of our cheese, 48 per cent. of our butter, and a large proportion of our frozen meat, oils for food, etc., and also many other necessary materials for peace or war. Every ship on the eastern trade makes on

only British, but also Japanese and French, guarding the trade routes.

"Is the sum of £11,000,000, spread over years, for the construction of the Singapore base, which is equivalent to about one farthing per annum on the income tax, too great a premium to ask for the safeguarding of these vital Imperial interests?"

An illuminating exposition of the Japanese point of view about the Singapore base is afforded by Japan's Vice-Minister of the Navy, Vice-Admiral K. Okada, in an interview given to the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser*. The Vice-Admiral was speaking when the abandonment of the project was merely rumor, and he said that if it proved to be true, it would be welcome news in Japan. He is quoted further as follows:

"To speak frankly, no other international issue of recent times has so hurt the feelings of the Japanese people as the British Government's original proposal regarding a naval base at Singapore. Never since Japan opened her ports to world trade has she dreamed of war with England. The very name of Britain has inspired us only with sentiments of warm friendship.

"Since its abrogation, we greatly miss the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. And now the Singapore business has loomed up to our great surprise."

The Vice-Admiral said also that if Great Britain finally abandons the Singapore project, the "traditional feeling of unsuspecting friendship for her would be restored in Japanese breasts," and he added:

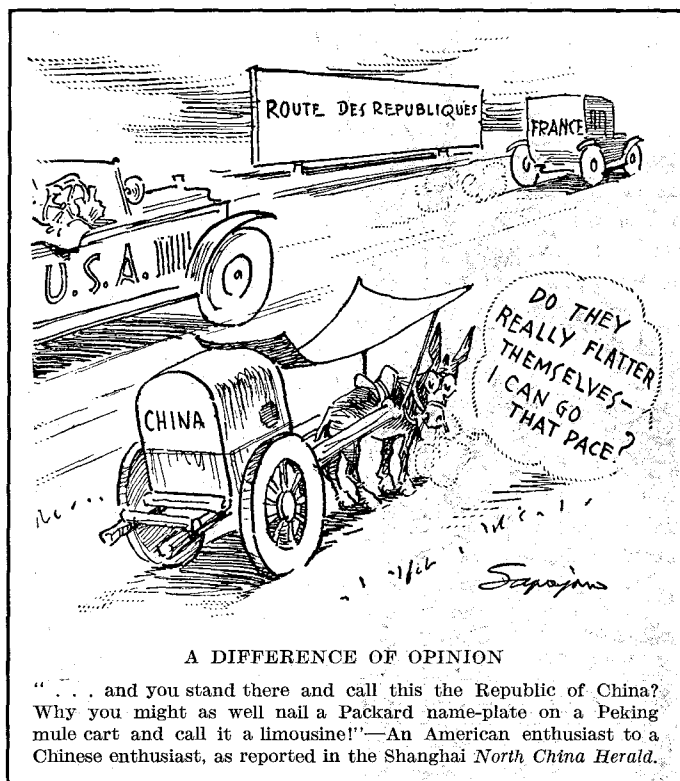
"Such a decision would give the world assurance that Great Britain is pledged to abide by the spirit of the Washington treaties and afford other nations her splendid example.

"Great Britain has nothing to fear from Japan. If Britishers will remember what Japan did during the war, they should realize that the expenditure contemplated at Singapore would be only a waste. If Japan had held any ambitions inimical to British interests, the war would have afforded her a rare opportunity to carry them out.

"We believe, however, that our relations with Great Britain will continue to be characterized by unwavering friendship."

WHAT KEEPS JAPAN AND CHINA APART?

UNSTABLE CONDITIONS IN CHINA obstruct the final solution of problems pending between that country and Japan, we are told by some Japanese writers, who are keen to see these two great Powers of the Orient stanchly united against any possible contingencies. It is admitted by



a contributor to the *Tokyo Japan Advertiser* that of late relations between Japan and China have been "anything but happy," and he tells us that perhaps it is opportune to make "certain outspoken observations regarding that which is in the minds of most Japanese." But first he tells us something of the Chinese side of the case, explaining that—

"It is the incident of the Twenty-one Demands, the Chinese say, which stands in the way of real and lasting friendship between the two nations. It is said also, in China, that the Japanese do not realize how keenly the Chinese people (as distinguished from the Chinese Government) resented the Twenty-one Demands imposed by Japanese diplomats. They even say that it was not so much the substance of the Japanese proposition as the manner in which it was forced upon China that the Chinese resented. The natural conclusion is that the Treaty of 1915 must be abrogated and the matters dealt with taken up afresh.

"Contrasted with this view, the Japanese contention is that most of the Twenty-one Demands already have been canceled or withdrawn. Then what is the use of rehashing an old affair now? Moreover, the Japanese ask, what guaranty can the Chinese Government give Japan for canceling the old treaty and concluding a new one?

"Obviously, the Chinese Government can give no such guaranty beforehand—and there the matter rests."

But the matter can not rest there indefinitely, says this writer, and conceding that something must be done, he goes on to outline the Japanese state of mind toward China as follows:

"China is a republic and has a central Government in Peking. But the sincere belief of the Japanese is that China is not standing on her own feet. With some reason, Japan considers herself not a menace but rather as the principal—not to say the only—stabilizing force in the Orient. Without Japan, the whole Orient long ago would have been brought under foreign control."

Japan can not yield to any other nation, this informant tells us, rights which must be maintained in order to guarantee her

own integrity and safety, and he adds that China is "as vital to Japan as the South American Republics are to America or the European Continent is to England." He declares therefore that:

"Chinese statesmen will find it very difficult to persuade Japan to waive all her claims on China—at least until the Chinese politicians convince the Japanese of their statesmanship and honesty. In short, even as China distrusts Japanese militarism, Japan has very little confidence in the politicians of the Chinese republic. So long as these politicians remain, as at present, they will scarcely be able to persuade Japan that they are any more than the past record of Chinese internal administration would indicate. And this, frankly said, is the answer to the proposal of a cancelation of the Twenty-one Demands."

That Japan has adopted a more conciliatory attitude toward China is generally conceded, according to Mr. Ma Soo of *The China Review* (New York), who adds:

"It is a matter of the utmost importance that she has abandoned her former policy of almost brutal aggression in China—the policy that was responsible for the notorious Twenty-one Demands. Whether this change has been dictated by necessity or a genuine desire to be just to her neighbor is immaterial, and we need not pause to analyze.



"The chief obstacle in the way of Chino-Japanese friendship has hitherto been the Twenty-one Demands. Altho Japan has not consented to a formal abrogation of these Demands, she has not, however, made serious attempts to enforce them of late, partly because of the bitter opposition of the Chinese people and partly because certain of these Demands are no longer enforceable. Of the five groups into which these Demands fall, the first deals with the retention of Shantung by Japan, and as the restitution of Shantung is now an accomplished fact, this Demand has become meaningless. The fifth group, the most objectionable and vicious of these Demands, seeking the political control of the whole of China, was never seriously pressed, and was withdrawn at an early stage of the negotiations. The fourth group relates to the non-alienation of China's coast, and as China has no desire to part with her territory, riparian or otherwise, she can subscribe to this proposition *in toto*. In groups two and three Japan seeks to renew her leases in South Manchuria and tighten her hold on the Hanyehping Mining Company in Hupeh.

"With the more minatory demands removed and others inoperative, it should not be difficult for Japan to regain the goodwill of the Chinese people."

TURKISH VIEWS OF THE CALIPHATE

THE ABOLITION OF THE CALIPHATE by the Government of the Turkish Republic is generally welcomed among Turkish newspapers as a logical move in the separation of Church and State. Nevertheless the conservative press, including the well-known journal *Tewhid*, keep a significant silence on what is generally admitted to be a reform of revolutionary character. A liberal Constantinople daily, *Tanin*, however, hails the extinction of the Caliphate as the mark of "real revolution" in "our dear country," and adds:

"The revolution realized so far in our political and social institutions constituted rather a simple modification of forms. It was superficial and incomplete. But to-day not only our forms but also our ideals, our mentality, our principles of action, are undergoing change. The abolition of the Caliphate means the complete modernization and Westernization of Turkey. The principles of a modern State are introduced without any reserve into our own system. There is no longer any difference between a European State and Turkey. It is true that from the point of view of civilization we are a backward nation, but we follow the same aims and the same methods, and we are on the same line of progress with European nations. Very soon we shall witness the complete Westernization of the Orient."

There was a time when the Caliphate was believed to be a source of strength, says another liberal Constantinople daily, the *Vatan*, but now it is "realized that it was rather a source of weakness." The feebleness of the Turkish Caliphs, through the centuries, according to this journal, and their inability to protect Mohammedans from foreign oppression, had caused the Caliphate to lose its prestige with the Moslem world. This newspaper goes on to say that:

"During our moments of greatest need we could not reap any gain from the authority of the Caliph over the Moslems. Even the Sacred War proclaimed by the Caliph during the World War did not prevent the Indian Mohammedans from fighting against us. Moreover we wish to establish a modern State excluding all kinds of religious influences. The continuation of the Caliphate constitution gave reasons to other Moslem nations to interfere with our national affairs. The Indian Moslems, for instance, believed themselves authorized to criticize the form of the Turkish Government. At the same time the foreign Powers took advantage of this situation, and excited the Moslem nations to interfere in Turkish affairs. We desire to cut out all these possibilities, and all these religious interferences with our temporal institutions. The abolition of the Caliphate, therefore, is the right and even the necessary thing to do in establishing a

modern State along the line of the democratic States of the West."

A new evening paper in Constantinople, the *Mistekil*, notes with unconcern that such Moslem kings as Hussein of the Hedjaz and others will try to invest themselves with the title of Caliph, and it remarks: "That is their affair. The Turks have

solved this problem once and for all. They have completely separated the Church and State." The Constantinople *Ikdam* tells us that a quarter of a century ago Turkey was offered to the Mussulman world as the only example of independence in that world, and it proceeds:

"The millions of Mussulmans who groaned under the yoke of enemy oppression, turned their eyes toward Constantinople the more that oppression increased. They felt themselves in that way comforted and strengthened in their faith. It is in this feeling that the bonds of friendship exist among all Mussulmans toward Turkey. The Caliphate was not the factor or the source of this friendship. It was simply based on the above sentiments.

"After the revolution of the 10th of July, 1908, a new sentiment was added to the then existing sentiments of the Mussulmans toward us. The acquisition of liberty by Turkey electrified the hearts of Mussulmans who desired the same progress and the same liberty, but who were hindered in the same way as we were ourselves. They saw before them

a people who had succeeded, and their joy was redoubled.

"Since the struggle for Anatolian independence commenced, a new wave of excitement has taken hold of the Mussulman world. The victory of Turkey was a victory for Islam. The whole Mussulman world considered the Anatolian soldier as a soldier of Islam, and Parliament and its great chief as the conqueror on behalf of religion and the guide for the people. During the whole period of the war of independence, as well as the whole interval up to the present time the Caliphate had, so to speak, been buried in justifiable forgetfulness. The Mussulman world will accept in silence the passing of the Caliphate into the pages of history."

Representative of the Indian view-point is the opinion of the Bombay *Indian Social Reformer* which says:

"While we fully share the regret widely felt at the tragic fall of a venerable institution, we also feel it would be unjust not to appreciate the motives of those who felt that its continued existence had become incompatible with the highest interests of their country. If the Caliphate had become impossible in Turkey, there is no reason why it should not be revived in some other country where there is a large Mohammedan population. And for many reasons, there can be no better country for the purpose than India where, under proper conditions, this ancient institution can continue to function as the symbol of Islamic unity."



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NEW SWISS RESIDENTS

The deposed Caliph Abdul Medjid with his son, Prince Omar Farukh and his little daughter, on the terrace of the Grand Hotel at Territet in Switzerland, where they have taken refuge in exile. The Caliph is carrying his prayer beads.

GERMANY'S GRADUAL RECOVERY

BAD AS THINGS ARE in Germany, they are getting better, we are told, altho it would be erroneous to believe recovery will be swift. There are dangers and difficulties yet to be overcome, it is remarked, altho the establishment of secure money conditions continues to be regarded as a sort of miracle. So writes a German, Dr. Erwin Wiske-
mann, in the *Baltic-Scandinavian Trade Review* (Copenhagen), who deplors the fact that a portion of the German public have wrongly allowed themselves to believe that they are now to witness a return of the conditions which reigned at the outbreak of the war. He calls sharp attention to the truth that "behind

the veil of inflation there has taken place an impoverishment and a displacement and loss of capital of hitherto unknown magnitude." On the other hand, he points out, there are those of pessimistic disposition who are thinking there will be a return of inflation and see the first signs of it in an increased volume of money. This financial observer goes on to say:

"To be sure, the note circulation in Germany, expressed in gold, is in reality appreciably greater than it was during the inflation period; a fact which at first glance seems very paradoxical. He who concludes from this that a new inflation is now re-appearing, overlooks, however, that it is not only the note volume, but also, and paramountly, the velocity of circulation, which is of decisive importance. And this velocity of monetary circulation rose, during the last few years, to a degree beyond description. This state of affairs has now completely changed. There is, furthermore, even reason for believing that the circulation is now moving more slowly than it did in the years before the war, which is of so much greater importance, as the amount of money now in circulation

scarcely reaches half of what it was before the war, not even when the diminished area of Germany is taken into consideration."

It is then noted that in certain circles in Germany there is a tendency from purely selfish motives to bring about inflation, and this informant remarks that the mark is now being threatened "psychologically rather than materially." We are assured, however, that the Government is taking energetic steps against transactions "emanating from irresponsible quarters," and we read:

"As for the rest, the situation in Germany is, at present, difficult enough. While a fundamental basis has been secured for the money matters of the State, the private credit system is, in opposition thereto, wholly disorganized. During the inflation period the impoverishment of Germany took place in such a manner that the credit system was only slightly affected

thereby. The intellectual middle class, the chief victims of the impoverishment, and the small business men and retail dealers had largely deposited their capital savings in savings-banks and life assurance companies. The life insurance companies have perforce gone through a serious crisis and must now be built up anew. On the other hand, the savings-banks took up active banking transactions and flourished, the while completely renouncing their original character. The banks had their period of boom even tho their deposits, expressed in gold, had decreased to a fraction of their former magnitude. A large portion of the industrial and commercial pursuits derived advantage from the credits they received from the Reichsbank; credits they could repay in money that was without any value."

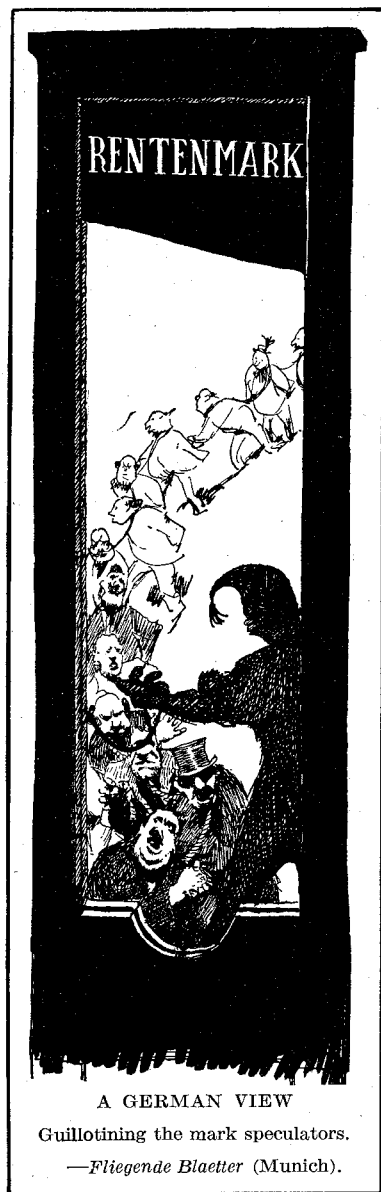
But with stabilization came a complete change, according to this writer, who likens German credits during the inflation period to a kerechief which is being tugged at from all sides. At first it stretches, but then becomes thinner and more frail, and finally tears at the weakest places. He tells us that there remain of German credits a few disconnected parts, namely, agriculture, industry and commerce. They are all divided from one another and all without the firmness that modern trade provides through its mobile capital distributed at the most necessary points. Agriculture, he tells us, is worse off, and he proceeds:



"The farmers were the first to hoard up money during the inflation, but when heavy losses began to result through the depreciation of the money, new sums were invested, partly in agriculture itself and partly in other things materially desirable. The piano became a common sight in the farmer's home and a considerable number of automobiles and other luxuries also found their way to the rural districts. However, the very greatest scarcity has now become apparent in agricultural circles. The chief cause of this is to be found in the very weak home grain market and in the anomaly between the prices of farming products and of industrial goods and manures. Statistics show that the farmer can, with the same supply of grain at the most only buy half of what he formerly could."

"The mobilization of agriculture's capital is disorganized. Even the best and most productive farms are scarcely able to raise loans. To this is added the extraordinarily heavy burden constituted by the taxes, particularly the so-called 'land tax.' Under these circumstances it is not strange that in agricultural circles there has begun to appear efforts directed toward securing customs protection. When the world market's prices for agricultural products sink still further, it will be impossible to say in what way the farmers will be able to weather a crisis."

Everything depends on the reconstruction of Germany's credit system, this informant goes on to say, but he adds that too great help should not be awaited from the industries. At the same time, compared with last year, conditions are better he says, and cites the fact that the number of unemployed in Hamburg has dropped from 60,000 to about 40,000, and a similar decrease is reported from Prussia and other districts.



SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE MAGNIFICENT COMPLEXITY OF THE ATOM

SINCE THE OLD GREEK PHILOSOPHERS, most thinkers have believed in some kind of a granular structure of matter—that it is built up of “atoms.” This belief has been incorporated into the theories of modern chemistry. But it is only within a very few years that we have had data on which to base any sort of an idea of the size or structure of atoms or their relation to other than chemical phenomena. Data of this sort, however, have rapidly accumulated since the discovery by Sir William Crookes in England of what he called “the fourth state of matter” in his vacuum tubes—what we now know to consist of flying electrons. The conception of atomic structure that embodies the most recent knowledge of atoms is probably that of Prof. Niels Bohr, of Copenhagen, recipient of the Nobel Prize in physics, and recently in the United States on a lecturing tour. The “Bohr atom,” a miniature solar system, is described in *Popular Radio* (New York) by Dr. E. E. Free. Dr. Free begins by reminding us that the atoms of matter are so inconceivably tiny that there are more than 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 of them on the top surface of an ordinary pinhead. He goes on:

“Yet each one of these minute atomic pecks contains a wonderful inner universe of its own. It contains, in fact, a whole solar system not unlike that greater system of the sun and the planets on which we ride so comfortably through the emptiness of space.

“This knowledge that the atoms are miniature solar systems is new. It results, in the main, from the work of Prof. Niels Bohr, a distinguished Danish scientist who has been lecturing recently in the United States.

“The theory embodies an idea of the atom rather different from that of Sir Joseph J. Thompson. The Thompson theory assumes that each atom consists of a central particle around which are grouped a number of electrons which occupy relatively fixed positions. The arrangement of these electrons in space is determined by electrostatic attractions and repulsions.

“The new Bohr theory agrees with the Thompson theory in assuming the central nucleus and the electrons that surround it. But Bohr does not believe that these electrons are stationary. He believes them to be in rapid revolution around the central nucleus, much as our earth is in revolution around the sun. The Bohr theory sees the atom as an assemblage of electron ‘planets’ surrounding a nucleus as ‘sun.’

“Between these two theories, the weight of scientific opinion now inclines strongly to the theory of Bohr.

“The best introduction to the Bohr theory is the consideration of its model for the simplest known kind of atom—the atom of hydrogen gas.

“This atom contains, everybody agrees, only two particles. The hydrogen atom is a solar system with only one planet. This planetary electron is an ordinary electron, just like those that are familiar to us in the theory of the vacuum tube and of other electric devices. In the vacuum tube the electrons are free and shoot about alone through the space inside the tube. In the hydrogen atom the electron is bound to the atomic nucleus. If it leaves the nucleus the atom no longer exists as an atom.

“The central nucleus of this atom is a particle somewhat less familiar to radio engineers than is the electron. Scientists call this central particle a ‘proton.’ Sometimes it is called a ‘positive electron,’ for it possesses a permanent charge of *positive* electricity exactly equal in amount to the charge of *negative* electricity possessed by the ordinary electron.”

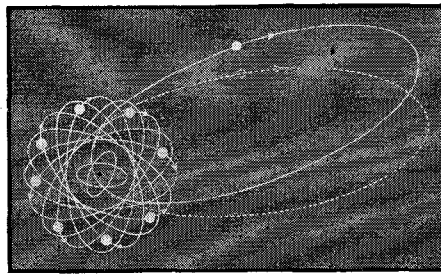
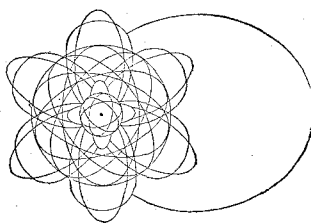
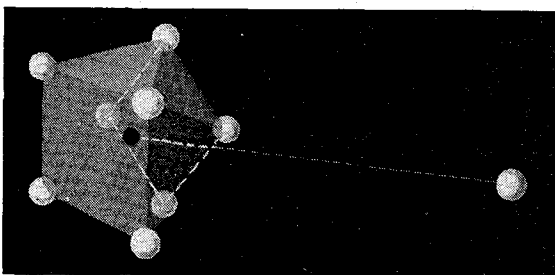
Assuming that these two particles are the universal constituents of all kinds of atoms, Dr. Free bids us visualize the simplest known combination of them; that is, the hydrogen atom, which is composed of one particle of each kind. Let us imagine, he says, that we possess the power of enlarging a hydrogen atom until the orbit of the electron becomes comparable in size to the orbit of our earth. We can then compare the proton of the atomic system with our sun and the electron with our earth. He goes on:

“This electron (in the enlarged atom) will be a sphere with a diameter of about 6,500 miles as compared with the 7,900-mile diameter of our earth. It will be moving around the proton in



HE EXPLORES THE ATOM

At least Prof. Niels Bohr of the University of Copenhagen, a Nobel prize-winner, is said to have done more than any other scientist to lay bare the secrets of the spinning particles that compose it. He sees the atom as a miniature solar system of proton and electrons.



Illustrations with this article by courtesy of “Popular Radio” (New York)

DIFFERENT IDEAS ABOUT THE INWARDNESS OF THE ATOM

In the center is a diagram of a copper atom, which has twenty-nine electrons, each one moving in its orbit with a speed probably greater than 39,000 miles a second. At the left is a representative of the “static” idea of the sodium atom, according to the theory of scientists holding that the electrons occupy relatively fixed positions. At the right is the diagram of the Bohr “dynamic” theory of the atom. The outermost electron has a variable orbit, as shown, and corresponds to the most distant atom in the left-hand diagram. Remember that any atom—with all its system of electrons—is so small that there are more than two quadrillions of them on the surface of an ordinary pinhead.

an orbit not unlike the earth's orbit, tho very much faster than the earth does.

"But in the astronomic system the sun is much larger than the planets. In the atomic system the proton is *smaller* than the electron. In our enlarged hydrogen atom where the electron is 6,900 miles in diameter, the central proton will have a diameter of *less than four miles*.

"At first sight this is a very surprising fact. How can this tiny proton act as a nucleus to hold the vastly larger electron in its atomic orbit?

"There are two reasons for this. One is that the attractions between the electron and the proton are electrical instead of gravitational. They depend, therefore, on the relative *charges* of the bodies, not on their relative weights.

"The second reason is that the proton, tho exceedingly tiny, is tremendously dense. In common language we would say that it was very 'heavy' for its size. It is, in fact, billions of times 'heavier' than the densest lead.

"For this reason we can find a better model than our earth and our sun. This would consist of a small but very heavy sphere at the center, say a lead buckshot. Around this would revolve a much larger but much lighter sphere, say a gas-filled toy balloon. If the proton is the size of a buckshot the electron-balloon will have to be about *forty feet* in diameter. And the distance between them will be *nearly one hundred miles*.

"This is the model of the Bohr theory for the hydrogen atom. A small lead buckshot about a quarter of an inch in diameter represents the proton. Let us assume this placed on top of the Woolworth Building in New York City. Around this there sweeps continually in a great circle the forty-foot balloon that represents the electron. On each revolution it passes just beyond Philadelphia on one side and a little short of Albany on the other."

This represents the simplest known atom. The atoms of the other chemical elements differ from it only in that they are more complex. All of them consist of the same ultimate particles; the protons and the electrons. But the other atoms contain more than one each of these particles. To quote again:

"The atom which is next in simplicity to hydrogen is the atom of *helium*. The atomic sun of the helium atom is a permanent aggregate of *four* protons plus *two* electrons, bound, in some fashion which we do not understand, inside the nucleus. Around this compound nucleus revolve two planetary electrons.

"Other atoms, still more complicated than helium, are built up in an analogous fashion. More protons and electrons are added. All of the protons go into the nucleus. Some of the electrons do the same; others of the electrons become additional planets.

"For example, the metal lithium contains *six* protons, all of which are in the nucleus; and six electrons, three in the nucleus and three more revolving around it as planets.

"And so on until we reach the last and most complicated atom of all, that of the radioactive metal uranium. This atom contains 92 electron planets revolving around a nucleus that consists of about 180 protons combined with about half as many electrons.

The atom of radium is almost as complicated, having 88 electron planets and about twice as many nuclear protons. It is probable in fact, that the tremendous complexity of these last atoms is the reason for their radioactivity. They are so unwieldy that occasionally they blow up, shooting out the electrons and other particles that produce the radioactive effects.

"Throughout the list of atoms it is the *planetary* electrons that determine the ordinary properties of substances. The nucleus is hidden away at the center of the atom and protected. The outer electrons are the atom's contact with other atoms and with the world. It is, for example, the number and arrangement of the planetary electrons that make gold different from lead

that make oxygen the life-giving gas that we breathe, while chlorine is a corrosive and poisonous one.

"The human body is really nothing but a maze of flying electrons. Matter is motion. If the revolution of the electrons in your bones and muscles and blood corpuscles should stop you would instantly disappear. It is probable, in fact, that you would explode with the most inconceivable violence.

"The speed of the electron planets in their orbits is so great that it transcends all human experience. In a copper atom, for example, some of the electrons move with a speed of more than 39,000 miles a second. Even the slowest of them have, we believe, a speed of nearly 10,000 miles a second.

"And such speed mean power. Every one knows that if the earth hit something and stopped the energy released would turn every fragment of our globe into white-hot gas. The same kind of thing would happen if the revolving electrons in the atom were stopped.

"Is this energy of any importance in radio?

"Undoubtedly. Radio receivers and radio transmitters are alike composed of atoms; radio waves go out from electrons, either free electrons or, perhaps, the electrons of the atoms themselves. The conversion of electricity to radio waves in the transmitter and of radio waves back to electricity in the receiver, both are done by atoms and by electrons."

LAST WORDS—Under this head *The News Bulletin* of the Public Service Information Committee (Philadelphia) prints the following suggestive remarks:

"I don't think it's loaded. I'll just look down the barrel and see."

"Look at this wire hanging down into the street. I'll throw it over to one side."

"I wonder if this rope will hold my weight?"

"How much electricity do you suppose these wires carry?"

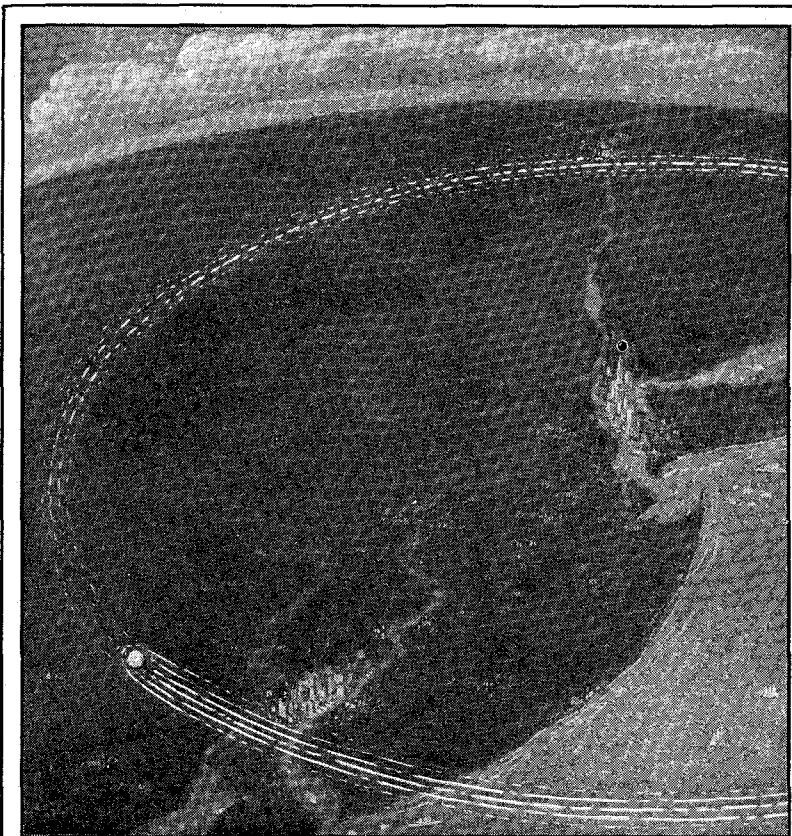
"I'll just touch one and find out."

"Listen! That's the interurban whistle. Step on the accelerator. I'm sure we can beat it across."

"It's no fun swimming here. I'm going out beyond the life-lines."

"I've never driven a car in traffic before. But they say it's perfectly simple."

"I think these must be the headache tablets, altho there isn't any label on the box."



THE SPREAD OF ELECTRONS IN THE SIMPLE HYDROGEN ATOM

If a single atom of hydrogen gas were magnified some two billion million times, the central nucleus of it would be represented by a little particle the size of a buckshot on top of the Woolworth Building. Around this would revolve a forty-foot balloon representing the electron, the orbit of which would reach just beyond Philadelphia on one side and a little short of Albany on the other.

THE ICE DRIFT IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

DANGER FROM FLOATING ICE and bergs, now largely minimized by standardized navigation-routes and by the work of the International Ice Patrol, is described in a comprehensive article by Lieut. Edward H. Smith, of the U. S. Coast Guard, sent out as a press bulletin by the Hydrographic Office in Washington. An iceberg, we are reminded, is merely a piece broken from the ice sheet which covers certain areas in the far north and south. Such a sheet is found when the temperature is so low that one layer of snow can not melt before the next fall occurs. As the ice sheet increases in thickness its edges begin to creep toward sea-level. Bergs that start from the coastal waters of west Greenland in summer and fall float about 1,800 miles before they reach the Grand Banks the following spring and summer. Large numbers gather in the Atlantic off Belle Isle every summer, and a few even go through the Strait into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We read:

"Around the Tail of the Grand Banks the first bergs of the season are sighted the latter part of February or early in March, usually representing the remnants of the previous season that have survived the summer's heat in high latitudes and become frozen in the field along the coast.

"Hundreds of bergs ground on the northern part of the Banks, where the process of accumulation and disintegration is under way throughout the berg season. A few drift to the westward in the deep

water between Cape Race and the Grand Banks, while many are carried offshore to the eastward and northeastward in the Atlantic. The bergs which later become the greatest danger to navigation move south in the deep water along the east slope of the Banks. During March the rate of drift of the bergs is 0.0 to 0.3 knot per hour. Early in April the Labrador current increases in rate of flow, and there is record of a berg traveling along the east side of the Banks just north of the Tail at the rate of 1.5 knots per hour. The average rate in this region is 0.4 to 0.7 knot per hour during the danger season.

"In early spring there is a marked tendency for the majority of bergs to take the offshore path and easterly drift. From April on most of the bergs drift southward along the east face of the Banks, paralleling the 100-fathom contour.

"The precise course which bergs will follow during the ice season depends upon the volume and strength of the Arctic discharge at the time, but in most cases the bergs do not drift south of the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, which carries them off to the east and finally the northeast. Occasionally, however, a berg journeys as far south as the latitude of the Azore Islands, most often during the height of the ice season or during a bad ice year, such as 1912.

"Disintegration is accelerated by high waves and heavy swell, the effects of which are noticeable on bergs which drift wide offshore in the Atlantic early in the season.

"A berg of average size in the mixed waters south of the Tail of the Banks will survive as a menace to navigation for a period of twelve to fourteen days, during April, May, and June, but will not survive longer than ten to twelve days after July 1. A medium-sized one farther south within the confines of the Gulf Stream will survive approximately seven days. Bergs

grounded in on the Banks, on its southwest slope, or northwest of the Tail, survive the longest. There are records of several bergs existing as a menace to navigation for a month to six weeks. It is estimated that between 300 and 350 bergs are borne south of Newfoundland during a normal ice year.

"The bergs drifting on to the southern routes do so in April, May, and June, May being the month most dangerous to shipping. The following table shows the number of bergs that may be expected south of the Tail of the Grand Banks during a normal

year, by months, based on the records of the period 1911-1923:

January . . . 0	July 3
February . . . 1	August 2
March 4	September . . 1
April 9	October . . . 0
May 18	November . . 0
June 13	December . . 0

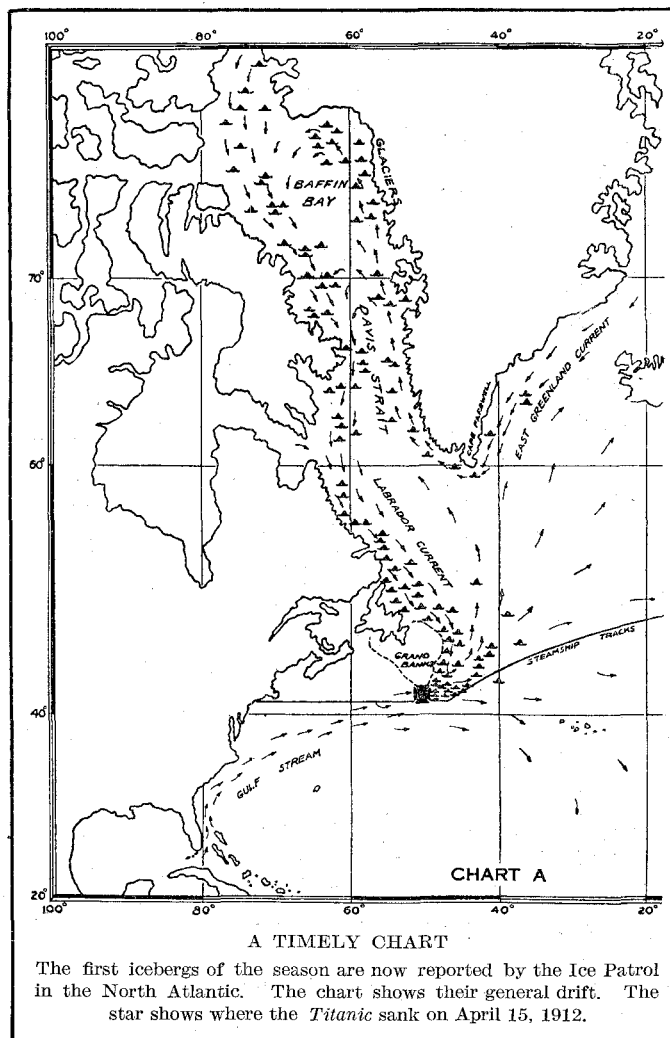
"The iceberg season may be said to cover about four months, March 15 to July 15. The bergs decrease in numbers noticeably after the middle of June, and from the middle of July on until the following spring the area south of the Grand Banks is practically free from them. An isolated berg or two may drift down to the Tail, but not often south of it, as late as October. After that month it is unusual to sight bergs in the latitude of the Banks until the following February."

The signs of icebergs relied on by navigators are described in detail by the writer. They include actual visibility (not often at greater distance than ten to twelve miles by day or quarter of a mile at night), as well as mirage echoes, indications, noises of disintegration (roaring or cracking reports), small bits of floating ice, and lowered temperature of the water. The writer says:

"Ships crossing the longitudes of the Grand Banks will find that the temperature of the water drops very suddenly if they cross the 'cold wall' and traverse the area of mixed waters south of the Tail. The 'cold wall' is the name given to the boundary between the cold Arctic water and the warm tropical water of the Gulf Stream. Not only is there a noticeable temperature difference on either side of this wall but there is a striking change of color, the Arctic side of the wall being an olive or bottle green, while the Gulf Stream is indigo blue. Bergs are more likely to be found in this area than outside of it.

"A drop in the sea-water temperature should be taken as a warning that the ship has entered the area in which bergs are more likely to be met than southward in the warm water. The meteorological phenomenon of chief interest in this connection is the persistence of a blanket of fog over the area of cold water, especially during April-July, the limits of the fog sheet generally coinciding with the limits of the cold water. Fog may lie over the Gulf Stream, but this is not usual. The fact that the region most infested by bergs is also the region enveloped in fog a large percentage of the time greatly increases the danger of collision with ice.

"Since 1913 the principal steamship companies have mutually agreed upon prescribed tracks across the North Atlantic, south of the normal ice zones. During the ice season the tracks are shifted south in accordance with a prearranged schedule. Unfortunately, ships trading into northern North American ports are unable to escape traversing the ice regions, and the navigators of these ships should exercise the greatest caution. As a further precaution, the International Ice Patrol scouts and collects information concerning the location of icebergs, which it broadcasts. The Patrol vessel is constantly on duty during the ice



season, and is discontinued in July, when the last bergs disintegrate south of the Tail.

"The U. S. Hydrographic Office receives daily reports of ice and obstructions to navigation, furnished by passing vessels and by the ice patrol. This is the subject of a daily radio broadcast, and is incorporated in the Daily Memorandum, the weekly Hydrographic Bulletin, Pilot Charts, and the weekly Ice Chartlet, which accompanies the weekly Bulletin. Vessels approaching the ice danger zone are supplied the very latest developments in the ice situation by the ice patrol by radio broadcast twice daily."

A SEARCH FOR DRY WATER

A BRITISH CHEMIST has been trying for years to find dry water; but he is at last convinced that no such thing exists. Stated a little more in accordance with chemical nomenclature, he has been seeking a compound of oxygen and hydrogen, having the same formula as water—namely, H_2O —but without its wetness. Tho he has discovered no dry water, he has, in the course of his search, found out numerous other things, for which he has been awarded the Davy Medal. The editor of *Conquest* (London) tells about these in a leading article. Water, he says, means a different thing to different people:

"Mr. G. K. Chesterton loudly sings his contempt of it, not caring indeed where it goes 'if it doesn't get into the wine.' Playful wits admit its usefulness for sailing boats upon and making slides in winter. Physicians recommend it as a beverage.

"But if there is one property peculiar to water, on which all opinions agree, it is its wetness. The two ideas are inseparable. Yet there is at least one man who was prepared to believe in the possibility of making dry water.

"Prof. H. Brereton Baker, of the Royal College of Science, has been awarded the Davy Medal in recognition of a long series of patient researches, mostly concerned with water. He thought it might be possible to effect a combination of oxygen and hydrogen which would be water, in that it consisted of one part of the former and two of the latter gas, but would not have the property of wetness.

"After years of experiment, characterized by extremely skilful manipulation, however, Professor Baker found no evidence of the existence of dry water.

"Indeed, he demonstrated the remarkable fact that oxygen and hydrogen will not combine at all unless a trace of water first be present. Sparking a mixture of the two gases absolutely dry, produced no explosion—and no water. In fact, a button of silver was fused by him in an atmosphere of oxygen and hydrogen without the slightest sign of combination. Water can not be formed except in the presence of water.

"This is a bewildering thought. It recalls the ancient question: Which came first, the fowl or the egg? As to how the first water—the germ that begot all the oceans, was formed we can not conjecture; nor is the problem of practical import.

"Professor Baker's investigations, however, have proved of great and practical interest to science, for they demonstrated conclusively other important facts about the influence of water on chemical change, which only the chemist perhaps appreciates.

"Incidentally, the highly artificial degree of dryness obtained in these experiments must have been what the Americans would call 'the greatest ever.' In this remarkable dryness other strange phenomena occurred. Ammonia and hydrogen chlorid refuses to recognize the marked affinity, which, under normal conditions, makes them combine as ammonium chlorid. Moreover, this compound, which readily splits up again into ammonia and hydrogen chlorid when heated in the ordinary way, failed entirely to dissociate.

"Truly, water is a necessary all-pervading wetness—and, at least to the chemist—something more."

RADIO MUSIC

NOT MUSIC TRANSMITTED BY RADIO, but music actually produced by radio apparatus. Noises that have been only too evident at times to radio users, may now be tamed, reduced to order in a regular musical scale and used like the tones of any other instrument. More than one device of this sort has lately been reported in the press. The "staccatone," as one of them has been named by its inventor, Mr. H. Gernsback, is described in the following paragraphs by a writer in *The Radio World* (New York). Says this paper:

"Every one who has played with circuits calling for an oscillating vacuum tube has noted the bothersome howls and squeals produced by its improper manipulation. Mr. H. Gernsback, editor of *Science and Invention*, is the originator of a circuit in which these once annoying noises can be made to produce music, much like an organ, but with a flute-like note peculiar to itself and agreeably surprising.

"In *Practical Electrics*, Mr. Gernsback says: 'The characteristic squeal rising in pitch from zero to a high note beyond the limit of audibility is familiar to us all. This range of frequencies runs much higher than can be obtained from any known musical instrument. If properly controlled we have a musical instrument that surpasses in tonal range any musical instrument. . . . With several vacuum tubes, harmonic chords can be developed.'

"This device makes use of the Hartley oscillator circuit. By means of correct capacities, inductances, and controlling keys, the full-scale range can be obtained, and the instrument played through a loud speaker in the manner of a piano or an organ.

"This staccatone, as the device is called, is simple in arrangement and any experimenter can build and operate one. At the present time the inventor is installing a

model in one of the moving-picture theaters with a view of demonstrating its usefulness in playing full orchestrations.

"The circuit used is shown in the diagram. The inductances consist of six 1,500-turn honeycomb coils in series, clamped together. Care should be taken that their magnetic fields assign rather than oppose. The coils can be connected properly if the outside lead of one is connected with the inside lead of the other, and each coil placed in the same position as regards the direction in which the wire runs. The negative of the B battery is connected to the end of the first coil. The filament of the tube is connected in between the first and second coils, at the connecting juncture. Taps are then brought out and connected to the keys, as shown.

"About twenty mica condensers of .006 microfarads each are required, with a 43-plate variable condenser of high efficiency. The variable condenser is included for tuning the instrument.

"The fixt condensers are arranged in a double bank as shown. The switches which form the keyboard are connected at proper intervals so that one octave is covered, including all half notes. Cutting out the extra condensers increases the tonal frequency one octave.

"When everything is connected and the tube lighted, a loud howl which can be varied in pitch by varying the condenser should be produced. It is then necessary to tune the staccatone. A piano is best for this purpose, or in a pinch a tuning-fork. The lowest switch key is connected to the end of the last coil. Condensers are added until the desired note is produced. It will probably be necessary to vary the capacity of the variable condenser in order to get the exact tone frequency at this point. The next key is then tuned by tapping the next coil until G flat is obtained. In tapping this coil, do it near the end, rather than at the end turn. As there is no set method, it will simply have to be a matter of experiment. The remaining coils are tapped in the same manner so as to form the complete musical scale over one octave, from G to A flat. At this point, by manipulating the keys any musical selection can be played."



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HE TURNS RADIO SQUEALS
AND HOWLS INTO MUSIC

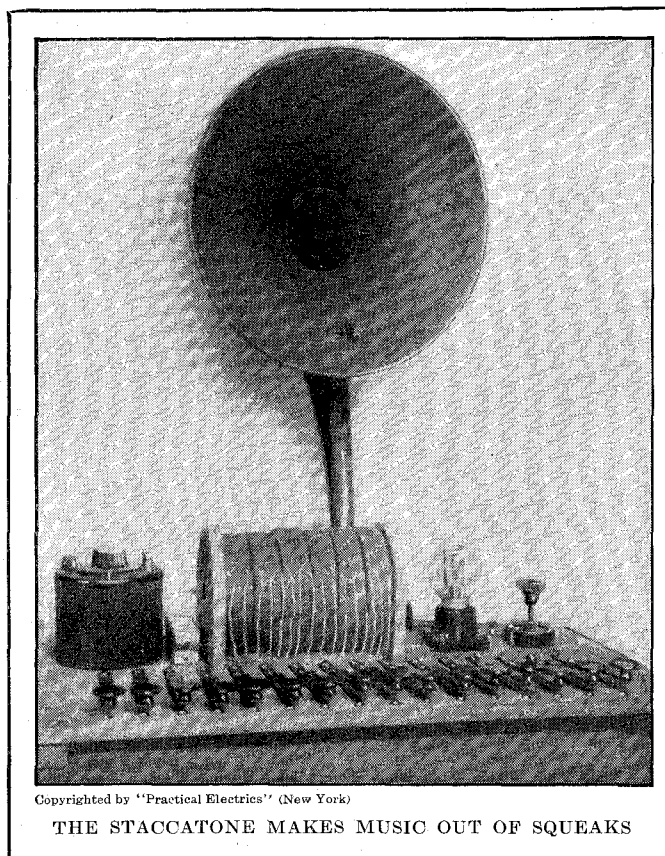
Hugo Gernsback, inventor of the
staccatone.

MAKING PRINT TALK

THE BLIND MAY HEREAFTER "HEAR" the printed page by means of a recently patented German device for making printers' ink and other pigments conduct electricity. This might seem a comparatively simple matter. One need only pulverize a conducting metal, and mix the powder with a suitable binder. But the lack of close contact between the particles of the metal obstructs the flow of the current, and this obstruction is increased by the oxidation of the surface of each particle. Even if the current succeeds in overcoming the resistance, the conductor is unduly heated—a fatal fault in the case of a paint. Since there are various reasons why it is desirable for industrial purposes to have a paint that will conduct electricity without melting, the problem has engaged the attention of many investigators. It has recently been solved in Germany and patented by the firm of Mertens, who plan to use it particularly in the printing industry. An important feature of the process is that, by modifying it, paints and inks can be prepared which conduct electricity in varying degrees. As most people know, variation in conductivity is the basic principle underlying the telephone. It is proposed, therefore, to prepare strips of paper printed in symbols corresponding, for example, to the Morse dot-and-dash system. Such printed strips can then be used, by means of simple electrical apparatus, to make and break contacts so as to sound a bell or a buzzer, so that a blind person familiar with telegraphy could literally hear the printers' ink talking to him. In a recent number of *Die Umschau* (Frankfurt) Georg von Hassel gives some interesting details of this new process and its application. He begins by describing a simple experiment which throws light on the method followed:

"Take a quantity of ordinary bronze or copper powder and divide it into two parcels, subjecting one to an etching process by mixing it with hydrochloric acid; wash thoroughly and dry between layers of filter paper. Then prepare paints with the freshly etched powder and with the unetched respectively, by mixing the acetone in which celluloid has been dissolved and to which a small amount of amyl acetate has been added. Paint strips of equal width on any suitable surface, and it will be found that while the paint prepared with the unetched powder is a non-conductor, that made with the etched powder is a pretty good conductor. However, the latter soon loses its conducting power, especially if the surface to which it is applied is polished or when it is exposed for any length of time to the light."

The process patented by Mertens uses a metal with very low fusing point, the best being one made from an alloy, such as the



Copyrighted by "Practical Electrics" (New York)

THE STACCATONE MAKES MUSIC OUT OF SQUEAKS

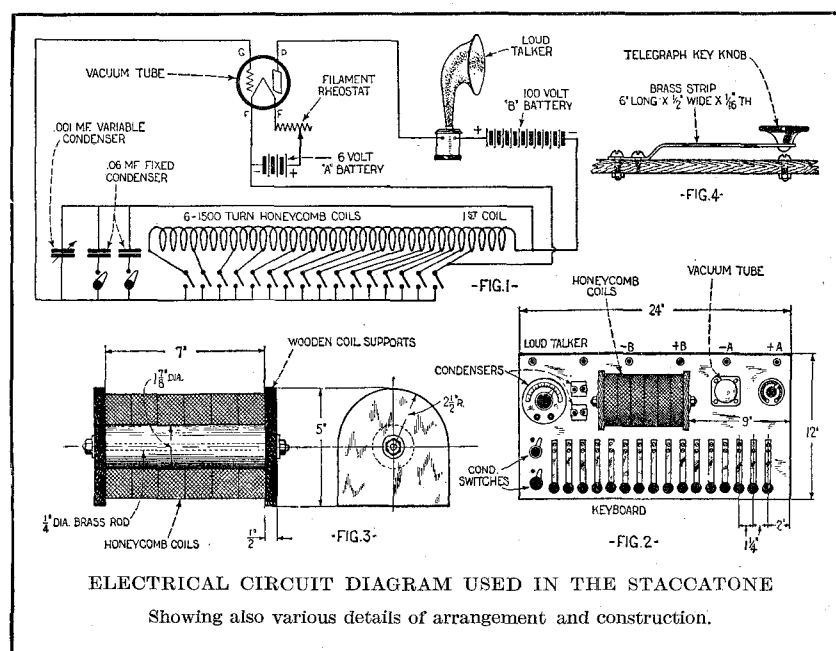
Woods alloy. It is well known that the particles of a metallic powder can be made to cohere by being exposed to electromagnetic waves, so that their resistance to the electric current is lessened. The so-called coherers employed in wireless telegraphy offer a familiar example of this. The particles are momentarily fused so as to form a continuous passage for the current.

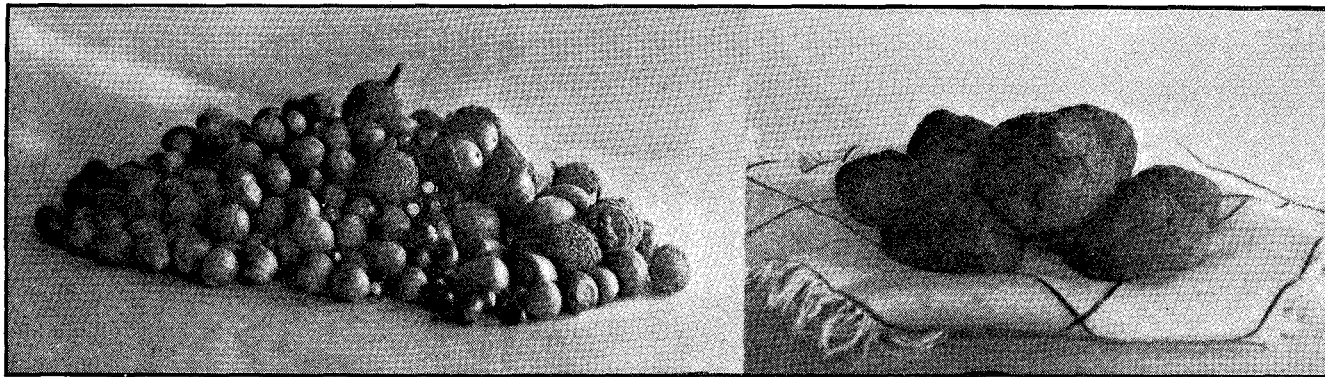
The essential feature of the Mertens patent is said to consist in the fact that the particles of metal are first mixed with the binder, as for example with printers' ink, and that this binder is hardened as soon as possible after the cohering or welding process mentioned takes place. This hardening of the binder prevents the metal particles from being shaken apart again, as they are in the ordinary coherer. To quote further:

"This welding or cohering process, technically known as 'fritting,' renders it possible to impart a property to the paints thus prepared which no method hitherto has achieved—namely, that of graduated conductivity. The ink or paint so made varies in conductivity according to the intensity of the previous fritting process. Now if a row of signs be printed on paper or other suitable surface with ink of different degrees of conductivity, then they will offer correspondingly different degrees of resistance to the passage of an electric current."

As stated above, the Morse alphabet can be represented by printing strips of paper with inks of varying degrees of conductivity. Above this writing a contact is placed at the point of interruption of an electric circuit. When the contact meets a conducting sign, the circuit is closed and a buzzer is sounded. Or, if it be preferred, instead of the Morse alphabet different musical notes may be made to correspond to different letters of the alphabet.

Mr. von Hassel closes his article by stating that the well-known book and art printers, Foerster and Borries, in Zwickau, Saxony, intend to introduce this new ink of graduated conductivity into the printing industry.





By courtesy of the "Missouri Botanical Garden Bulletin" (St. Louis)

WHITE-OAK ACORNS—AND MUFFINS MADE FROM THEM

The small pile of acorns shown at the left made nearly two quarts of meal.

ACORN MUFFINS

TONS OF PERFECTLY GOOD FOOD are wasted every year by white Americans. The tons in question grow on oak trees, and are shunned because they are inedible in their natural state. After proper preparation, we are told in *The Missouri Botanical Garden Bulletin* (St. Louis), they are nutritious and digestible. Meal made from white-oak acorns was one of the principal foods of the North American Indians. Unlike turkey, squash, tobacco, and Indian corn, this food has never become popular with the white man and is seldom heard of to-day, tho our white oaks continue to yield heavy crops and the few remaining Indians from Wisconsin to Washington still make use of them. The process of manufacture varied with the different tribes and with the species of oak from which the acorns were taken. The following dispatch from a Washington paper quoted in *The Bulletin* describes the process still in use by the Klickitat Indians of the Pacific coast:

"The acorns, as gathered, are preserved for future use in peculiar storing places called Chuck-ahs. These are large baskets of long willow sprouts closely woven, six feet high and three in diameter. They are set upon stone and stick platforms several feet from the ground. They are well braced and the outsides of the baskets are coated with pine boughs laid point downward to shed off rain and snow. The pine needles also keep out squirrels and woodpeckers. As the baskets are filled, bark roofs are constructed to tightly cover them. When the acorns are desired, a hole is made in the bottom of the baskets so that they can roll out.

"The acorns are bitter and can not be eaten in their natural state. When properly cooked and prepared they are palatable. The first hull is cracked and removed when the kernel is pounded or ground to fine meal. Soft sand-stone mortars once were used for grinding, but now modern equipment is in the possession of every family. After grinding, the next process is removal of the bitter tannin. The Indian chief makes a long, shallow basin in clean washed sand in which are laid a few flat, fern-like ends of fir boughs.

"Small stones, heated white hot, are placed into kettles of water. The water so heated is mixed with acorn meal to a consistency of porridge. This mixture is emptied into sanded molds, and as the hot water runs out into the sand it carries away the substance causing the bitter taste. The meal then is washed clean of sand and worked into dough. The pasty cakes are baked flat, and when cooked possess the oily taste of peanut butter."

The Indians of Massachusetts parched the fresh acorns and stored them. The Pilgrims, during their first hard winter, discovered such a store buried in baskets in the ground. Probably the commonest use of the meal was to make it into hoe cakes which were baked in the ashes, but the Indians of the Great Lakes region boiled it as a mush, usually combined with maple sugar and often with venison. *The Bulletin* goes on to say:

"With a modern kitchen equipment the acorn meal can easily be prepared at home. After husking the acorns they should be

ground in a hand-grist mill or food-chopper. The meal is then mixed with hot water and poured into a jelly bag. The bitter tannin, being soluble, will be taken out by the water, but sometimes a second or even third washing may be necessary. After washing, the wet meal is spread out to dry and then parched in an oven. If it has caked badly it should be run through the mill again before using.

"In cooking, acorn meal may be used in the same way as corn meal. Its greatest fault is its color, muffins made from it being a dark chocolate brown. The taste suggests a mixture of cornmeal and peanut butter, and some people relish it at once, but others, it must be confessed, have to be educated to it. Because of the high oil and starch content of the acorn, it is very nutritious and is reported to be easily digested. Only acorns from white oaks should be gathered, as those from the black oaks are too bitter. The white oaks have flaky gray bark and leaves which are not spine-tipped. Typical Missouri representatives of this group are the white oak, the swamp oak, the bur oak, and the chestnut oak. The small pile of acorns shown at the left made nearly two quarts of meal."

PROHIBITION HAS NOT MADE LUNATICS—Alcohol insanity has not increased since Prohibition, we are emphatically assured in a bulletin of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. On the contrary, it is stated that as compared with 1919, the year 1922 shows a decrease in the number of mental cases in which alcoholism was a leading symptom. We read, quoting Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Data from approximately 100 hospitals for mental disease, to which during 1922 were admitted about 35,000 cases, showed about 1,250 with alcoholic psychoses, or less than 4 per cent. of the whole. In no State studied was the percentage over ten and in some it was as low as 1 per cent., the report states. Taking the intemperate users of alcohol among all types of mental disease admitted to State hospitals for the year 1919, and to the same group of hospitals for the year 1922, we found that in the former year 15 per cent. of all new cases were intemperate users of alcohol, while in the latter year the percentage was 13. It is absurdly misleading, if not worse, to say that alcohol is an increasing factor in the production of mental disease."

LIGHTNING AT A DOLLAR PER—Electrical experts have been able to determine the market value of a first-class bolt of lightning, says *The News Bulletin* of the Public Service Information Committee (Philadelphia). It goes on:

"The prodigious power of a brilliant flash of lightning is actually worth about one dollar. Recent scientific calculations estimate the voltage of a lightning bolt at about fifty million and there is assumed to be an amperage of one thousand. These give a total of fifty million kilowatts. But the lightning flash lasts for less than one one-thousandth of one second. On this basis the total amount of electrical energy developed would be about ten kilowatt hours or approximately one dollar's worth, if the rate were as low as ten cents."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

RUSSIAN REBELS THAT BECAME CLASSICS

FROM THE HEROIC FIGHT of Ivan Tzarevitch with the three-headed Sea Dragon, right down to the latest innovating Bolshevik modernist, the whole gamut of a hundred years of Russian art has been run at an exhibition just closing in New York. "The greatest show of Russian art ever seen in America," is how the New York *Herald* characterizes this impressive exhibit of more than nine hundred pictures by a hundred Russian artists. The astonishing thing is that in actual time it covers only about twenty-five years of artistic history in Russia, but it represents practically all the schools. Thus cheek by jowl, as the New York *Russky Golos* points out, are the old-fashioned conservatives and the wild-eyed young radicals of to-day. Furthermore, some who were the leaders of revolt twenty years ago have already become as much the classics now as the men of an older school beside them, whom they most bitterly opposed. "Youth that became gray. Audacity that became history. Rebels that became classics," sums up one critic, Mr. Vetlugin, in this Russian-American paper. Bogatyrs (warriors of the Middle Ages), muzhiks of the Millet peasant type, gorgeously clad merchants' wives, roaring izvozchiks, swift-running troikas in the snow, blazing church processions, pirate crews of the Volga, dashing Cossacks, heroes of old, and modern Battalions of Death, flash here before the startled eyes of the art critics.

All this was at the Russian Art Exhibition which, after eighteen months' preparation, was put on by a group of representative artists at the Grand Central Palace in New York. In view of the attention which has been excited in the newspapers and magazines, it is probable that it will go from New York to the various larger American cities, altho no schedule has so far been announced. Says the New York *Times Magazine*:

"The historical importance of the group is great, the artists supervising the exhibition and the others contributing to it making a composite portrait of artistic Russia through practically a century of development. Altho the paintings shown represent only about a quarter century's achievement, they gather into themselves the tendencies that have formed slowly in the preceding years, and finally rush together in the general impact of world forces marking the present era.

"To get into one's head even a faulty and sparse outline of the course of Russian art during the nineteenth century is almost essential to any intelligent placing of the younger schools with their complicated heritage and alien aspect."

From this and other articles we learn that while Russian art

goes back historically to the florid church painting of the Middle Ages and the semi-oriental art of the people, it received its first modernizing influence from outside, from the later Italian Renaissance, and subsequently from the French classicists and romanticists of the early nineteenth century. It was the picture of peasant and bourgeois manners and customs, painted by artists who were in many cases serfs themselves, which prepared the way for revolt against the Academies and for the realism which is in full swing with this exhibition. By 1863 social upheaval in Russia centering around the freeing of the serfs was well under way. In the autumn of that year thirteen competitors for the academy gold medal refused to treat the subject proposed—Odin in the Valhalla—and withdrew from the academy. They organized a communistic little group in which all commissions were shared, and whose purpose was to carry art to the common people. For this purpose they sent traveling exhibitions out of Moscow or Petersburg on the railroads, from which they were called the *Peredvizhnyki* or "Ambulants." Simultaneously with these pictures treating of the



Courtesy of the Russian Art Exhibition

A BOGATYR OF THE MIDDLE AGES

"On Guard," by Victor Vasnetsov, the Edwin Abbey of Russia.

prose of every-day life, its burden, dismalness and sordidness, appeared pictures going back to themes inspired by the Russian epics and legends. It is here that we first find Victor Vasnetsov, one of whose pictures is reproduced above.

From this point on, the Russian Art Exhibition in New York is a cross-section of all Russian art history. In 1899 a journal called *The World of Art* was founded by Sergei Dyaghilev, which started a new revolt. The charge was made that while the Ambulants had led public interest to art, they had become academic, prosy and tiresome in their efforts to "teach a lesson," and had fallen far below the giants Repin and Verestchagin. To the *World of Art* school and the subsequent school called the "Union of Russian Artists" belong the other three paintings reproduced in this number. As can be seen, this union really

included many schools, so that there were few revolts till just before the war. In 1908 occurred one split, and in 1910 the "Jack of Diamonds" society (Bouabnovy Valyet) came into being to express the influence of the French Cezanne.

All these schools, it is pointed out, are represented side by side in the exhibition, as well as artists who show the influence of cubism, futurism, etc., including one young man who has gone back to the Old Dutch Masters' way of painting on wood.

Then there is the group of artists who have grown up under the

for the old scenes that they fled from; but it also makes an appeal to cosmopolitan connoisseurs.

"It follows that such an exhibition will attract many not particularly experienced in the arts, and these will be at first astonished by the vividness of coloring and a certain rough vehemence in the painting of such subjects as Mr. Konchalovsky's 'Soldier Bathing,' but if they progress through the show they will discover works by artists who are less concerned with style and who achieve more style in the end."

The critic of the New York *World* is not so much interested in the rebels of the past who have now become classics as he is in those who still have a fight to make. Says he:

"There is a series of paintings by an artist hitherto unknown in America, Peter Konchalovsky who has obviously studied Cezanne, as nearly every wise painter of to-day has. This particular artist has a real painter point of view which is refreshing amid so much of the purely illustrative

"Another painter whose work I shall return to study is Kuzma Petrov-Vodkin. These two painters will both be found in the same gallery, distinctly the most exhilarating gallery in the exhibition.

"A gallery where visitors will pause longest is occupied by the wood sculptures of Sergei Kononkov. They display remarkable workmanship and in some cases a real sculptural sense prevails throughout the work.

"Every now and then a hint of the fascination that Russians have for foreigners is seen in this picture or that, but the complete self-forgetfulness in the subject that marks the best Russian writing is hard to discover in Russian painting."

"I am not an art critic," Count Tolstoy, from quite a different angle, is quoted as saying in the New York *Times Magazine*: "I came to see Russia, and this is what I saw."

"Moscow, old enchanted city of churches, bells, sacred ikons, and typical Russian surroundings. Vinogradoff has painted a landscape with a monastery—painted it in March, the snow melting and part of the ground opening, nature making ready for summer, the larks probably singing. The well-known connoisseur of Russian antiquity and folklore has painted the Moscow of three hundred years ago.

"Next, paintings that bring back memories of childhood, a procession of men, women and children returning from church on the Great Thursday, carefully guarding the lighted candles with which they must light their image lamps. Then, outside of the city, hunting scenes, greyhounds catching a big wolf in the water, a group of peasants carrying an enormous bear, a moose assailed by two Siberian dogs."

Most of the critics, no matter what their point of view as to subject or technique, comment on the rude strength apparent. But it is left to a Russian, A. Vetlugin, writing in the *Russky Golos*, to tell us the true inwardness of the exhibition:

"In the Grand Central Palace, with stately unseditiousness are hung out those pictures, that not long ago—in pre-war Moscow, in old St. Petersburg—brought down a storm of protest, indignation, quarrels. In one and the same hall capricious fate united the implacable. All of them: Juon, Somov, Kustodiev, Grabar, Benois, etc., passed through that famous twenty-five-year period, through which the truth of a bold paradox turned into respectable text. Time sifts.

"The old quarrels are not heard and the division into circles and castes disappeared. Somov alongside of Juon; the magnificent poet of the marquises of Versailles alongside of the conscientious describer of the Russian landscape. And the stream that started in St. Petersburg in the home of Diaghileff to-day has turned into a fountain in the Grand Central Palace.

"As Pushkin said: 'Not vainly has a quarter century passed.'"



Courtesy of the Russian Art Exhibition

THE HEART OF PEASANT RUSSIA

The painter, Abram Arkhipov, led a movement back to the common people.

war and the Soviets, some of whose work is done on the panels of doors, saved from the wood-pile, scraps of roofing, pieces of cardboard, etc. Igor Grabar, curator of the National Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow, is quoted in the New York *Times* as saying:

"In the midst of great suffering, to the thunder of cannon, during the dark days of famine, cold, and every sort of hardship connected with the mere business of keeping alive, Russian artists have not laid down their professional weapons. And now by a gigantic effort of will-power, they have resolved to make their labors known and have organized, at their own cost and risk, this exhibition of their work. Truth to tell, the history of art knows no such flight of artists of such rank from one land to another, especially to so distant a shore."

That the result has been to represent all Russia, is the opinion of the New York *Herald* critic. He says:

"The balance has been pretty well kept between strictly academic works, and the works of the innovating modernists, so that on the whole, it is Russia that emerges out of the exhibition and not the tendency of any one school. It makes its first appeal, naturally, to the immense section of the Russian population of New York, who will find much to arouse their sentiment

THE GODFATHER OF ROUGH-NECKS

FROM WALT WHITMAN to Carl Sandburg the trail of American poetry may not seem to many people to be a logical or clearly defined one. Yet to Bruce Weirick, Professor of English at the University of Illinois, there appears to be a certain definite drift which he attempts to make clear in a critical survey recently published by Macmillan, and called "From Whitman to Sandburg." This, as he says in his preface, is an attempt to give an estimate of the American poetry of the last fifty years and to supply the setting without which such an estimate would be meaningless. When he has finished he is surprised to find Whitman, "like a Colossus," bestriding the world of poetry. "His shadow," we are told, "is everywhere in modern literature." What Homer was to the early Greeks, Dante to the Middle Ages, and Shakespeare to Renaissance England, Whitman, says the writer, has become to our early American Democracy, and continues:

"Tho he died in 1892, and published his first version of 'Leaves of Grass' so long ago as 1855, he is to-day, both at home and in Europe, the most stimulating influence in contemporary poetry. Such a success, so long delayed, has been partly due to the fact that, like Wordsworth, he has had to create the taste that was to enjoy him. His contemporaries for the most part found it quite impossible to read him. Lowell himself confessed that tho he had read 'Leaves of Grass' three times, he 'couldn't see anything in it,' and Lowell was in his day a most exemplary American critic. Tho a few enthusiasts like Emerson could exclaim in the excitement of discovery, 'Americans in Europe may now come home, for unto us a child is born,' such an opinion until lately has been considered a bit 'transcendental.' And so for fifty years most Americans have followed Lowell in preferring our better domesticated New England poets, tho it is not clear that as a result they have produced much poetry that we now care to read. Only recently we have begun to take Emerson's advice and read Whitman, and it is not a little interesting that such a change in taste should appear contemporaneously with a renaissance in American poetry.

"Every one by this time has either credited or debited Whitman with his share in the recent free verse or imagist movement, arising as it did in the French imitations of his poetry, and then returning from French verse to influence English and American writers. And every one knows that he is the author of the popular poem on Lincoln, 'O, Captain! My Captain!'; and that certain lines or poems in 'Leaves of Grass,' which Emerson disputed so vainly with him on Boston Common, were considered gross and immoral. These are the things that for a long time have won him such attention as he had; tho it is hardly necessary to add that they are not the elements on which his claim to fame is to be based. World reputations are not so easily established.

"What is more important to modern poetry, and more beneficial than his influence on verse forms, has been his rôle as the godfather of a whole line of new poets, his power of exciting the passions of the contemporary mind, and of suggesting a treatment of things American that is realistic and at the same time national and imaginative. In a land where Emerson feared that too much handiwork would make our western wits fat and mean, Whitman rose to sing his 'Carol of Occupations,' and show the soul of goodness in things evil.

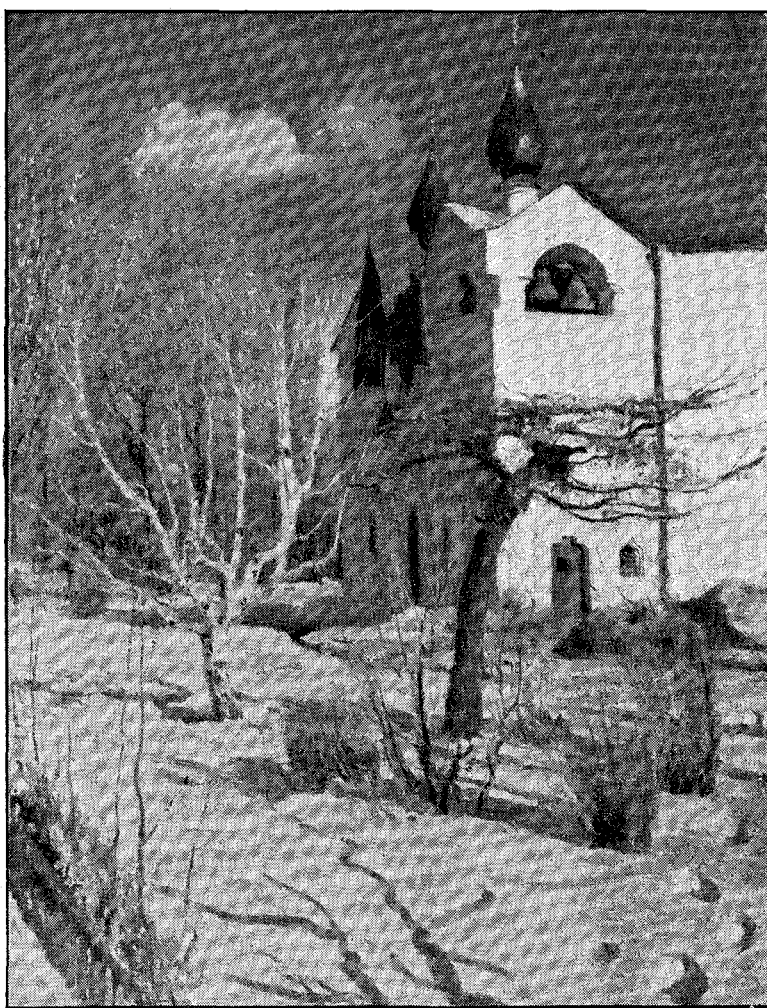
'In the labor of engines and trades, and the labor of fields I find,
the developments
And find the eternal meanings.'

Did you think this a land where nature is but a law or a machine, and life but a tale told in a factory? Look a little closer, says Whitman, and you will find as in the days of Homer, 'underfoot the divine soil—overhead the sun.'

But why should Walt Whitman's cosmic view of nature and

democracy and friendship, asks the author, be indispensable to a discussion of Lindsay and Amy Lowell? He answers:

"The very magnitude of his success, once it was understood, was bound to have its day with our poets, and that day has come. As we continue to read American poetry, we shall note more and more the influence of his nationalism, his humanitarian dislike of classes, and his sense for the fundamental oneness of all men. We shall see at work, too, the desire to eliminate the dead abstractions from poetry, and to cling to the live and growing image itself."



Courtesy of the Russian Art Exhibition

THE SNOW ON THE MONASTERY MELTS

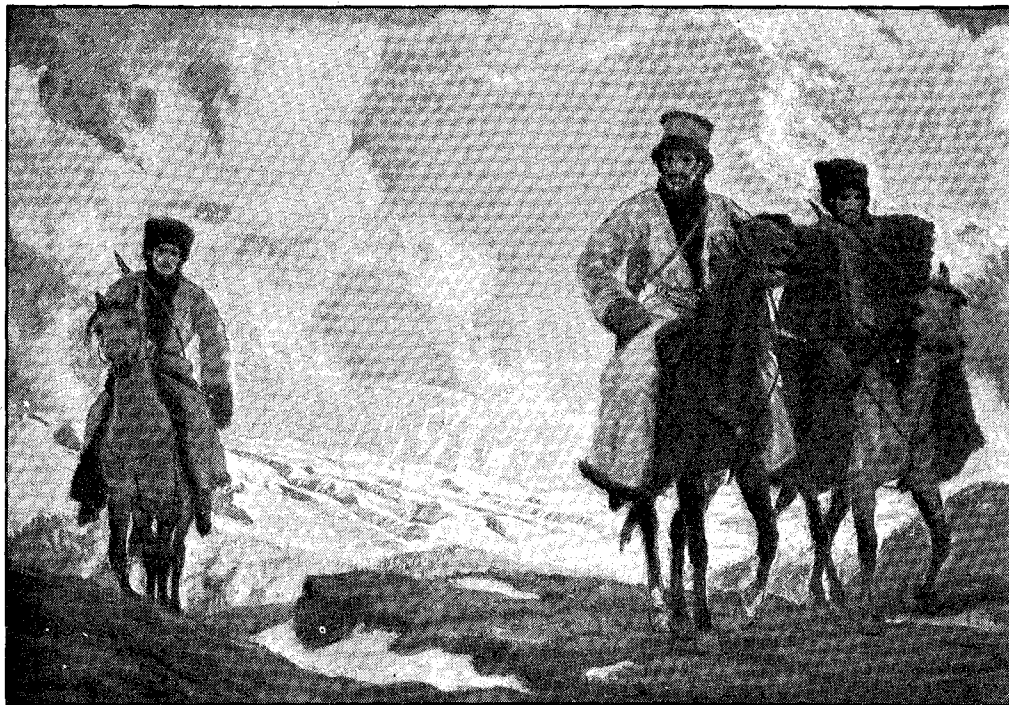
Sergei Vinogradov, dean of the newer classics, is noted for his weather effects.

The drift of American poetry is distinctly away from New England and the world of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, and Bryant, says Professor Weirick. With a glance at Bret Harte, the "Pike County Ballads," Riley and Field and the newspaper wits, the writer traces the stream of typical American poetry down through the cowboy and negro ballads, the period of reconstruction from 1870-1890, including Lanier, Joaquin Miller and the Minor Victorians, the Vagabondia school of Carman and Hovey and the nationalist school of William Vaughn Moody (1890-1910) to the Contemporary Renaissance of today. Under this last he treats of—(1) the New Poetry; (2) the Lyricists; (3) the note of futility in New England and New York; and (4) the rise of the Middle West. His conclusion is that only those with the Whitman virus in the blood have succeeded in poetry in producing anything vital. Lanier, Miller, Dick Hovey, Carman, Santayana, Moody, Masters, Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Sarett, and Sandburg are the Q. E. D. of his proposition. He ends with Sandburg:

"What, then, is Sandburg? A humanitarian revolutionist who can do etchings in color; he has made himself the poet of Chicago, and so by implications, the poetical historian of the

Middle West, its spirit, its strength, its revolutionary gusto and range. His barbaric naturalism has more tang and bite than Whitman's and is more suited to the uses of an industrial democracy than Whitman's is. There is an arrogance here, a violent strong-armed view of life, which the life in the mills, and hard sordid labor with machinery, has bred in us. This arrogance Sandburg links to the wilderness. By the machine route he has gone back to nature, a more raging, but a less luminous nature than Whitman's. Yet Sandburg's nature, too, has its beauty, the beauty of tooth and claw. He is, in short, the nature of revolutions, beautiful, terrible and fascinating."

And if this drift alarms the reader, says this sturdy protagonist of what some people call the "rough-neck poets," let the reader take comfort in the thought that "tho there is more danger here, more imagination than prudence, there is, too, more excitement and more joy."



Courtesy of the Russian Art Exhibition

EAGLES OF THE CAUCASUS

The painter, Evgeny Lanceray, was fascinated by wild types such as this "Hadji and His Retinue."

THE STORY IN THIS WEEK'S COVER—"The Old Oak," by Jules Dupré, one of the Barbizon painters, who loved trees so well, is highly appropriate for Arbor Day. As Corot in that famous group of Frenchmen stands for the lyric aspect of nature, so Dupré represents its tragedy. Born in 1811 at Nantes, he started his career in a china factory, studied under a painter of clock faces, struck out for himself as an artist, passed through considerable privation, attracted a wealthy patron, won a prize at the Salon, and got his start. After a trip to England in 1834 he came under the influence of Constable, and devoted himself to movement in nature, becoming noted for his dramatic sunsets, stormy skies and tempestuous seas. The Cross of the Legion was awarded him in 1848.

The romantic Barbizon school, named after a little village near the forest of Fontainebleau, was led by Dupré, Millet, Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny through years of privation and struggle against the classical followers of the Napoleonic painter David. These "romanticists" fought the conventional idea of a "subject" in painting landscape or peasant life. They took their inspiration direct from the fields and reflected the feeling created by them. Their battle-cry, according to Rousseau was: "For God's sake, and in recompense for the life he has given us, let us try in our works to make the manifestation of life our first thought; let us make a man breathe, a tree really vegetate!"

MAKING ONE NEWSPAPER GROW WHERE TWO GREW BEFORE

THE ALARMING MORTALITY RATE among American newspapers, especially in the big cities like New York, has long been attracting the sympathy and interest of the country's press. With the recent purchase by Ogden Reid of the famous old New York *Herald* and its merger with his own New York *Tribune*, this feeling is finding wide editorial expression. On the one hand it is said that this consolidation of two historic papers will result in a stronger and more independent institution; on the other hand, papers like the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* feel that while the cause of liberal journalism may not be damaged by the sinking of *The Herald* into *The Tribune*, yet the whole process of consolidation and elimination of

which this is only the latest instance, has been a disservice to New York. This paper continues:

"It has made for wealthier and completer papers, but it has stilled many an interesting voice and silenced many a tribune of the people. Chiefly the silencing process of this decade and a half has been the work of Mr. Munsey. He has knocked in the head and eliminated *The Press*, *Sun* and *Herald* in the morning field, and *The Mail* and *Globe* in the evening field. At least *The Globe*, *Sun* and *Herald*, before Mr. Munsey acquired them, were heartening and stirring individualities whose passing leaves American journalism poorer. Mr. Munsey's ready reply is that it also leaves the surviving papers richer and better able to give their readers an encyclopedic and interesting report of the day's news. That would be a complete answer if an encyclopedic news report is the *summum bonum*. That is to be doubted. It is still

important—perhaps more important than many now suspect—that newspapers shall not be so few or so tied into great chains or so hitched to great estates as to unduly constrict and limit printed judgments of politics, business, society and manners.

"The business of merging great newspapers, or putting them to death, not because they are not self-sustaining, but for the sake of securing greater financial returns to the survivors, is not directed to the preservation of a vigorous free press."

An interesting point is raised by *The Christian Science Monitor*:

"If leadership of any sort—political, moral, or ethical—is to be conceded to newspapers, then the newspaper field must not and can not be monopolized by a small group of men. If it is so monopolized, all pretension to that leadership must be abandoned."

In this particular case many newspapers have commented on the unusual rôle of Mr. Frank Munsey as a seller instead of a buyer of newspapers. Says the *Syracuse Post-Standard*, for instance:

"Frank A. Munsey buys papers in competition with his own and absorbs them. He bought the New York *Press*. Then he bought *The Sun* and sunk *The Press* in *The Sun*. Then he bought *The Herald* and made it and *The Sun* one paper. He kept *The Sun* going in the evening field, but he bought *The Globe* to add to *The Sun*; and having *The Telegram* as a by-product of his *Herald* purchase he added *The Mail* to it.

"Mr. Munsey has had covetous eyes on *The Tribune*. *The*

Herald and *The Tribune* served the same general constituency. But *The Tribune*, unlike the papers which Mr. Munsey has absorbed in procession, is owned by a family which has not only wealth, but a sturdy, unremitting loyalty to a great tradition.

"So it is that the latest of a series of newspaper combinations in New York reveals Mr. Munsey in the novel rôle of seller, not of buyer. The New York *Herald* and the New York *Tribune*—'a necessarily cumbersome title that will be simplified later'—is the property of Ogden Reid. It will be, we are bold to prophesy, more like the present *Tribune* than *The Herald*, as in the name it takes, '*Tribune*' is more likely to be outstanding than is *Herald*."

Mr. Munsey, who has, we are told, bought fifteen papers in all, has been widely quoted as saying of this merger in part:

"The New York *Herald* and the New York *Tribune* should have been merged into one newspaper two or three years ago. There is every reason why this should have happened, as the two newspapers occupied precisely the same field.

"My work of amalgamating newspapers in the evening field in New York has been as sound a piece of economics as the amalgamating of competing lines of railroads or banks. This principle applies equally well to morning journalism.

"The New York *Herald* has become a very real part of my life. So to pass it out of my life involves something of the same meaning to me that the disposal of *The Tribune* would have had to Mr. Reid. But this is one thing; sound common sense is quite another."

That in this he is at one with a great many able newspaper men, the number of congratulations sent in to *The Tribune* will show. The reason for this state of affairs is put briefly by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* as follows:

"A glance at the record of less than a decade shows that an almost unbelievable number of newspapers have passed out of existence, many of them long-established metropolitan papers of supposedly firm status and intimate association with the history of the country. On the other hand, a further fact of equal significance is that hardly a new metropolitan newspaper has been started. The increased costs of production, of which the principal items are labor, print paper and other supplies and news collection, have entirely changed the publication problem. The public has also become more critical and demands a very superior article."

The situation is not to be deplored, in the opinion of this paper. The public is getting much more faithful service:

"And that public is a very critical master and recognizes newspaper merit, with the result that the stronger papers are getting stronger and the weaker weaker. It is interesting, also,



"PAPER, SIR?"

—Kirby in the New York World.



"NEWSPAPER ROW"

—Nelson Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

to note that the mortalities have been particularly heavy among partizan publications. Strong papers are becoming more and more independent, printing the news accurately and fearlessly, and commenting editorially according to facts and actualities, rather than personal prejudice."

Nevertheless, the passing of so many historic papers in New York has brought a sigh of regret from more than one hardened journalist, and a tendency to reminisce of the past. Interestingly enough one of the best of these backward glances is to be found in the London (Ontario) *Free Press*. Says the writer:

"The combined newspapers of *The Herald*, *The Tribune*, and *The Sun* represent perhaps more newspaper history than any other publication on this continent. In the forties, the fifties and the sixties New York had four great papers: *The Herald*, published by James Gordon Bennett; *The Sun*, edited by Charles Dana; *The Tribune*, directed by Horace Greeley; and *The Times*, controlled by W. G. Raymond. Four greater newspaper men have not been developed on this continent.

"The enterprise of these papers in those days, with limited means, without telegraphic service and with all the lack of modern facilities for collecting and handling news, was astonishing.

"All four papers kept carrier pigeon coops on the roofs of their buildings, the pigeons flying between Washington, Albany, Philadelphia and Boston with news. Resort was made to fast pony service, and when the railways came, engines were used. In one famous instance the New York *Herald* scooped the New York *Times* by stealing its engine.

"It was the New York *Herald* which led the way in the use of interviews, now such an important part of newspaper work. It was *The Herald* which published the first great interview on this continent, a talk with John Brown as he lay wounded in jail, following the famous Harper's Ferry raid."

America is not the only country in which this consolidation is going on, we learn from an interview with Lord Rothermere in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Says this paper:

"Consolidation of some of the London newspapers was made imperative by the increased cost of materials and by higher wages, Lord Rothermere said in explaining the merger of some of the newspapers in which he was interested. He added that the day had passed for the publication of many newspapers in one locality, and that the tendency hereafter will be to produce better papers, but fewer of them.

"The price of print paper alone has become almost prohibitive," he said. "Wages have increased and the general cost of production has mounted, so that consolidation of smaller papers was inevitable. London five years ago had eleven big dailies. Now it has only three of that type."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

AN EPIGRAMMATIST'S SIMPLE FAITH

RELIGION REDUCED TO ITS SIMPLEST TERMS is the religion of a newspaper paragrapher whose pungent wit bubbles from many a newspaper page. Between chuckles, as it were, he takes time to set down from the storehouse of soberer experience a short series of paragraphs no less pointed than those he sends out to relieve the tedium of editorial pages. He believes in God, in whom "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He believes in Christ and in the plan of salvation worked out on the Cross. He believes in prayer, but he does not bother God with petitions about the people of the Kongo. He believes in love, and he writes a check for the destitute instead of weeping into an empty flour-barrel. He is old-fashioned in his faith, but content in it, and, since creation itself is a miracle, he is not concerned with the higher criticism and with hair-splitting theological debate. He belongs to the tribe too often, to say the least, considered a bit careless about religion; but he is the second recently to come into notice because he has expressed a defined belief in God and salvation. Robert Quillen made the Greenville *Piedmont* famous with his paragraphs, and now they are syndicated and published in the four corners of newspaperdom, and sprinkle our "Topics in Brief" page, credited to many different papers. His little book, "One Man's Religion" (The Macmillan Company), deserves, perhaps, as wide a circulation. To him religion is a way of life and God is a "gentleman," which is simply putting into "understandable English," a thought which it takes more than words to say. Unfortunately, he tells us,

"To many persons religion means no more than the foot of a rabbit meant to the plantation negro of an earlier generation. It is something to keep away bad luck. And to these folk God is a whimsical being who may at any time visit misfortune upon them unless they mind their p's and q's and make servile and flattering effort to keep Him in good humor. They attend church regularly, not because they feel a desire to worship God, but because He may cut their profits in half next week if they don't. They give a small portion of their earnings to the Church, not because they love God and wish to do His work, but for the same reason that a subdued people pays tribute to the conqueror. They think a worse fate might befall them if they refused to part with their money. When one of their loved ones dies, they find comfort in the thought that God alone is to

blame; that He was determined to take away the loved one's life, tho physicians did their utmost to defeat His will; and that too bitter complaint may stir His wrath to demand even greater sacrifice. When, in process of getting a profit, either private or national, they come to blows with an enemy and begin to fear defeat, they appeal to their God for assistance. They forget that

He is also the God of the enemy, and that the enemy may be no less devout than themselves; to them God is a private possession and a convenience who may be called upon for any necessary service when all other means of carrying a point have failed.

"I can not permit these people to interpret God for me. I can not see what they see. I would not disturb their faith, for it may be that no other would serve them as well; but it is their faith, fashioned to fit their needs and their capacity, and I have no part in it. Nor can I worship in sympathy with the man whose God is forever bringing war upon this and that nation to rebuke their wickedness; sending earthquake, storm, flood and fire to cause suffering and death in wicked cities, and snuffing out the lives of men who long have turned their backs upon Him. If his God should deal with me and mine in accordance with a system of justice so harsh and unmerciful, we should all die quickly; for not one in the lot is perfect, and none has other hope of heaven than His mercy.

"My God is a God of love His mercy endures forever If I am sufficiently decent to treat my child with patience and kindness, His patience and kindness are infinite. If my heart is sufficiently tender to yearn for the trust and affection of my child, His heart yearns infinitely more for my trust and love."



It was in a little prairie town where church and Sunday school were a part of the scheme of things that Mr. Quillen was raised as a boy. He learned the Golden Texts, and absorbed some of the truth concerning the Man of Sorrows. Had he not thus been saturated with the conviction that it is a very fine thing to be a "Christ man," he tells us, it might be that doubt would have developed into disbelief. For, he says, "there are many learned and clever men in the world who scoff at the teachings of Christ, while Christians are for the most part simple folk."

Miracles puzzle many people, but not Mr. Quillen. What, he asks, is all this talk concerning the origin of man, that once he was a thing that crawled on the ground and some time a mere germ of life in a drop of ditch water? "Does this tardy explanation make the miracle of his existence more reasonable?" Do we comprehend the power of God more easily if we say that man

was millions of years in the making and was not formed of dust between the rising and the setting of the sun? To the writer:

"The wonder is not that God could form man, but that He could create the germ of life. What absurdity is this, that we will believe in miracles if they are performed in one way, but will not believe if they are performed in another?

"Men whose mental reach is limited to an understanding of things that seem commonplace because they are usual, doubt the immaculate conception that gave the world its Saviour. Can they not see the miraculous in every conception? If man is endowed by his Creator with an ability to give the world another germ of life that will in its turn become man and walk and speak and do great works, is it reasonable to suppose that God has less power than this creature of His? One conception is no more miraculous than another. Nay; I find it easier to believe in God's power than in man's. The miraculous conception I can in some measure comprehend. It does not offend my intelligence, for I have unlimited faith in the power of God. But before the fact of the millions of conceptions that are a commonplace of existence, I stand amazed and incredulous.

"I can believe that Christ turned water into wine; that He healed the sick and raised the dead; that He was crucified and buried, and rose again. These are simple matters, and not beyond my understanding.

"But I can not understand sleep, that takes me into oblivion for a little while and brings me back to life refreshed; I can not understand the grass that blossoms and forms seed and then dies and gives itself to enrich the soil upon which its seed must live; I can not understand the stars, the winds, the tides, heat, light, gravity, death. I can explain them, but I can not understand them. They are visible manifestations of a something that is beyond my comprehension.

"To express a want of faith in miracles is to confess a want of vision. Each detail of the universe is a miracle, despised because it is so frequently seen. Each hour of life is a miracle; the ability to think is miraculous. Those who scoff at the miraculous are themselves miracles, and their own existence is no more easily comprehended than the peculiar works of God that men call supernatural."

From millions of bedsides people nightly carry their woes to God. The very act is a relief, and the resulting sense of peace is in itself an answer. "I do not know," says Mr. Quillen, "that God answers prayers." But he is sure that God "does not answer the prayers of those who sit with folded hands and beseech Him to violate the laws of economics and common justice and fill their pockets with unearned wealth." Nor does He answer the prayers of those whose folly and violation of physical laws have brought upon them a punishment they would escape at the price of a miracle. "God is not a wishing-rug, nor yet an Aladdin's lamp." But, says Mr. Quillen:

"This I believe: that the reasonable petitions of those who love Him are granted, and that those who approach Him in faith are not turned away empty-handed.

"I have asked Him for many things, and in every instance, save one, He has given me the thing I asked of Him. In that instance I asked for the preservation of a life that was forfeit by reason of my own folly, and even while I prayed I knew that prayer was futile. My little faith made my prayer a mere mouthing of words.

"The cynic will say that the things for which I prayed would have come to me without God's assistance, and to that I have no answer. In each case I did my best to answer my own prayer. I did not throw the responsibility on God and refuse to collaborate with Him. It may be that my success would have been no less if I had gone about my business without consulting God. I do not know. But of this I can testify: that, whereas I have failed in many undertakings in which God had no part, the undertakings in which He was invited to share have been uniformly successful."

SILENT CHURCH BELLS IN EUROPE

EUROPEAN PROTESTANTISM is on the defensive, with its back to the wall, struggling against spiritual stagnation, moral laxity and physical degradation which are the aftermath of war, its lusts and hatreds. The European Protestant Church has nothing on which to fasten, for the material need, the famine and starvation in Central Europe, we are told, have had a terrible effect on the people's inner life. "It is a humiliating acknowledgment for us," says Dr. Adolph Keller, an authority in such matters, "that hunger and cold and isolation have the power to lower the ideals, to reduce the feeling of responsibility, to paralyze the will, to tie the soul and to lead to unbelief and even to crime." At the present, he tells us with a note of foreboding, European life tends toward disintegration,

dissolving thus the authority of the State, the communion of the family, and destroying the unity of a common conception of life and its ideals. Dr. Keller is secretary of the Central Bureau for Relief of the Evangelical Churches of Europe, and correspondent in Switzerland for *The Christian Work* (Undenominational), from which we quote. He gives us a vivid picture of undernourished students in the theological seminaries, so poverty-stricken that they can hardly keep body and soul together, much less buy books. Many young people, therefore, are afraid to enter upon a career which means perpetual hunger. Recently, we are told, a bell was stolen from a chapel erected on the battle-field of Lutzen in memory of Gustavus Adolphus, and this, says Dr. Keller, is symptomatic. The bells have been

stolen from the belfrys of many European Protestant churches. Many pastors are no longer able to perform their pastoral work, because they have to go into banks and mines and factories to earn their living. Thousands of institutions, orphanages, and charities can not be operated without foreign help. In some universities the faculties are menaced. The press is terribly reduced. In fact,

"More than twelve hundred church papers and periodicals have disappeared in the past two years. The present religious press has 45 per cent. less subscribers than before. The Evangelical Federation had to sell recently its stock of paper which is needed for the printing, in order to pay the salaries of its workers.

"The middle class in Germany is going to die. On the other side, Roman Catholicism is progressing. We have a common saying over in Europe that from a military point of view France has won the war; from the political, England; from the economic, America; from the racial, the Slav; from the cultural, the Jews; and from the religious standpoint, the Roman Catholic Church.

"You understand why I say the bell has been stolen. But remember that before this distress this bell was ringing. Do not forget that we were not a 'do-nothing' Christianity over in Europe. Remember the wonderful contribution of Germany to the missionary work. They had a lot of missionary societies. Professor Richter wrote me three weeks ago, 'We are nearly in despair in our missionary societies. We have men, we have training-schools, we have still kept missionary fields, but we have no more money to send them out.'"

French Protestants—800,000 of them—also have a missionary task which is too big for them. The work has devolved upon the shoulders of the neutral countries—Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway—which, besides carrying the burden dropped by the Central European societies, have to support their own. But, tho the bell is stolen, the spirit still is there, going through the most difficult crisis it has had since the time of the Reformation. "European Protestant churches are in contact

THY STRENGTH AND MY DAY

BY ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT

GIVE me Thy strength for my day,
That wheresoe'er I go,
There shall no danger daunt me
And I shall fear no foe;
So shall no task o'ercome me,
So shall no trial fret,
So shall I walk unwearied
The path where my feet are set;
So shall I find no burden
Greater than I can bear,
So shall I have a courage
Equal to all my care;
So shall no grief o'erwhelm me,
So shall no wave o'erflow—
Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord,
Cover my weakness so.

—The Baptist (Chicago).

with a godless world, which is in tune with the devil. It seems impossible that the Christian world can be built up at the present time in this chaos." But, declares Dr. Keller,

"I feel sure that when we have gone through this dark period, then a new period of work and cooperation will come.

"We have to wait, to resist. You can attack; you can go out into the world; you can save the world. We have sometimes said Americans do not listen to other people; they know better themselves, therefore I do not know if you will listen to a man coming here in official capacity for the European churches and telling you, 'We want your help for saving European Protestantism.'

"But this should not be done by an Americanization of the European churches. It means a spiritual task to help us bear the cross. Do not look down upon this chaos, but come down with us into our deep humiliation and despair and help us bear it, and help us resist spiritually. . . .

"The Pope has just now sent three million dollars to Germany. We wait for the action of our great Protestant brethren.

"This would also mean that we could really have, even at the present time, our share in missionary work. We can not build up a great enterprise like you, but we have men; it is not a contemptible little army; we have faith in these young, noble youth in the theological divinity schools in Central Europe.

"But they have no money. They can not buy books and they can not conclude their studies.

"Well, therefore, we stand again on the shores of Europe, as in the olden times as St. Paul saw it, and cry, 'Come over and help us.' America has just now a unique opportunity."

"Help us to hang up again the stolen bell; then we shall ring it."

WHY ASIA SCORNS OUR CULTURE

SO COCKSURE are we that our civilization, which includes the double-octuple press, motion-pictures, automobiles, rapine, war, murder and sudden death, is the hope and salvation of the world that it may astonish some of us to learn that Asia shrugs its shoulders at us and all our works. Our self-esteem is punctured in several places. While we seek to share with Asia what we term our spiritual heritage, we also seek to divide, unequally, her material resources. In the opinion of Asia our Christian society has lost something of its original Galilean flavor; our civilization is too much like that of the Roman Empire's adventuring legions; our culture is too breezy and devoted to material advance. "Buh gwei"—"not squared up"—says a Chinese servant boy of the white Western man. To the outsider, we are told, a discordant note of "material accomplishments, undirected and unharmonized, bursting fitfully from a barbarous theme of world-lust, is the prevailing motif in the music of our culture." Yet Asia's lack of desire for our services we interpret as evidence of her depravity. She has sunk so low, we say, that she fails to appreciate her own need. So we will rescue her, willy-nilly. But the Oriental, writes Upton Close in *The Atlantic Monthly*, takes leave to raise the question whether we are fitted for our self-appointed task. His reasons for questioning our capacity are worth looking into. During eight years' contact with them, says Mr. Close, he has collected little patches of opinion from household servant, ricksha man, clerk, merchant, official, proselyte, and every one who has had to deal with the foreigner. These form a mosaic at which we may stare with puckered brows. He reports this, for instance:

"Yes, the things you do," say they, "and by them we are compelled to doubt if you have really reached civilization as yet. We are consistent. We have a time-tested wisdom, we know what to call good—but do you? You do many things which no civilized people can continue to do—why? We have built a culture that endures. What have you, take you all together, got in mind to build—anything at all? If so, are you sure that it is anything really possible, or just a dream."

Our moral faculty, says the writer, has failed to keep pace with our development in the mechanical, and the Oriental feels this to be dangerous for our civilization and his. Since we went to the Asiatics with material superiority, they demanded from us

a corresponding intellectual and spiritual superiority. It may be unreasonable; "but let us not forget that we affirmed ourselves equal to the implied obligation." Events since 1914 have somewhat shaken our self-confidence, and they have utterly shaken Asia's respect for us. And:

"Nowhere is this reaction more evident than in the field of Christian evangelism. From a willingness to follow our lead in everything, they have changed to an unwillingness to allow us to be the interpreters of our own religion. Friendly Chinese have formerly accepted the various sectarian forms of Christianity taught them as the metaphysics, as it were, of our cultural philosophy of 'Go-getter-ism' and 'Make-all-the-world-as-thyself-ism.' Our culture was taught by Christian missionaries, but unconsciously, and in an effort to make their message more attractive. Some Chinese, hitherto friendly or indifferent, have, under influence of the reaction, developed an actively hostile attitude toward Christianity. Many others, with deeper insight, have divorced our culture from our Christ. They have discovered that Christianity is more Asian than European in spirit—a spirit which we have largely missed.

"As far as I can discern," said a graduate of St. John's University in Shanghai to me, "your 'Christian society' has hardly more claim to descent from Christ than our superstitious Taoism has to connection with the virtuous Lao-tse, whom it claims as its sage. I judge that in both cases an existing school of thought and action, an existing culture, attached itself, without any anxiety for consistency, to the most venerable name it knew. Your culture has been propagandizing us in the name of Christ. I see nothing in the Sermon on the Mount which implies nationalism, patriotism, an army and navy, quantity-production, stock markets, Ford cars, and all the other things which have been coming over here as concomitants of Christianization."

Oriental are still willing to admit our material superiority—we have harnessed the wind and the lightning. But they are disillusioned as to the ethics and spirituality of our civilization—a Benny Leonard weighs heavier with us than an Isaiah. However,

"In the social, educational, and political field Asiatic thinkers feel that we have something to offer, altho they discount our enthusiasm, which sees each reform as starting the millennium. The view of our disturbed condition confirms their caution. Accounts that they get from large-type headings on our dailies are little more in our favor than their actual contact with the ungente profiteers whom we send to their shores. The murder, divorce, and crimes of rapacity, prevailing among us to a horrifying extent, are in great contrast to the peaceable tenor of life in their communities—for, despite all we hear of their lawlessness, the percentage of violent crime among them is much lower. We may look at their brigandage, governmental disorder, and official extortion with repugnance, but they have something of the same feeling at reading of the Ku-Kluxism, gang robberies, hired gunmen, labor union battles, and other manifestations of intolerance and attempts outside the law to enforce conformity, which obtain among us. Who looks at his own faults? 'At least,' say they, 'the Western world is no better than ours.' Truly, one would search long in the West to find large numbers of people who would starve to death rather than rob another's field, as did many in West China during the recent famine."

It is certain, then, we are told, that the Oriental, and the Chinese in particular, is far from being overwhelmed with a desire to discard his own civilization for ours. "A culture which appears to him to contain the seeds of its own destruction is from his long historical view an experiment to watch with interest, while reserving decision to act." Therefore

"It would pay us of America to pause in our achievement, to attend to this matter. We can meet the situation only by a new national philosophy. That of the 'go-getter' will never suffice. We need a philosophy which will *civil-ize* our inventions and political institutions according to the original flavor of the word—make them fit for people living together in peace and civility. For our increased command of natural power, when turned to destructive or unprofitable uses, makes us the real barbarians, the real pagans, the real Huns. To the East, whence once came what our forefathers called 'the scourge of God,' we appear, in our inability to control and benevolently apply our power, as the scourge of mankind."



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CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

BRITAIN'S most eminent author, Thomas Hardy, continues to produce significant poetry, altho he is eighty-four years of age, and to do so with the seeming ease and disregard of convention which is usually considered the characteristic of one fresh from college graduation. When all the best sellers of the next five years have been touted and forgotten, it has been said, Thomas Hardy's novels will still be read as they are read to-day, and have been read for more than a generation. What is more, his admirers claim that his poetry will reach a still wider audience. The following verses from *The Nineteenth Century and After* (London) have particular pertinence in these days of theological discussion.

XENOPHANES THE MONIST OF COLOPHON

ANN. ÆT. SUE XCII.
A. C. CCCCLXXX.

By THOMAS HARDY

'Are You groping Your way?
Do You do it unknowing?
Or mark Your wind's blowing?
Night tell You from day,
O Mover? Come, say!
Cried Xenophanes.

'I mean, querying so,
Do You do it aware,
Or by rote like a player,
Or in ignorance, nor care
Whether doing or no?
Pressed Xenophanes:

'Thus strive I to plumb
Your depths, O Great Dumb!—
Not a god, but the All
(As I read); yet a thrall
To a blind ritual,
Sighed Xenophanes.

'If I only could bring
You to own it, close Thing,
I would write it again
With a still stronger pen
To my once neighbour-men!
Said Xenophanes.

—Quoth the listening Years:
'You ask It in vain;
You waste sighs and tears
On these callings inane,
Which It grasps not nor hears,
O Xenophanes!

'When you penned what you thought
You were cast out and sought
A retreat over sea
From aroused enmity:
So it always will be,
Yea, Xenophanes!

'In the lone of the nights
Hear at Vella unseen,
Where the swinging wave smites
Of the restless Tyrrhene,
You may muse thus, serene,
Safe, Xenophanes.

'But write it not back
To your dear Colophon:
Brows still will be black
At your words, "All is One,"
From disputers thereon,
Known, Xenophanes.

'Three thousand years hence,
Men who hazard a clue
To this riddle immense,
And still treat it as new,
Will be scowled at, like you,
O Xenophanes!

"Some day I may tell,
When I've broken my spell,"
It snores in Its sleep
If you listen long, deep,
At Its closely sealed cell,
Wronged Xenophanes!

'Yea, on, near my end,
Its doings may mend;
Aye, when you're forgotten,
And old cults are rotten,
And bulky codes shotten,
Xenophanes!

A CONFESSORIAL note is sounded in these lines from *The Step Ladder* (Chicago), which have the exceptional merit of brevity of expression and compactness of thought:

THE SOUL SPEAKS

By EDWARD H. PFEIFFER

"Here is Honor, the dying knight,
And here is Truth, the snuffed-out light,
And here is Faith, the broken staff,
And here is Knowledge, the throttled laugh.
And there are Fame, the lost surprise,
Virtue, the uncontested prize,
And Sacrifice, the suicide,
And here the wilted flower, Pride,
Under the crust of things that die
Living, unfathomed, here am I."

THE effect of a bleak environment on a sensitive soul is vividly pictured in verses called "The Wind" in *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse* (Chicago). What is more, the author has succeeded with admirable simplicity in shadowing forth the life story of a man and wife:

THE WIND

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

The cabin sits alone far up a hill
Where all the year the mournful wind blows shrill.
She used to tell him sometimes: "No one knows
How hard it is to listen while it blows."
He never touched a plow again, they say,
After he found her dead, but went away.
And tenants wouldn't live upon the place
Because, the neighbors said, they saw her face
Pressed close against the little window-pane
Watching the twisting storm-clouds in the rain;
And in the night-time they could hear her cry
And moan and whimper if the gale was high.
They said she had no cause to die, but still
The wind was always blowing on that hill.

A NEW and revised edition of the "Oxford Book of Australasian Verse" (Oxford University Press) makes us realize once more the vigor and individuality of Australia's singers. Here is a specimen:

ALL MEN ARE FREE

By ELLIOT NAPIER

'All men are free and equal born
Before the Law!' So runs the worn
And specious, lying, parrot-cry,
All men are free—to starve or sigh;
But few to feed on Egypt's corn.

There toils the sweated slave, forlorn;
There weeps the babe with hunger torn;
Dear God! Forgive us for the lie—
'All men are free!'

That man may laugh while this must mourn;
One's heir to honour, one to scorn—
Were they born free? Were you? Was I?
No! Not when born, but when they die
And of their robes—or rags—are shorn,
All men are free!

FREQUENT as are the railings of poets against cities and their praises of the country, the great majority of the population everywhere keeps crowding to the city. The contrast between the two is interestingly presented in these verses from *The Lyric* (Norfolk, Va.)

WAVE YOUR MAGIC ROD

By JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

God made the hills and streams and set our feet
To wandering where meadowlands are sweet;
And He is there through all the nights and days
Meeting with those who walk the ancient ways.

Man made the cities, stall on dusty stall,
With sounds of hell, and hell's smoke over all;
O maker of cities, wave your magic rod
And summon from the smoke a city god!

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to a series of poems entitled "When We Were Very Young," which is appearing in the *London Punch* above the initials "A.A.M." These letters, we believe, are the signature of A. A. Milne, pleasantly remembered in this country as the author of "Mr Pym Passes By," and other plays. We present two numbers of the sequence:

XIII.—IF I WERE A KING

By A. A. M.

I often wish I were a King,
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norrway
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of Anything,
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King."

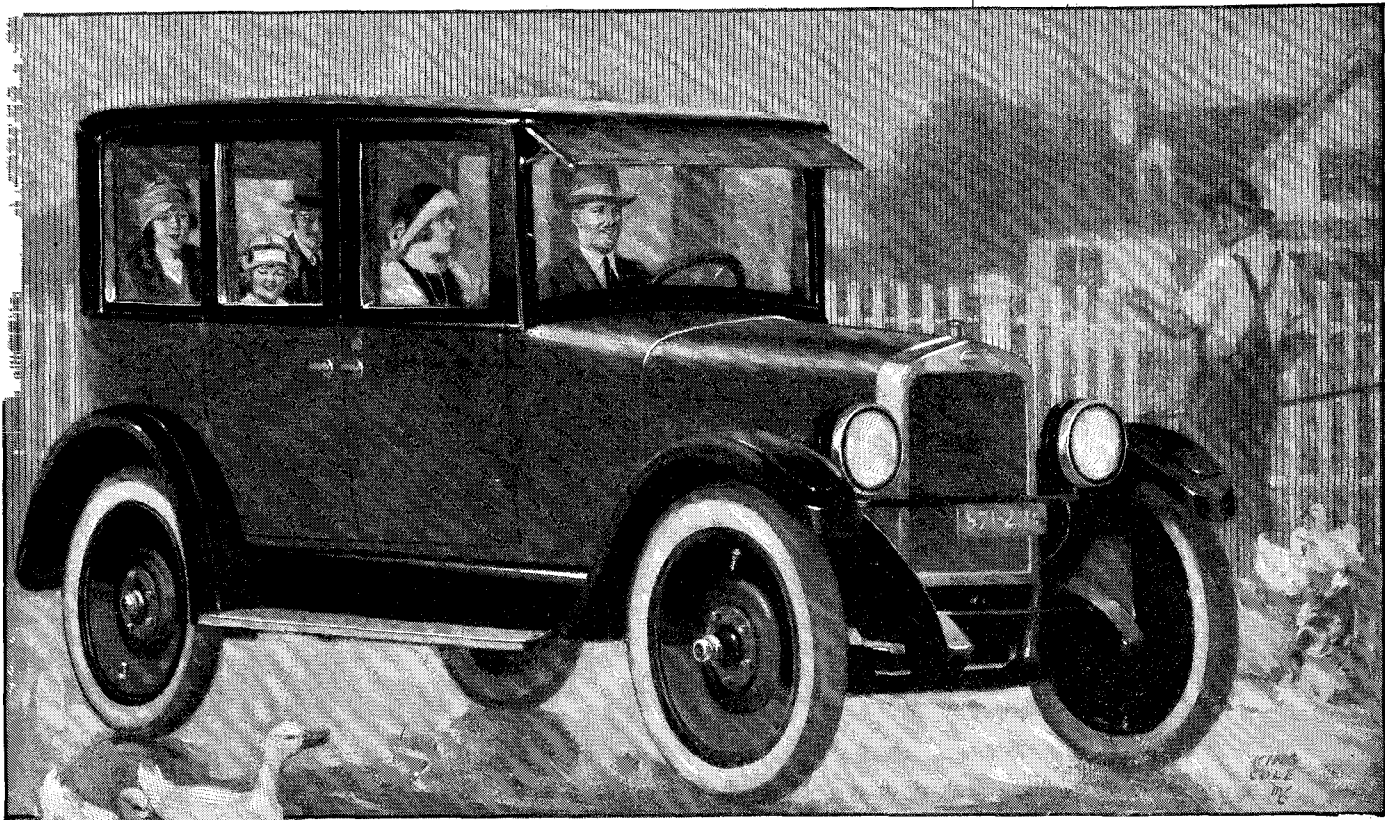
XIV.—HALF-WAY DOWN

By A. A. M.

Half-way down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit;
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It;

I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

Half-way down the stairs
Isn't up,
And isn't down;
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in the town;
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head:
"It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"



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The True Blue



Six

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

AMONG THE "CRATERS OF THE MOON"—IN IDAHO

A WEIRD LAND, A COUNTRY SO STRANGE and desolate as to suggest comparison with the landscape of the moon, a region of huge, volcanic lava beds and craters, has managed until recently to remain unexplored in the midst of our own Northwest. Neither Vesuvius, Mauna Loa, or Kilauea, lands of lava well known to the tourists, are so remarkable, we are assured, as is this American field, which has lately entertained its first party of explorers. It is a land, reports a member of the exploring expedition which recently "put the country on the map," supposedly "bare of vegetation, destitute of water, devoid of animal life, and lacking in scenic interest." All of these common suppositions were found to be erroneous. The district, reports this investigator, R. W. Limbert, writing in *The National Geographic Magazine*, contains some 63 volcanic craters, numerous cinder cones, fields of lava, and volcanic "bombs." The largest cinder cone is 600 feet high, rising in the midst of a belt of craters two or three miles wide and 30 miles long. The scenery is "impressive in its grandeur." It is amazing, comments Mr. Limbert, that a region of such size and scenic peculiarity could have remained practically unknown and unexplored in the heart of the great Northwest. Of his own interest in the place, which led to his exploration of it, he writes:

For several years I had listened to stories told by fur trappers of the strange things they had seen while ranging in this region. Some of these accounts seemed beyond belief.

I had made two trips into the northern end, covering practically the same region as that traversed by a Geological Survey party in 1901. My first was a hiking and camping trip with Ad Santel (the wrestler), Dr. Dresser, and Albert Jones; the second was with Wes Watson and Era Martin (ranchers living about four miles from the northern edge). The peculiar features seen on those trips led me to take a third across the region in the hope that even more interesting phenomena might be encountered.

One morning in May, W. L. Cole and I, both of Boise, Idaho, left Minidoka, packing on our backs bedding, an aluminum cook outfit, a 5 x 7 camera and tripod, binoculars, and supplies, sufficient for two weeks, making a total pack each of 55 pounds.

We also took with us an Airedale terrier for a camp dog. This was a mistake, for after three days' travel his feet were worn raw and bleeding. In some places it was necessary to carry him or sit and wait while he picked his way across.

North of Minidoka, for about 25 miles, we crossed a rolling lava plateau, after which came comparatively later flows of lava. So far as can be learned by diligent inquiry, we were the first white persons to cross this plateau from south to north, as shown on the map in the center of the page.

For three days our travel was over the uninteresting, broken-up lava surface known as AA flow (a term derived from the Hawaiian natives, who apply it to a similar surface found in the islands). It was the hardest going imaginable, each rock seem-

ing on a balance and ready to turn the instant it was trod upon.

Our water on this part of the trip was snow and ice which we found in crevices.

The fourth day out we sighted an Indian monument in an open flat, and twenty feet from it we found a hole about two feet in diameter, that opened downward like an immense cistern. This was full of clear water. About ten feet to the west of this was a lava crack, down which we could see some fifteen feet before it angled off.

After drinking our fill, we made the discovery that the water was full of innumerable little bright red wrigglers that

looked like small shrimp. Each was about three-sixteenths of an inch long. However, the water was good and one cannot afford to be squeamish in desert country.

We located this water-hole by compass bearings on Red Top Butte and Sugar Loaf Butte, noted on the map. It is the only water in this vicinity which can be depended upon the year round.

The lower slopes of Sugar Loaf were covered with wild onions, which were crushed as we walked and gave out an odor more pleasant to tell about than to experience.

From the top of "Sugar Loaf" the explorers picked up an old Indian trail, which "resembled a light streak winding through the lava." When the sun was directly overhead, it could be seen clearly, but at other times it was difficult to follow. Years of travel, estimates Mr. Limbert, must have been necessary to make that mark on the rock. His narrative continues:

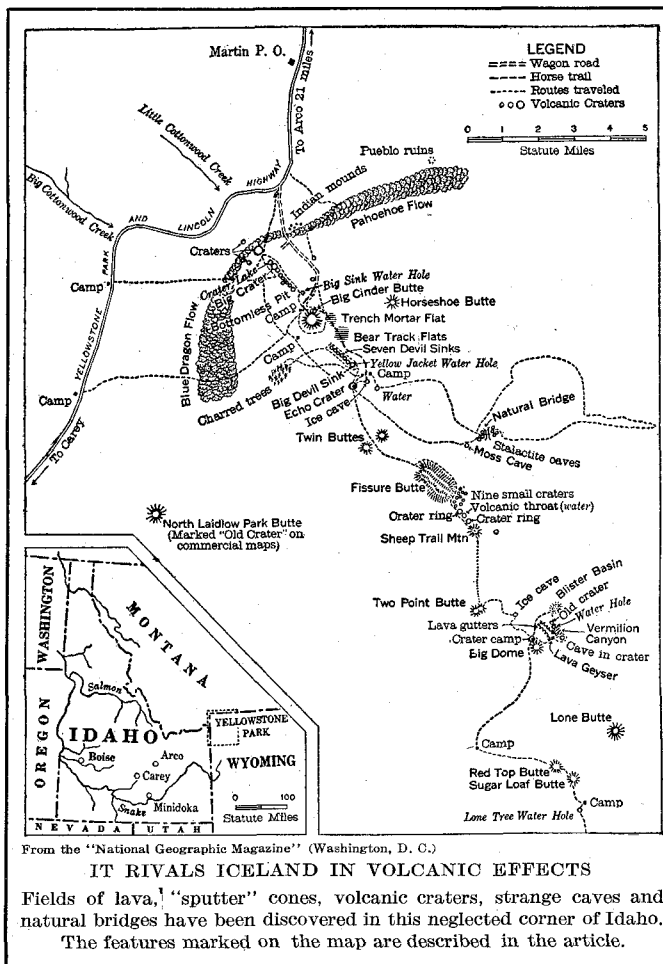
Some miles to the north was the butte called Big Dome, and a few hundred yards north of it a crater several hundred

yards in diameter and about 200 feet deep.

We camped in the bottom of this crater that night, and the experience was well worth the climb up and down. Imagine yourself in some gigantic funnel of bright red and black, weird in its reflections of the camp-fire, with the stars above. A peculiar feature of the bottoms of the craters was that they seemed to act as sounding-boards for the notes of the birds migrating northward far overhead. Their faint calls were gathered and intensified until the birds seemed only a few feet away. Near here we built a signal fire that was seen by people watching for it thirty miles distant.

Half a mile east of Big Dome we found an immense crater ring that looked as if the top of a mountain had collapsed and fallen into the volcanic throat. From the center crags of bright red lava and burnt cinders jutted up. In some places the lava was black, as if smoked in a fire.

The crags had magnetic properties, and the compass needle could not be depended upon when near them. About a quarter mile to the northwest was a large fissure, which we called Vermilion Canyon. The floor, a hundred or more feet in width, was composed mostly of cinders; the walls of lava were a bright, almost a vermilion, red in the sunlight. Near the center were several extinct lava spouts, one of which was twenty-five feet in diameter and built up so that it resembled the geyser formations of Yellowstone Park. In the center of it was the throat, about



From the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington, D. C.)

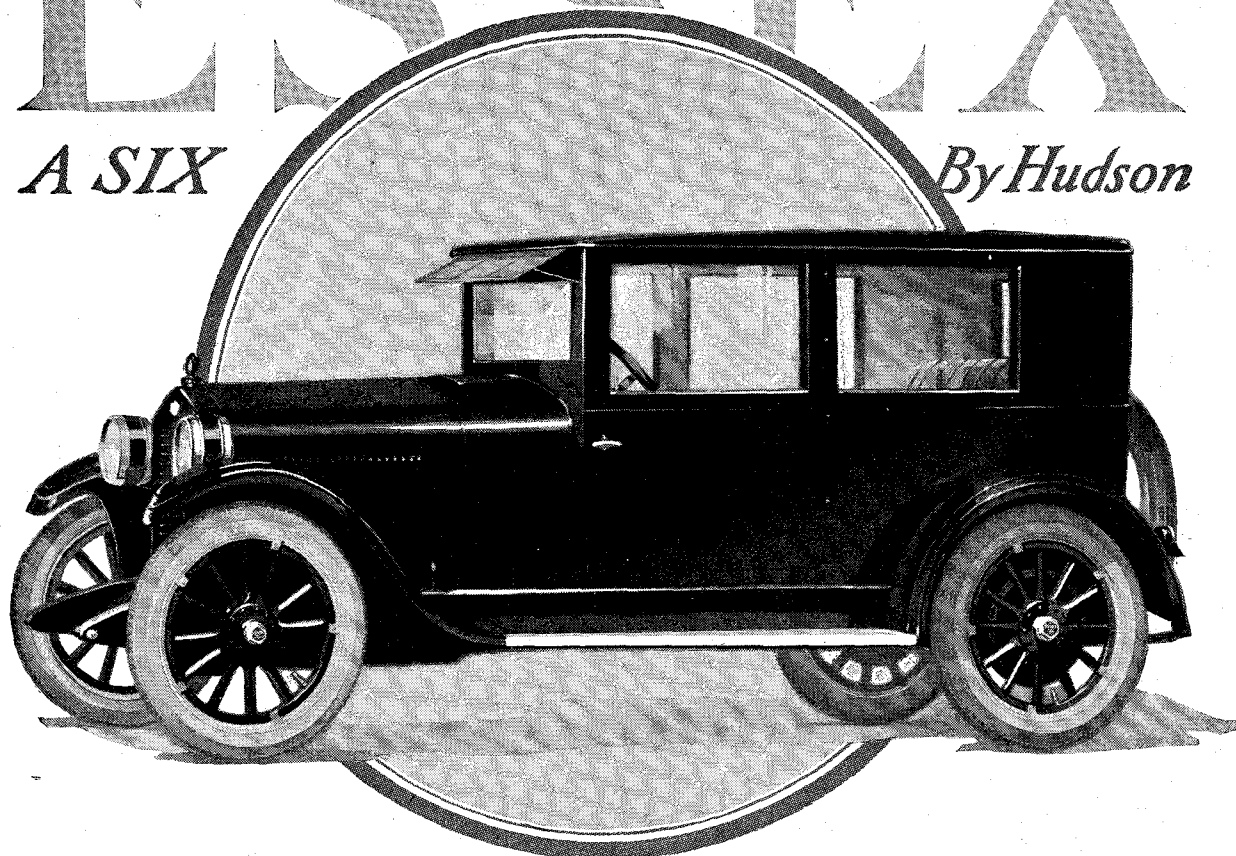
IT RIVALS ICELAND IN VOLCANIC EFFECTS

Fields of lava, "sputter" cones, volcanic craters, strange caves and natural bridges have been discovered in this neglected corner of Idaho. The features marked on the map are described in the article.

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And with this lower price you get all the famous reliability of the former Essex, with a 6-cylinder motor built on the principle of the Hudson Super-Six.

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With performance smoothness like the Hudson

Super-Six it has also the same type clutch, the same type axles, the same provisions for long life and easy care for all working parts.

Note how handling is simplified. Starts at the touch of your toe. Steers easily as a bicycle. Its low center of gravity makes safe and comfortable driving on all roads at all speeds.

In either the Coach, with closed car comforts, or the open touring model, we believe you will agree the new Essex provides ideal transportation. The price takes it out of all competition with cars of comparable quality.

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five feet wide and eighteen feet deep. The sides had fallen in and choked it up.

Fifteen feet south of this was a hollow cone, built up four or five feet. One side had fallen in, exposing the throat, which went down twenty-five feet and then angled off, we could not tell how far. Fifty feet to the north was another cone, about four feet high and two and a half feet in diameter at the base. This had a six-inch hole in one side, which opened up as it went



A FIELD OF HARDENED LAVA, COBALT-BLUE

The color and texture, "a glossy deep blue finish resembling enamel," of this field turns it, under the play of light and shadow, "into a twisted, wavy sea of grays, blues and blacks."

down—how deep we could not gage, as it had drifted full of snow.

Near here we saw a pile of rocks with a piece of charred sagebrush in it pointing to another water-hole that probably contains water during the summer. Working our way through the fissure for a quarter of a mile, we found it opened upon a flat, and about 600 yards to the north was another crater similar to the one just passed. As we sat on the east side of its rim, we saw below us a hundred or more large lava blisters or bubbles. In many instances the tops had fallen in, disclosing rooms from eight to ten feet across and as high as six or seven feet. The shells of these lava bubbles were from six to eight inches thick. Their color was a grayish brown.

At all places of interest I set up the compass and triangulated on the more prominent buttes shown on the accompanying map. Sometimes it was necessary to move the location several hundred feet, as the needle was attracted to the rocky points. In one spot the north end of the needle swung completely around and pointed within seven degrees of due south.

Estimating distance was also very difficult, owing to the lack of any object of known size to use as a scale. We usually found that distances between specific points were about half again as far in an air line as we estimated.

West of the crater beside Bubble Basin we saw channels winding through the lava flat just as meandering brooks might cross a level meadow. Examination showed these to be lava gutters. Here the plastic lava had flowed down-grade, assuming all the shapes of a mountain stream. It was in waves, rolls, twists, and levels.

As we stood on the edge and looked down we tried to imagine the wonderful sight when the whole lava bed was glowing red.

They found other craters and caves, and strange "blow-out" ovens, some of them resembling inverted wasp-nests. "Were I gifted with the art of word-painting, I might in some way suggest the wonderful color of these craters," writes the explorer. "Picture yourself standing in some vast amphitheater whose towering walls are a riot of yellow, green, orange, brown, and black, with brick red and vermilion predominating. Imagine, too, an awesome, enveloping silence. I noticed that at places like these we had almost nothing to say. It was little wonder the Indians feared and shunned the region."

From their camp in Echo Crater the explorers made an excursion

for nine miles, out upon a lava flow some twenty miles wide extending to the east. In places, writes Mr. Limbert, describing this strange discovery:

There are ridge after ridge and fold upon fold, with crevasses and cracks; again, there are huge folds and waves, as if some one had crumpled a heavy blanket.

One place suggested a number of great ships' hawsers neatly piled; another had a long, sinewy twist of lava tied in as neat a knot as any sailor could make. How the ends could have twisted around and come through the loop is a mystery. I found a small specimen of this kind and carried it out with me. One flow had spread until it looked like an automobile speedway, except that it was broken by narrow cracks caused by cooling.

One day we crossed a stretch that tinkled with a hollow sound. Happening to notice that the surface was cracked and loosened in large sheets, we turned several pieces over and found the bottoms covered with jagged masses of nail-like projections all pointing in the direction of the flow. Many of the points were needle-sharp.

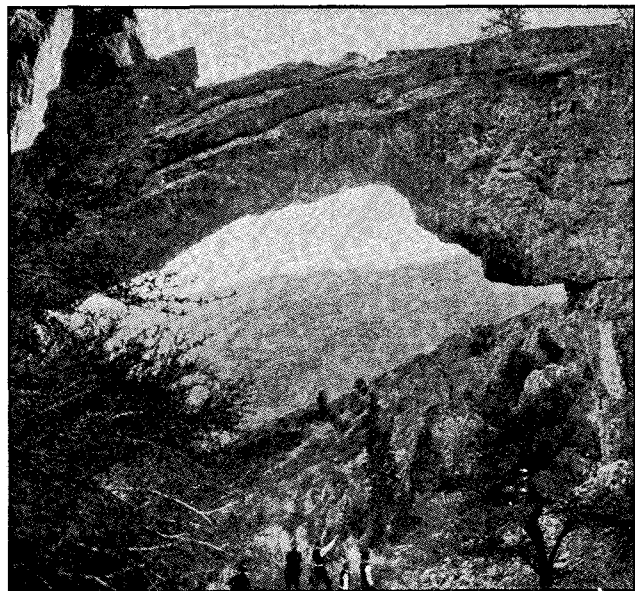
In one place the plastic lava had taken a circular, flowing motion while hardening, just as if it had been a large whirlpool, several hundred yards across.

About four miles from Echo Crater we came to a large black hole. Climbing down, we entered a lava stalactite cave, each stalactite from two to seven inches long and covered with green moss. We went in about seventy-five feet.

A short distance from this we reached a second moss cave, extending to the east. Farther on we found another cave, where in the dust around the entrance we discovered fresh bear tracks.

East of the bear cave we came upon a natural bridge of lava arching a point where two cliffs of lava narrowed down. It had a fifty-foot span, and from the floor to the roof of the arch was fifteen or eighteen feet. Its width was seventy-five feet. There was a pine-tree growing under the east entrance. One of the party bumped his head on the roof near the edge, so we laughingly called this the Bridge of Tears.

East of the Bridge of Tears the explorers found a cave some 40 feet wide and 60 feet long, with a domed ceiling 20 feet high, which "contained a perfect stage," a "balcony" and other features that made it "almost an exact model of a modern theater."



Photographs by R. W. Limbert. Courtesy of the "National Geographic Magazine"

THE HUGE, LAVA-BUILT "BRIDGE OF THE MOON"

This gigantic stone arch has a space of 125 feet and a height of from 80 to 110 feet. It frames a view of canyon walls, rolling varied-colored hills, and the extinct volcanic cones of Moon Valley.

Later, while proceeding east, writes the recorder of the expedition:

Martin and I happened to leave the others to climb to a low mound in the flow. From this vantage point we sighted a lake a half a mile long and, to the south of it, what appeared to be a grove of willows and cottonwoods. Turning the binoculars on the scene heightened the effect, and we decided to walk to another elevation, a mile and a half farther along, where we could

Third Health Crusade Article

Malnutrition has become a national menace.

Perhaps you don't believe it—but right here in the United States millions of children from average homes are half fed!

DURING the War days Herbert Hoover brought 1,200,000 starving little Belgians back to health and strength and he did it with condensed milk.

Since that time the Near East Relief is rejuvenating tens of thousands more each year. And they do it with condensed milk.

But here in the United States of America—where we brag of our prosperity—we have 6,000,000 malnourished children of our own. And we do far less for them than for the orphans of Europe!

Those 6,000,000 school children constitute one-third of our child population—one-third of our citizens of the future. And you can't make good citizens out of half-fed children. Health is the foundation on which to build brains and character.

Our children are not malnourished because war came and the enemy took away their fathers and sometimes their mothers too. And drove away their cattle and devastated their crops. They have fathers and mothers. They have roofs over their heads and provision stores around the corner, and enough money to buy good food, and fine schools to go to. And beautiful cattle dotting their hillsides, and wonderful acres of wheat country, and every potential health need supplied by a bountiful land.

They are malnourished because their parents and teachers lack the knowledge necessary to overcome malnutrition and all the train of evils which inevitably follows in its wake.

Because the public is not alive to the dangers of malnutrition among American children The Borden Company—world's largest and oldest milk company—has undertaken to promote the Health Crusade. The treatment of malnutrition leads inevitably to the greater consumption of milk, which is the child's basic food. So it is natural for The Borden Company, leader in the milk industry, to take the initiative in this movement.

What condensed milk has done for the starving children of Europe it can do for the malnourished children of the United States.

Scientific experiments conducted by the Nutrition Department of The Borden Company among 1000 public school children show conclusively that malnutrition can be overcome by the observance of health rules and the addition of Borden's Eagle Brand Milk to the child's daily diet. Tons of Eagle Brand went overseas to save Europe's children; tons of it are being consumed in this country.

For Eagle Brand is pure whole country milk combined scientifically with sugar. It contains proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins—all elements essential to health and growth. Particularly, it is rich in heat-giving and energy-giving food which is the first need of the malnourished child. Also it is more easily assimilated than ordinary bottled milk.

3 Little Books will help you

COMPLETE information about malnutrition—in simple readable form—is contained in the famous 3 Little Books issued by The Borden Company. The 3 Little Books will tell you how to recognize malnutrition and what to do for it. They explain simple health rules and show you how to interest the child in his health in the right way. They contain height and weight charts, a record of the Borden experiments, calory tables, vitamin tables, and all kinds of information concerning the nourishment of children from 2 to 15 years old. You cannot do without these books. There are no others like them. Write at once for your set because they are in great demand. Each mother is entitled to one free set. Use the coupon below—today. The Borden Company, 272 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



Weigh your child!

If you want to know whether your child is malnourished, weigh him.

This chart gives correct weight for boys and girls up to eleven years old. The 3 Little Books for which you should send, contain others.

Malnourished children are always underweight and must be given corrective treatment just as soon as possible. Start using Eagle Brand while waiting for the 3 Little Books.

BOYS											GIRLS												
Height (Inches)	Average Weight (Lbs.)	2 Years	3 Years	4 Years	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years	Height (Inches)	Average Weight (Lbs.)	2 Years	3 Years	4 Years	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years
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Tables prepared by Bird T. Baldwin, Ph.D., and Thomas D. Wood, M.D., and published through the courtesy of American Child Health Association.



Build up the underweight child with Eagle Brand. Use 2 tablespoonfuls to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup (standard measure) cold water (Pour the milk from the can to the spoon.) Give twice this amount in mid-morning feedings every day.

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look down into the basin. When we got there we sat for a few moments examining it, still apparently three miles off, when suddenly lake, trees, and all floated away and disappeared in the distance. We had been the victims of a mirage.

A short distance northwest of Trench Mortar Flat lies the highest of the cinder cones in this region. As it stands to-day, it is about half its size before the explosion blew off its top and southwest side. The ascent to this point, known as Big Cinder Butte, was through a conglomerate of lava bombs and pancakes, where still plastic lava had fallen and flattened out. Near the top the cinders are broken by a number of jagged crags of red lava; the north and east sides of the butte are timbered with pines and quaking aspens.

From the summit we looked south over the country we had traversed, tracing our course through the maze of lava and cinder cones. On all sides were crater rings, showing we had examined but few of the many. We took turns in focusing the binoculars on the different features spread below. Very little was said except when one of us wished to call attention to something he did not want the others to overlook. We yielded to the influence of silence. Below us we counted six distinct lava flows, each comparatively fresh.

To the north were many sputter cones and the shadowy outlines of craters deeper and larger than any we had passed. A route to some of these was planned, so as to avoid a large part of the rough, broken-up flow lying between.

Two miles northwest of Big Cinder Butte we came to a row of seven lava sputter cones caused by molten lava which has been thrown out of a vent, piling up to a height of 60 feet. The southern one was the first climbed. Imagine finding a hole 15 feet in diameter and bottomless, so far as we could judge. It went down for 40 feet; then narrowed slightly, after which it opened up, giving the crater the shape of an hour-glass. Large rocks rolled in were never heard to strike bottom. We called it the Bottomless Pit.

Near by the explorers found a volcanic throat, "about 30 feet in diameter and 60 feet deep, full of ice and snow." From the sides hung large clots of lava, reports Mr. Limbert, and—

The outside slopes were covered with numerous volcanic bombs resembling double-ended pears. In many the ends had curved upward as they had fallen, giving the appearance of buffalo horns. A short way from this was the entrance to the narrow tunnel of another cave.

In this vicinity there were seven lava cones in a row, three of them in a state of perfect preservation. In climbing a high ridge to the north, in order to get a photograph, I descended three of the largest craters in the belt, one of which was a quarter of a mile across and several hundred feet deep. Its northern and eastern sides were perpendicular cliffs of a bright red lava, the balance being a steep cinder slope. The rim was almost a perfect circle.

On my first trip to this place, Albert Jones volunteered to climb to the bottom, to serve as a scale. To my surprise, he was invisible on the ground glass of the camera and could be found in the finished print only with the aid of a magnifying glass. In pictures of a place like this, the camera does not lie, but it does not tell all of the truth, for in its results the colors and gigantic scale of things are missing.

The rim of this crater is a knife-edge, the other slope being the side of another crater, almost as wide and deep, formed by two explosions, which caused a double depression in the bottom. One contains a small lake. In the spring of 1919 it was about 100 feet in diameter; the following year it had shrunk to 40 feet. We called it Crater Lake and the crater, Tycho, after the large crater on the moon.

As we climbed around the crater walls we amused ourselves by rolling rocks down, watching them bounce and bound, sometimes 100 feet in the air. As they reached the talus slopes

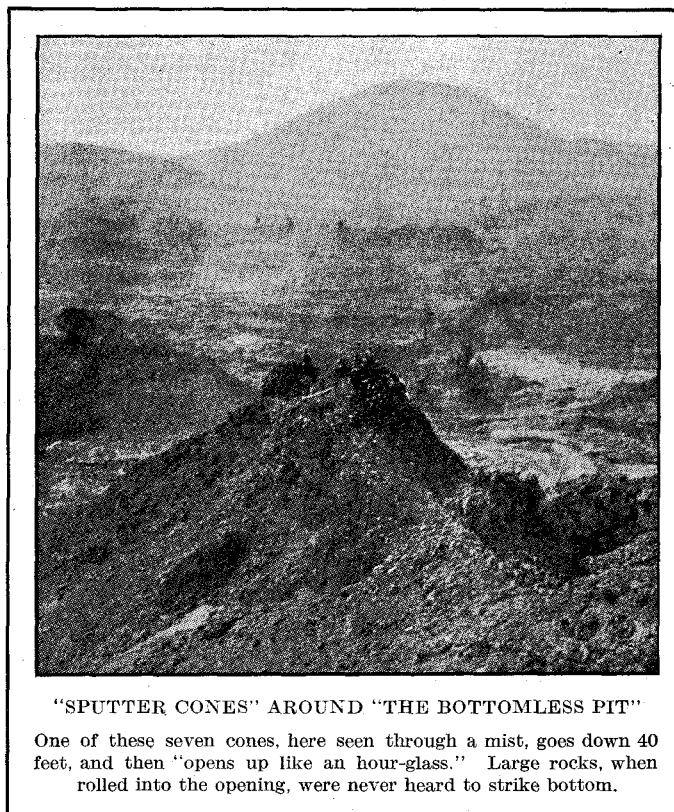
below, they reminded us of rabbits on the run, and I could not resist shooting at them. Once we united our strength and pushed a huge rock over the cliff, watching it fall until it reached the slope below, where it rolled, gradually getting smaller and leaving a cloud of dust in its wake.

Stretching to the southwest for a distance of about 11 miles, we saw perhaps one of the most remarkable lava flows in the world. Its color is a deep cobalt blue, with generally a high gloss, as if the flow had been given a coat of blue varnish. The surface is netted and veined with small cracks, having the appearance of the scales of some prehistoric reptile. Mr. Israel C. Russell, at one time of the United States Geological Survey, called it the Blue Dragon Flow. It merits the name, as in many places it has burst through the crevasse of an older flow, and the ropy twists of blue lava, spreading out in branches, together with its scaled surface, need but a little stretch of imagination to suggest the claws and legs of a dragon.

It is the play of light at sunset across this lava that charms the spectator. It becomes a twisted, wavy sea. In the moonlight its glazed surface has a silvery sheen. With changing conditions of light and air, it varies also, even while one stands and watches. It is a place of color and silence, the latter broken only by the wail of the coyote and chirp of the rock coney.

About a mile to the north of Crater Lake is an immense cinder cone, the west side of which has breached away, leaving the floor of the crater exactly as it must have appeared when the eruption of lava ceased. Here are bubbles, rolls, folds, and twists, as if a giant's frying-pan of thick gravy furiously boiling had been frozen instantaneously.

Northward, a mile from the Ruined Pueblo flow, are a few more low cinder cones similar to those we had passed. Puzzling features along the west side of this volcanic belt are the many dead charred trees growing in a cinder flat absolutely barren of vegetation of any kind which could carry fire from one to the other. I found charred sagebrush around a lava blowhole near the Seven Devils. A piece of brush was picked up near this spot that had a clot of lava "frozen" around it.



"SPUTTER CONES" AROUND "THE BOTTOMLESS PIT"

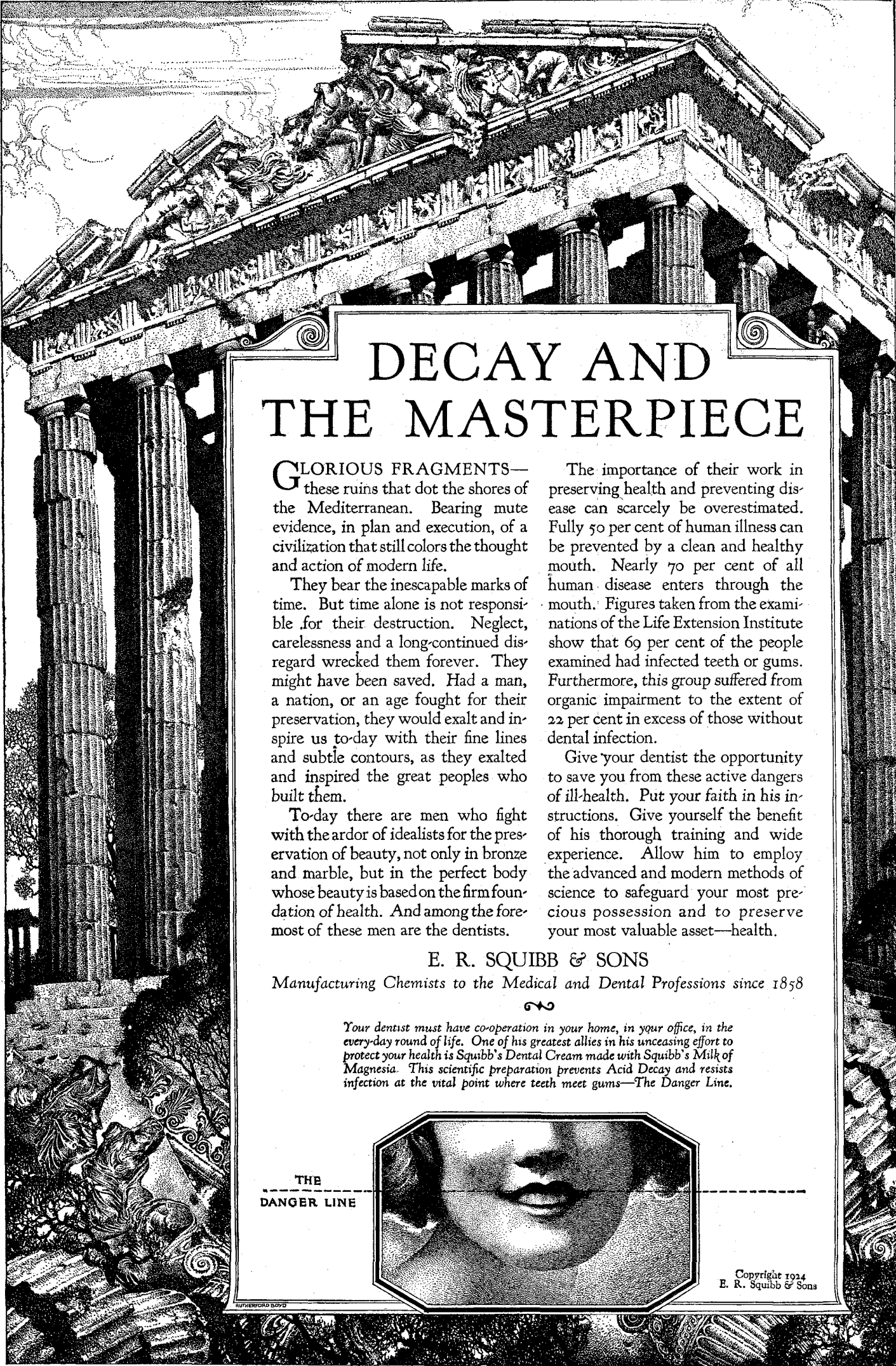
One of these seven cones, here seen through a mist, goes down 40 feet, and then "opens up like an hour-glass." Large rocks, when rolled into the opening, were never heard to strike bottom.

The Pahoe-hoe lava flow is about 20 miles wide, reports Mr. Limbert, composing a vast desert of grotesquely twisted and folded lava. Indians have marked the trail across this place by laying rocks on pieces of sage-brush pointing to caves, or water-holes. Water can sometimes be found, relates Mr. Limbert, by "lining" the mourning doves of the region, as one lines bees. These water-holes are generally at the bottom of blow-out holes. Even on a hot afternoon in the middle of August, when the heat on the sides of the blow-out was terrific and the rocky slope burned the hand, relates the writer, the water inside was so icy cold that it hurt the teeth, and they "put the cup down on the hot rock to warm." As for the lava itself, reports Mr. Limbert:

In appearance the flows seem as if they had happened only yesterday, but in reality the latest probably occurred about 150 or possibly 200 years ago. Perhaps the eruptions of spattered lava around some of the small sputter cones occurred about the time of the eruption of Buffalo Hump, in Idaho County, Idaho, in 1866.

The total area of the six young lava flows of this region is about 300 square miles, while that extending above and below this point, along the Snake River plains, reaches the astounding total of approximately 27,000 square miles.

A report has been prepared by Mr. H. T. Stearns, of the U. S. Geological Survey, suggesting to the National Park Service that an area of 39 square miles be set aside as the "Craters of the Moon National Monument." In this area there occurred a fissure eruption displaying surface phenomena which are paralleled only by those in Iceland.



DECAY AND THE MASTERPIECE

GLORIOUS FRAGMENTS—these ruins that dot the shores of the Mediterranean. Bearing mute evidence, in plan and execution, of a civilization that still colors the thought and action of modern life.

They bear the inescapable marks of time. But time alone is not responsible for their destruction. Neglect, carelessness and a long-continued disregard wrecked them forever. They might have been saved. Had a man, a nation, or an age fought for their preservation, they would exalt and inspire us to-day with their fine lines and subtle contours, as they exalted and inspired the great peoples who built them.

To-day there are men who fight with the ardor of idealists for the preservation of beauty, not only in bronze and marble, but in the perfect body whose beauty is based on the firm foundation of health. And among the foremost of these men are the dentists.

The importance of their work in preserving health and preventing disease can scarcely be overestimated. Fully 50 per cent of human illness can be prevented by a clean and healthy mouth. Nearly 70 per cent of all human disease enters through the mouth. Figures taken from the examinations of the Life Extension Institute show that 69 per cent of the people examined had infected teeth or gums. Furthermore, this group suffered from organic impairment to the extent of 22 per cent in excess of those without dental infection.

Give your dentist the opportunity to save you from these active dangers of ill-health. Put your faith in his instructions. Give yourself the benefit of his thorough training and wide experience. Allow him to employ the advanced and modern methods of science to safeguard your most precious possession and to preserve your most valuable asset—health.

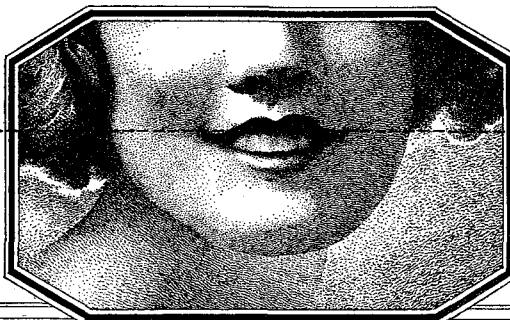
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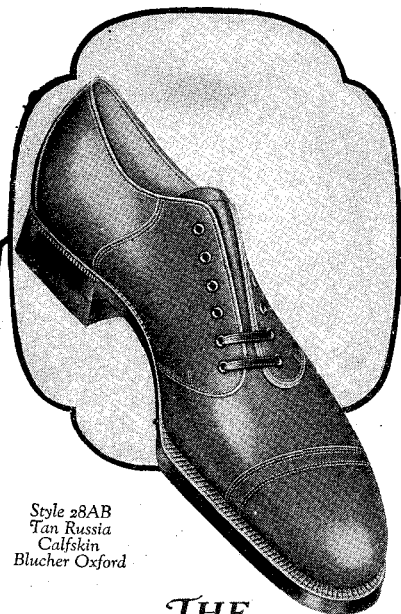


Your dentist must have co-operation in your home, in your office, in the every-day round of life. One of his greatest allies in his unceasing effort to protect your health is Squibb's Dental Cream made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. This scientific preparation prevents Acid Decay and resists infection at the vital point where teeth meet gums—The Danger Line.

THE
DANGER LINE



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Style 28AB
Tan Russia
Calfskin
Blucher Oxford

THE Hanover Shoe

Exclusively for Men and Boys

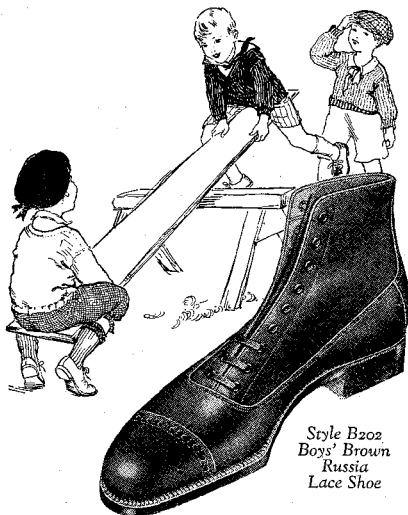
Hanover Shoes are expressly made for and directly sold to you—the consumer. We have no middleman to consider; no one to please but the wearer. That's why it is possible to give you Hanover Style, Hanover Quality and Hanover Comfort, for only

FIVE DOLLARS

In Hanover Stores, in 62 cities.

We are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores.

We will fit you from Hanover
—if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for catalog.
The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.



Style B202
Boys' Brown
Russia
Lace Shoe

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are especially made for growing feet. They're staunch, serviceable and good looking.
\$3.50, \$3 and \$2.50.

AMERICAN VERSUS SPANISH AS A WORLD LANGUAGE

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, as a branch, or perhaps as the main current of the English language, is reported to be on its way to conquer the known world. Taken together with its mother tongue, English, this Anglo-Saxon speech, we have been told often enough, has approached nearer than any other tongue to a true world-language, and it is continuing its progress. There have been arguments to the effect that French, as the

can, who, because he has gradually absorbed English since childhood, may look at his native tongue as something very logical, very easy to learn, and, indeed, quite superior to everything else." After reciting some of his own experiences to the contrary, Mr. Blanco resumes, writing in *The Literary Digest International Book Review*:

English is not easy to learn. It is a puzzling, bewildering language; and the am-



Courtesy of the "International Book Review"

A SOUND LIKE "THE GABBLE OF A GOOSE"

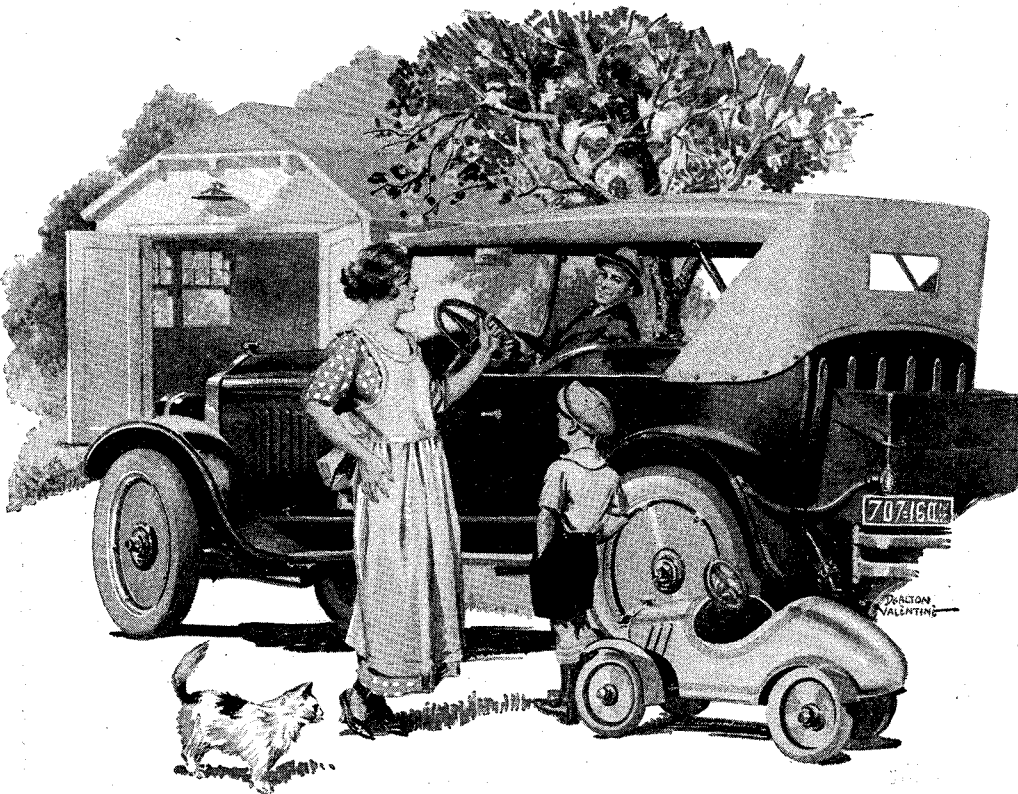
The great American language may "listen good" to us, but nevertheless, a Spanish critic assures us, it grates on more delicate ears—and it is fearfully illogical besides.

common language of diplomacy, occupied a higher place, especially in the world of politics and culture. Now, however, comes a Spaniard with claims for his own native Spanish, together with some pointed criticism of English-American. He bases his remarks on the appearance of the third edition of H. L. Mencken's large work, "The American Language" (Knopf). "English, including the English spoken in America," observes the Spanish critic, Enrique Blanco, of the Department of Romance Languages, University of Wisconsin, "has some disadvantages which may not be obvious to the average Ameri-

bitious foreigner who sets himself to the task of learning it soon discovers that it can not be acquired in a short time. As Mr. Mencken quotes in his book:

"The vowel sounds (in English) are comparatively independent of their surroundings."

We would suggest that the word "comparatively" be changed to "absolutely." That's one of the greatest troubles in the English language: one never knows how to pronounce a vowel. The *a*, for instance, that apparently inoffensive first letter of the alphabet, soon assumes, for the student of English, most terrifying proportions; it has a different sound in nearly every word. Beginning with *meat* and going on through *awful*, *alas*, *mat*, *ate*,



Back from the Spring Overhauling

Keep that fresh feeling of power!

NO WONDER your automobile feels young again after a brief spring visit to the garage man!

Wheels are in line again. Carbon is out. Valves are ground. Spark-plugs, wiring, hose connections, fan belt—all have been inspected. Nuts are tightened. The chassis has been freshly lubricated from front to rear spring shackles.

And instead of grunts and squeaks you have quiet. Instead of that "tired feeling" you have power.

For Engine Results

As a part of this spring overhauling, now is the time to drain off all old oil from the crankcase and refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil. It is the surest way to keep your car running sweetly and smoothly all through the year.

465 manufacturers of automobiles and automobile engines have specifically indorsed our recommendations of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for their cars. It is because they have found from experience that

Gargoyle Mobiloil insures a smooth-running engine and low operating costs—in short, gives you ideal lubrication.

Keep Mobiloil at Home

Now is the time to see that an adequate home supply of Mobiloil is always on hand in your own home garage.

With such a home supply of Mobiloil you form the valuable habit of attending frequently to the oil in your crankcase—at the same time that you inspect your tires, the gasoline supply, and the water in your radiator.

Your garage man will be glad to supply you with a 5-gallon can or a 15- or 30-gallon steel drum (with convenient leak proof faucet) for your home garage.

In buying Mobiloil be sure that you get the correct grade for your engine. If your car is not listed in the partial Chart shown here you will find it on the 1924 Complete Chart of Recommendations which hangs on the dealer's walls.

Domestic Branches

New York (Main Office)	Des Moines
Philadelphia	Rochester
Indianapolis	New Haven
Milwaukee	Portland, Me.
Buffalo	Chicago
Albany	Pittsburgh
St. Louis	Kansas City, Mo.
Boston	Dallas
Detroit	Oklahoma City
Minneapolis	Springfield, Mass.
	Peoria



Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

For Your Touring Needs

Gargoyle Mobiloil in the new convenient one-quart can, at 35c each or 3 for \$1.00, is now on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. As fast as production will permit this package will be placed on sale elsewhere.

Put one or two one-quart cans under the seat. A handy refill when your oil gets low along the road.

Be prepared!

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Read the BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
Chart: E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1924		1923		1922		1921		1920	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Amer. La France (Mod. 19)	A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
American Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Anderson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Apperson (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Atlas	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (Mod. 6-63)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cash	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Checker Cab	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet (Mod. FB & T)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Superior)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. 490)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cleveland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Colbia (Det.) (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Davis	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dorris	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Duesenberg	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Elcar (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal (Mod. X-2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Flint	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Ford	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Four Wheel Drive (FWD)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford (12-14 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C. (Cont. Eng.)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hanson Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
H. C. S.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
International	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jewett	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kinsell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kline	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lafayette	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington (Cont. Eng.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Liberty	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maccarr (1 1/2 ton L2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (3 ton H2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (3 1/2, 2 1/2 & 3 1/2 ton)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (4 ton M3)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mack	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mason	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
McFarlin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
McLaughlin Buick (Cont.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nash	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l.) (Quads.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National (Ind.) (Mod. 6-71)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 6-51)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Olinholm (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 30)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard Eight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com'l.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pearless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pennant Taxi-Cab	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Premier Taxi-Cab	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Princeton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
R & V Knight	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Republic (3 1/2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (1 1/2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (2 1/2 ton Mod. 19W)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Stearns Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stephens Six	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stewart (N.Y.) (4 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (1 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. TX & 10X)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vette (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Westcott (Mod. D-48)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 60)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White (Mod. 15 & 20)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willis Knight	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Yellow Cab	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Transmission and Differential:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.
GLASS Manufacturers **PAINT**
 Paint and Varnish Factories Milwaukee Wis. Newark, N.J.

Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish
 Paint Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish Paint
 Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish Paint Varnish

Continued

Quotes Mr. Mencken:

Unfortunately, the end is far from being there, for the *t* in English is often not a *t* at all, but an *sh*, as in *intuition*, *constitution*, where the *t* has two different sounds in the same word, and *nation*, *obligation*, where the *t* is not a *t* but something else. Need I go on? Yet, this language is supposed to be "vastly easier" than any other. According to Mr. Mencken:

Of the foreigners I know, none that does not know how to read it and write it, can speak English decently. If I may be pardoned a personal allusion, my own experience proves that fact, for I did not begin to make any real progress in English until I learned how to read and spell it. The ambitious, the intelligent foreigner, the type of immigrant that America wants, *does* wish to learn to read and write English, and, what's more, he *needs* to, if there is any spark of ambition in him. To quote Mencken again:

The fact is that outside of Germany, and possibly Scandinavia, English is not studied in Europe to anything like the extent Spanish and French are studied in this country. In *The Modern Language Journal*, for May, 1923, we find some interesting figures that illustrate the extent of modern language study in America to-day. Taking two widely separated States, such as New York and Idaho, *The Journal* informs us that the modern language enrolment in the schools of Idaho was at that time:

In the high schools of New York City (the high schools alone) the enrolment on March 1, 1923, was:

<i>Spanish</i>	<i>French</i>	<i>German</i>
30,880	27,085	4,696

<i>Spanish</i>	<i>French</i>	<i>German</i>
2,058	3,231	1,424

The claim that English is easily Pidginized and may therefore quickly supplant another tongue, is equally true of other languages. Mr. Mencken himself gives, on page 210 of this book, a sample of that very thing:

Komusta Kayo.

She wanted a job as *levandera*.

Cuanto?

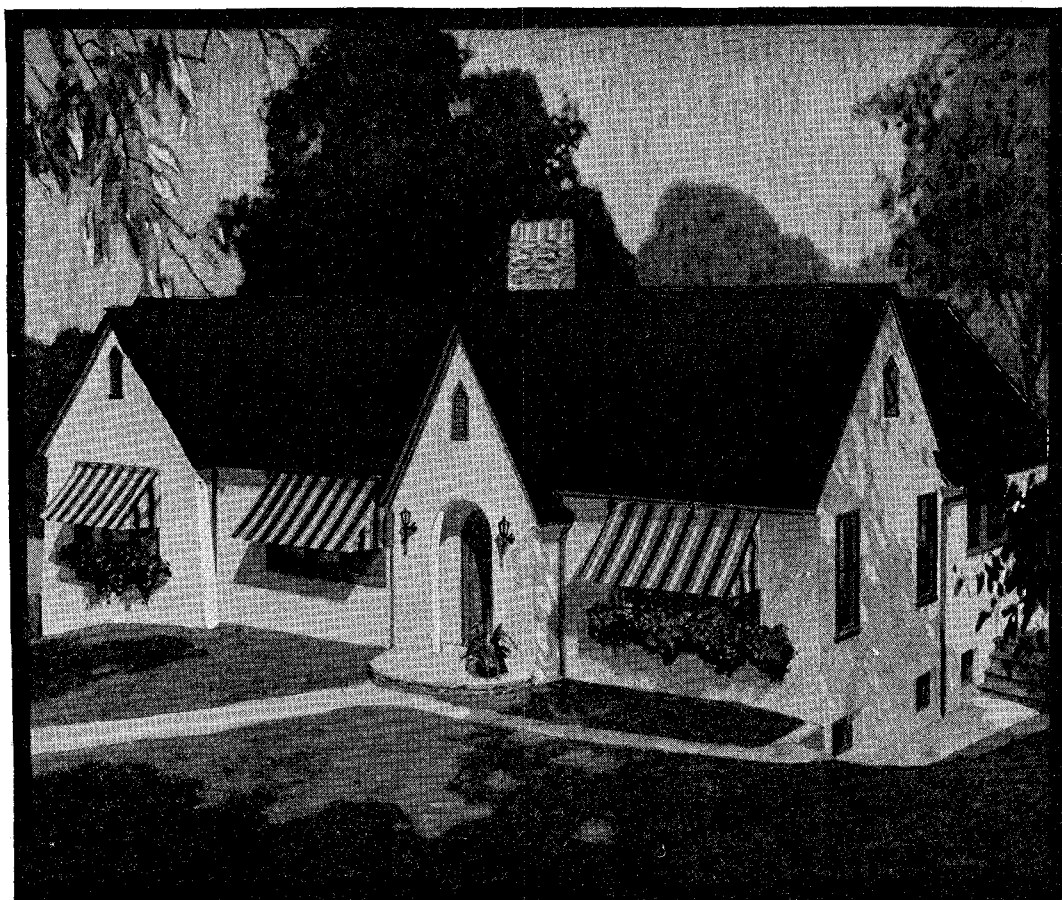
Ten cents, . . . so I told her *no kerry*.

Have you had chow? Well, *spera*, . . .
and I'll take a *passo* with you.

The above is a form of Pidgin-Spanish as spoken by Americans in the Philippines. Give an American a knowledge of two hundred words of Spanish and place him where he can use them and he will invariably do so, to the neglect of good English.

Other headlines and authors in this number of the *International Book Review* run:

Edna Ferber Again Answers Her Critics, Charles Hanson Towne; Miss Macaulay Smiles at the Victorians, Lloyd Morris; Sifting Out the Best Motion Pictures, Charles Chaplin; Mr. Pepys Does Penance for His Sins, Richard Le Gallienne; Shortcomings of the American Theater, Elwyn Barron; Miss Millay's Kinship to Keats, Arthur Symons; A Famous Private Library for Public Use; 'Tis Eighty Years Since—in America, Brander Matthews; Interpreting the Genius of China, H. W. Bunn; Editorial: Critic and Reviewer; The Changing Vision in Religious Ideals, Joseph Fort Newton, D.D.; Revealing the Inner Life of a Great Mystic, Thomas L. Masson; George Washington in His "Charriot," John Walker Harrington; Celebrating a Byron Centenary, Norman Stuckey; Following the Lure of the Unknown: I. The Secret Places of Earth, Algernon Blackwood; Gandhi's Weaponless Warfare in India, Alma Newton; He Prefers New Guinea to New York; Mr. Hardy Achieves a Second Immortality, Archibald Henderson; Last Century's Literary Favorites: IV. Some Kipling Stories, Archibald Marshall; The Splendid Quest for Bohemia, Arthur Bartlett Maurice; Mr. Keable Handles Two Dangerous Subjects, Louise Maunsell Field; More Real Wages for All Workers, John R. Commons; New Books for Boys and Girls, Marv Graham Bonner.



RICHARDSON
Product

From the makers of Flex-a-tile Housetops, Viskalt Membrane Roofs, Viskote, and similar products

THE home of Mr. G. Wilshire Runck, 3974 Clifton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Warren E. Richards & Co., architects and builders

Many choose their roofing color from this Cincinnati home

The striking beauty of color which Mr. G. Wilshire Runck of Cincinnati, Ohio, has obtained for his roof by the use of weathered brown, slate surfaced shingles has been greatly admired.

Indeed, not a few of those who saw this roof decided to add to the beauty of their homes in the same way.

This new color, *weathered brown*, gives to your roof the rich, mellow tones of harvested fields in autumn, permanently fixed in gems of slate. Weathering only enriches and deepens its rare beauty.

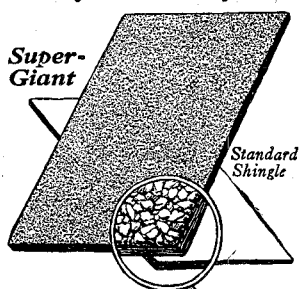
Weathered brown is found only in the Richardson quarries of Georgia, permanently fixed in slate. Such exclusive color in millions of tiny slate flakes not only gives a roof new beauty but also seals each shingle securely against weather and fire hazards.

The Richardson Multicrome Roof

This, however, is but one example of the beauty secured in the Richard-

son Multicrome Roof. Many other effects are possible—one to harmonize with every color scheme and sure to please your taste. Weathered brown, for instance, has also proved popular when applied in combination with other Richardson Shingles of *jade green*, *tile red* or *black pearl*. And the new *opal* roof, built from Richardson opal shingles is greatly admired by both architects and home owners everywhere.

The new colors, opal and weathered brown, are used only on the Richardson Super-Giant Shingle—famous for its beauty and endurance.



The Super-Giant Shingle—50% thicker, 100% more rigid, and 35% more economical in cost of laying

With its inner foundation of Richardson felt, for fifty years recognized as the best; coated and saturated with Viskalt, the vacuum-processed waterproofing, 99.8% pure bitumen, the Super-Giant assures lasting beauty for your roof.

Prove the facts yourself

Go to your nearest dealer in lumber, hardware,

or building material, or to your contractor, and ask to see the color combinations in Richardson Multicrome Roofs. Also ask to see the Super-Giant Shingle in weathered brown and opal. Note the rare color and larger size. Then compare it with other shingles—the difference will convince you.

Meanwhile, send for our beautiful new booklet, *Roofs of Distinction*, showing the exclusive color combinations of Richardson Multicrome Roofs, and containing valuable roofing information. Or, ask for our booklet, *Roofing on the Farm*. Just use the coupon below.

* * *

For every roofing need there is a Richardson product—from Lok-Top Asphalt Shingles to Rubbertex Roll Roofing with Pyramid Kaps. If you are an accredited distributor of building materials, perhaps you can secure the Richardson franchise for your territory. Just write us.

The RICHARDSON COMPANY Lockland (Cincinnati) Ohio

Chicago New Orleans New York City
Atlanta Dallas

Clip and mail this coupon

The Richardson Company,
Dept. 59-F, Lockland, Ohio.
Gentlemen: I am considering roofing for

(types of buildings)
Please send me
☐ Roofs of Distinction
☐ Roofing on the Farm
(Check booklet wanted)

Name

Address

RICHARDSON ROOFING

© 1924, The Richardson Company

Are pipe-smokers less selfish than other people?

A lot of evidence points
that way—maybe some
reader can explain it

One can't imagine an ordinary citizen going about telling all his friends where he bought the suit that fits him so well or urging upon his acquaintances the merits of a certain make of shoes—but it's *different* with pipe-smokers and their tobacco.

Most of them, apparently, won't rest until they have shared their favorite tobacco with every smoking friend.

Read this:

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Barrington, Ill.

Gentlemen:

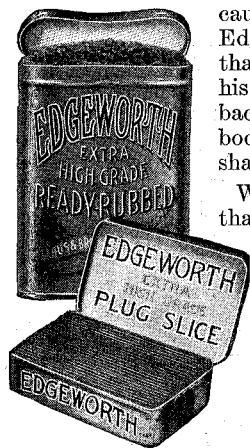
I wish to take this opportunity of telling you what I think of Edgeworth. Until some months ago I smoked other brands of pipe tobacco and never was satisfied with any of them—never could get any satisfaction from a pipeful. I just happened upon an advertisement one day of yours and asked you to send me some free samples. And ever since I have been smoking it with great pleasure.

At the present time I am working with the Telephone Company and out of twenty men in the gang, fourteen of them smoke Edgeworth now. They never heard of it until I came into the gang.

Yours with satisfaction,

Arthur H. Pflum.

We have chosen Mr. Pflum's letter from among hundreds because he is typical of Edgeworth smokers in that, being happy in his own choice of tobacco, he wants everybody within reach to share his happiness!



We are glad to know that Mr. Pflum has created fourteen new Edgeworth smokers, for experience has shown that they will continue to smoke Edgeworth and every permanent Edgeworth smoker is

living proof that we know our job.

Of course, we don't expect every man to like Edgeworth—but fourteen out of twenty is a pretty good showing.

We'd like mightily to have you pass judgment on Edgeworth. Perhaps you can tell us, then, just what it is that causes our tobacco to make friends and hold them.

Let us send you a free sample of Edgeworth so that you can decide whether you are one of six or one of fourteen. Address Larus & Brother Company, 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

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WHY THE EMPIRE IS WORRIED ABOUT THE PRINCE

THE BRITISH EMPIRE, including privy counselors, knights of the royal bedchamber, assorted dukes, earls, butlers, governors of provinces and lord high commissioners, down to 'Arry and 'Arriet

strolling of an evening on the Thames embankment, seems to be much upset by the recent actions of the Prince of Wales. What can you do when the heir to the greatest throne in the world, the only one of any particular prominence or solidity, stedfastly refuses to marry, and with equal stedfastness seems determined to break his royal neck. The Prince's millions of respectful admirers and future subjects don't know whether to laugh, weep, or be indignant. For King George and his constitutional advisers, anyway, so announces an ex-member

of the British Parliament in a recent newspaper interview, "the perplexity has long ceased to have an amusing aspect." The Prince is credited with "numerous and interesting escapades," most of which don't get into the newspapers, as well as with "frequent and often dangerous tumbles in the hunting-fields, and his obstinate refusal to marry a wife and so continue the ancient dynasty." All this, says the ex-member of Parliament, P. W. Wilson, writing in the *New York Times*, has developed into "a serious affair of State." The English writer recapitulates and explains:

Within two years the heir to the throne, when riding, has sustained all told a dozen accidents, in which he has badly sprained an ankle, broken a collar-bone and suffered kicks in the face that, but for luck, might have proved fatal.

The throne of England is to-day the sole political link between Dominions and dependencies in all five continents, which include 450,000,000 persons, or more than one-quarter of the entire human race. The war that shattered the formidable monarchies of Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary, actually added new realms to this far-flung empire. And it is of this unprecedented heritage that the Prince of Wales says in effect:

"My kingdom for a horse."

It can not be argued that, during his brief and brilliant career, the Prince has to complain of any failure—save perhaps in parts of India—to be received with every demonstration of loyal enthusiasm. And even in India, there was nothing personal to the Prince in the Ghandist boy-

cott. Wherever he has gone, with this one exception, the Prince of Wales has won an acclaim never exceeded and seldom equaled in the case of King Edward and Queen Victoria.

And it is this well-earned popularity,

recognized as an invaluable asset for peace and good-will among men, both in the East and in the West, that the Prince of Wales now stakes on the always perilous hazard of a steeplechase. Riding to hounds and racing point to point have been sports that involve risks even for the most expert horsemen. While the Prince of Wales is plucky, he is not, even to-day, a good rider. On a horse, he does not, as the saying goes, sit well. And this fact is not a little responsible for his exceptional toll of mishaps.

If the Prince of Wales had been a Hohenzollern, points out the writer, he would have been compelled in several

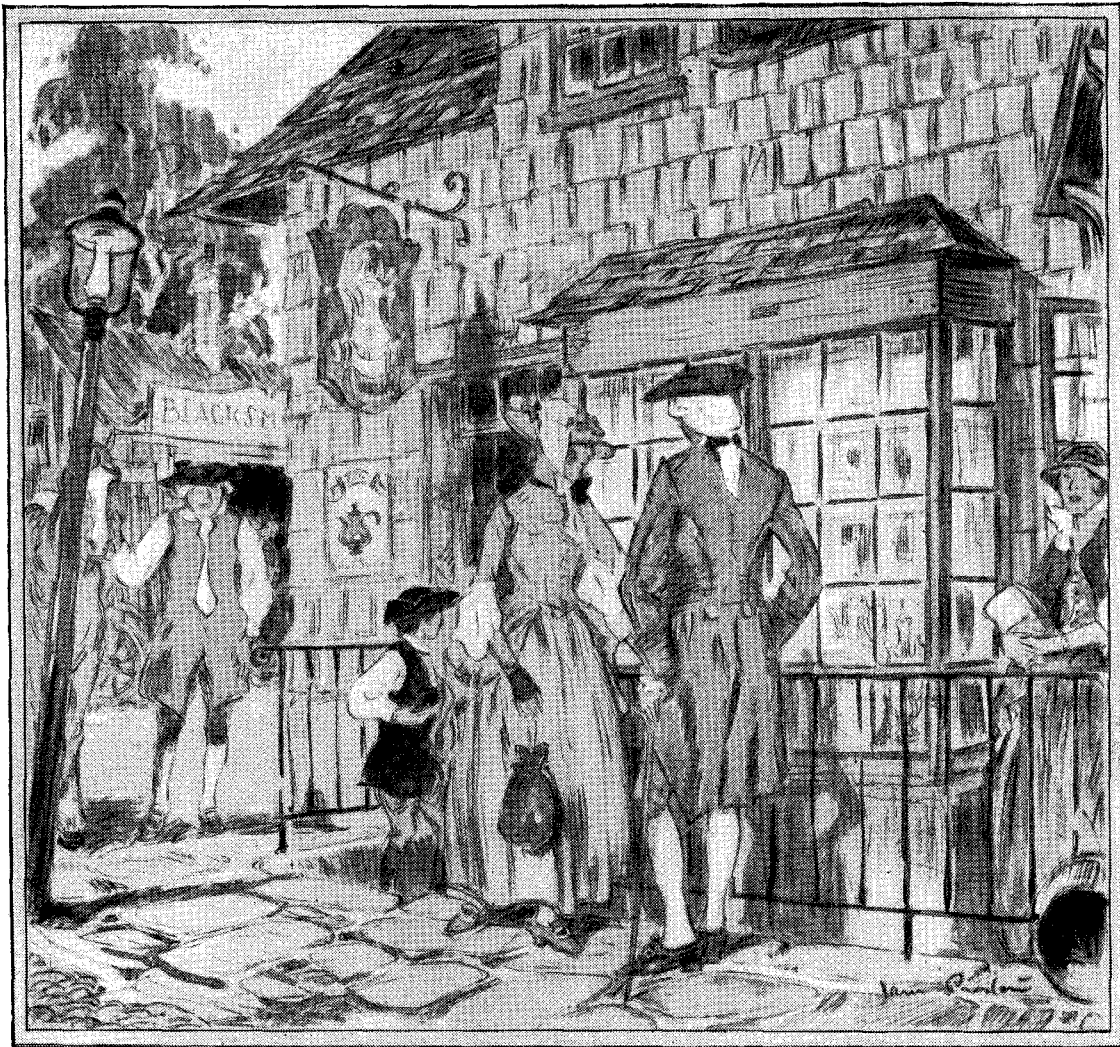
matters to bow to "reasons of State." For—

In Prussia, when Prussia had an Emperor or King, a Prince of the blood could be disciplined, when necessary, as an officer in the conscript army. Any Crown Prince endangering the succession by his undue hardihood would be promptly recalled to military duty, ordered to join some garrison and kept there fully occupied with the safe routine of the parade ground and the messroom until his ardor for leaping over ditches and five-barred gates had been abated.

The Prince of Wales is also an officer. But to send him back into the Army, even if this were in accordance with British custom, would be to interrupt his usefulness. His day's work is to walk about and be seen. It is only as a free man that he can be his own charming self. Besides, the very sports which the Prince pursues are the sports which appeal to a first-class regiment. Just as the Prince despises tennis and is bored by golf, preferring horseflesh, so do the colonels and captains at Aldershot with whom he would associate.

The British Army is the last place in the world where a young aristocrat learns to substitute caution for courage. And the safe place for the Prince of Wales is not a battalion but a bazaar. The fact is that danger has always been the personal hobby of the Hanoverians. At the Battle of Dettingen that choleric little King called George II, from whom the Prince of Wales is descended both on his mother's and his father's side, had his horse shot under him, but proceeded to charge the French on foot, crying: "Now, I can't run away."

And so with the Prince of Wales. Fighting in France as Captain Windsor, he made it his business to keep as far as possible



at the "SIGN of the SILVER KETTLE"

THE early Connecticut silversmith plied his craft in a story-and-a-half shop beside the village street. The people who were his market often passed his door. The glow of his fires and the tapping of his hammers accompanied their daily round of affairs.

His great sign with its silver kettle was among the landmarks of the village. Small boys and girls first noticed it as they toddled along the street beside their elders. It took on greater significance when they grew to know the worker, to appreciate his art, and needed silverware for their own homes. Always the sign was a simple reminder to the townsmen that here silverware was sold. For the craftsman it was sufficient advertising; because his wares were known, his market near-by and his output limited.

But there came a day when machines supplanted much of the hand-toiling of the craftsman. By guiding these machines a manufacturer could now produce more silverware than the

people in his own town or even in his own state could use. He was obliged to seek a wider market among strangers in distant places.

The "Sign of the Silver Kettle" was no longer adequate advertising. Nor could the manufacturer wait for information of his merchandise to be spread slowly and haphazardly by word of mouth. He wished to sell to a whole country, and he must find a way to talk to a whole country.

Advertising on the printed page was the method that met his needs. Into the homes of all the people it took information of his product as detailed as that which patrons at the "Sign of the Silver Kettle" had gained for themselves. In far cities it instilled confidence in the manufacturer such as these neighbors had had in the craftsman. It cut down distances and annihilated time. It was as logically the right kind of advertising for the manufacturer who would sell to a nation as was the sign on the street for the craftsman who sold to a village!

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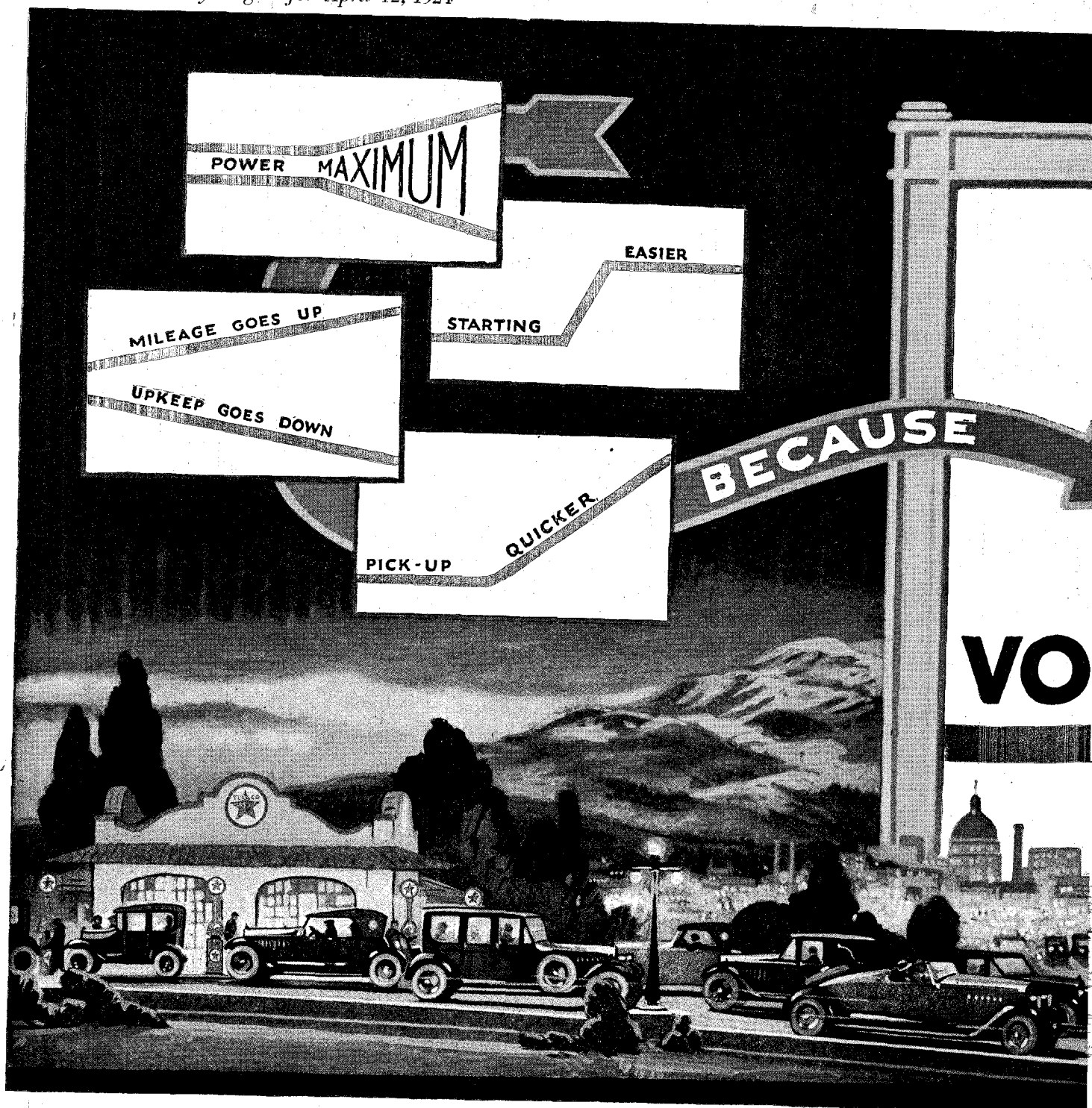
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The *volatility* of a motor fuel is proved by the readiness with which that fuel gives up its power—the eagerness of that liquid to expand into a cloud of explosive vapor.

That's why Texaco Gasoline is called the *volatile* gas.

On every highway and in every motoring center the red Texaco star shows where to get it.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

Run it with Texaco Gasoline Save it with Texaco Motor Oil

ACCO

MOTOR OILS

ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing

It's so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contact or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person's teeth when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclean, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And all the while this same analysis is being made of you.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem—finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you *know* it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—**LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.**

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

Large Tube—25 cents

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

under fire. When the inconvenience of this idiosyncrasy was pointed out to him, "the boy," as he was called, would answer: "Suppose I am killed—I have four brothers."

"I can let you be shot," retorted Earl Kitchener grimly, "but I can not allow you to be taken prisoner."

One might have supposed that the subtle pressure of the Court and of society would have restrained the Prince, remarks Mr. Wilson, but it appears that this is not the case. According to the writer:

The Prince is by no means "the prisoner of Buckingham Palace." At St. James's Palace he has his own independent household. He can go out and return when he likes, and on one occasion he returned through the skylight.

Nor must we suppose that the Court and society always pull the same way. Under King George the Court is mid-Victorian in its correectitude. So conservative is Queen Mary in dress that at one drawing-room the entire west end of London was hard put to it to lengthen and otherwise amplify the skirts of ladies who but for these alterations would have been excluded from the presence. On her marriage with the Duke of York the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was graciously received by her august father-in-law as "your Royal Highness," yet it was soon made clear to "her Royal Highness" that a King's daughter-in-law must not be seen dancing at a public resort, however exclusive it may be and however expensive. Indeed, under the domestic rule of Queen Mary it was long before her daughter, the Viscountess Lascelles, could assail the ears of majesty even with the most subdued strains of jazz.

However wholesome may be these restraints, it is idle to pretend that the smart set in town accepts them without chafing. And it is in the smart set that the Prince of Wales, when off duty, lives and moves and has his being. When he buys a silk hat, so do a thousand other fashionable denizens of the clubs in Pall Mall. If the Prince can wear a waistcoat with one button, then an allowance of one button must suffice for his admirers, however rotund may be their embarrassed physique. The bat-wing tie and lawyer's tab for a collar also became the immediate fashion when adopted by the Prince of Wales. And his resumption of evening dress stopt the easy-going custom among men of omitting this formality at dinner.

It may be suggested that Parliament should intervene to keep the Prince in the straight and narrow path of physical safety, but, says Mr. Wilson:

Under the British Constitution, the Prince of Wales is not bound by the advice of Ministers; and even in the case of the King, that advice has seldom, if ever, extended to personal habits. In the House of Commons such discussions have been usually ruled out of order, which, I think, would have been Speaker Lowther's decision. His successor, Speaker Whitley, is, perhaps, more democratic in his leanings, and on appeal last week he took the position that he had no voice, save as the House directed him to speak, which means that a debate would be permitted.

Yet what exactly can the House of Commons do about it? Suppose that an act were passed forbidding the Prince of Wales to ride a horse; who would prosecute him if he broke the law? Yet if he is to ride at all, how can you by law prevent him, like Jehu, riding furiously? Then, can you blame the horse if things happen? Are horses to be indicted for high treason merely because the heir to the throne can not retain the saddle on their backs?

After all, there is no authority in this case except public opinion, and to public opinion the Prince of Wales is only partially amenable. It was, in fact, the jockeys themselves who begged him not to compete with them. They could not let him lose as he ought to lose. And they could not let him win without themselves losing their reputations.

For a thousand years the British aristocracy has lived much of its life out-of-doors and on the back of a horse. The ancient estates may be sold, but as the Prince has himself said in a speech, the house parties still continue to meet on the hunting-field. And farmers are still requested to keep barbed-wire out of the hedge-rows. In one season the Prince attended ten of these famous meets. And he boasted that he was helping to maintain one of those glorious institutions on which depended at once the British Empire and the breed of horses. Undoubtedly there is something to be said on his side.

"But why doesn't he marry?" asks the writer. There are considerations a-plenty, such as the fact that:

In June he will be thirty years old, and it surely is time that he have a home of his own. On this delicate matter the Prince asks why, if Queen Elizabeth was a virgin Queen, he may not be successful as a bachelor King? As "the best and most popular of bachelors," he has been toasted by bachelors in the House of Commons, dining together at a table decorated with love-in-a-mist and love-lies-bleeding. The staid company was addressed by so respectable a theologian as Lord Hugh Cecil, who claimed that he had "climbed to the summit of the rock" and was "safe from the cruel devouring foam of aggressive femininity." It was at this dinner that Sir Robert Horne declared:

"We are told that women no longer run after men. Don't believe it. The mouse-trap never runs after the mouse"—a simile which perhaps breaks down under close analysis. Anyway, as a mouse-trap the Prince of Wales has no intention of being caught by the mouse. When he was in the United States he danced "several times" with a number of delightful American girls, and there are now few American girls, at any rate in Washington, with whom, apparently, he did not dance at least once. But one by one, these attractive eligibles have been happily married to somebody else.

From Canada we hear the same story, points out the writer; and in England the Prince of Wales, while ready enough for the ballroom, has apparently set his face as adamant against the altar." He has had plenty of "openings," as to wit:

After touring around the world, he returns home to find a certain dark-eyed Princess Yolanda, eldest daughter of the King of Italy, quietly awaiting him at Buckingham Palace as a guest. And



THE BUSINESS OF RUNNING A HOME

THE man and woman whose home is run upon a business basis have found the secret of contentment. Their happiness is not disturbed by financial misunderstandings. Whether it is large or small, their income is disbursed so as to bring them the greatest possible comfort and pleasure.

Perhaps the greatest element of contentment in such a home comes from provision for the future. This man and woman have banished the spectres of unemployment, sickness and death. They have made permanent prosperity certain. They have done this through the proper use of life insurance.

If you would learn how life insurance can bring contentment into your home, it will pay you to enlist the service of a Phoenix Mutual representative. You will find him an intelligent,

competent adviser—a man who has been specially trained in the uses of life insurance, whose business it is to show you new ways in which you can protect your wife and children through life insurance.

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MICHELIN
Balloon
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WITHOUT changing rims or wheels you can now equip your car with Michelin Comfort Cord Balloon Tires that will make every road a boulevard for you.

Twice as big as ordinary cords, but inflated to less than half the pressure, these remarkable tires float over rough spots and holes, over cobbles and tracks, almost as though these obstructions did not exist.

And by eliminating jolts and jars, Michelin Comfort Cords greatly lengthen the life of your car. Tests indicate the increase is as much as 50%. That means a saving of hundreds of dollars, the greatest advance of many years in motoring economy.

In the Ford size, Michelin Comfort Cords are the only balloon tires that can be used without changing rims. All other makes require replacement of clincher rims with straight sides.

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A full line of balloon tires, including a Ford Clincher.

No change of rims or wheels required.

PERSONAL GLIMPSSES
Continued

title details like a change of religion could doubtless have been pleasantly adjusted. But it came to nothing. Then, only last summer, that stately and masterful lady, Queen Marie of Roumania, arrived in London with her still youthful but fascinating daughter, the Princess Ileana.

As matchmaker "the godmother of the Balkans" has registered more than one success. She settled one daughter on the throne of Greece and another on the throne of Jugo-Slavia, and it was not her fault if Greece preferred a republic. But little Ileana, aged fourteen years, did not win the fairy prince.

Princess Marie-José of Belgium was also mentioned, but the Prince stood firm. He laid it down as a general principle that if he married at all, it would be a British lady. And of this most gratifying preference British ladies were quick to show their appreciation. But here again the desired event did not, as we slaves of the pen sometimes put it, transpire. There was the pretty young widow, Lady Joan Mulholland, lady-in-waiting to Princess Mary, whom an admiring brother would accompany when his sister went shopping. But Lady Joan as her second husband chose the Earl of Cavan, and, despite his sprained ankle, the Prince of Wales limped his way to the wedding in Mayfair amid the cheers of the assembled multitude.

Then there appeared in the movies the then unfamiliar face of Lady Rachel Cavendish, a bridesmaid of the Princess Mary and fourth daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. About her suitability as prospective Queen there could be no question. She was an intimate friend of the royal family, and thoroughly approved by their discerning and critical Majesties. But the Prince of Wales was negative, and Lady Rachel showed her spirit by marrying promptly the Hon. James Stuart, third son of the Earl of Moray, a Captain in the Scots Guards and equerry to the Duke of York.

Again there was Lady Mary Cambridge, a cousin of the Prince, who perhaps might have been queen, but here again some difficulty arose, and Lady Mary Cambridge is to-day the Marchioness of Worcester. The rumor that the Prince had fallen in love with Olive, a daughter of Lord Blythwood, was quickly denied by the young lady's parents, and the other name at which gossip has hinted is Lady Mary Beatrice Thynne, the youngest daughter of the Marquis of Bath.

The Rev. Albert Victor Baillie, Dean of Windsor, who ought to know about it, if anybody does, has said that "when the Prince of Wales marries, it will be a love match—not a marriage on instructions. He has been traveling a great deal and perhaps is a bit restless and unwilling to settle down as yet." While restless is a less emphatic term than, let us say, feverish, the above opinion represents broadly the state of the case.

Hence the fact, we are assured, that the Prince is only too willing to pay the expenses of any brother of his who saves him the trouble of marrying. Thus, runs the report:

His approval of the York wedding was a good deal more outspoken than any satisfaction which he may or may not have felt over his sister's acceptance of Viscount

Springfield, Missouri

the youngest brother, Prince George, aged twenty-one years, likes to marry Lady Alexandra Curzon, with whom he has just had so delightful a time on the Riviera, duly chaperoned by Lady Alexandra's elder sister, the Lady Cynthia Mosley, then, so far as the Prince of Wales is concerned, it is a case of encouraging George to go ahead. Such a marriage would, of course, bring the family of Leiter in Chicago into the innermost circles of British royalty.

Under all these circumstances one need scarcely add that, according to the general impression, the Prince of Wales, being a Prince, must be enveloped by an atmosphere of more or less fictitious romance. Under a gay and debonair demeanor he conceals—so it must be—a secret and hopeless passion for some unattainable goddess! If he visits the Grafton Galleries for a little dancing, and if he, with his own hands, sometimes mixes a cocktail, it is in order to forget—it is grand tragedy expressed in light comedy—and the gnawing agony of a broken heart is signified in the nervous adjustment of a neat necktie! Here also names are mentioned; so many names, that unless the Prince of Wales has several hearts to be broken, we may assume perhaps a certain safety in numbers.

In such sensational stuff you may begin by subtracting 90 per cent. as fiction and expecting not more than 10 per cent. of truth. "Wales" is far too busy to be bad. Naturally shy, he has forced himself to fulfil interminable programs of public engagements, which, despite his smile, become sheer purgatory. The wearisome reiteration of the national anthem has almost turned him into a Republican, it is said, and there are intervals when this long-suffering bond-servant of the public can stand no more of it. He then relaxes.

As he has been allowed no time to read, you can not expect him to play recluse. Having interested and entertained others, is it not unreasonable, he thinks, that others should interest and entertain him. In his case, as in the case of King Edward, it is not wicked company that he enjoys, but witty company. It is not in vice but in vivacity that he seeks a diversion. If he attends a revue, as he has been known to do even in New York—and, after all, others besides the Prince of Wales sometimes attend revues—and if he sometimes finds solace in supper and in stories told at supper, there is no reason to suppose that the supper is different from other suppers or the stories different from other stories. The Prince, like the rest of us, is the better for a good laugh.

For however inexplicable it may seem to be on grounds of strict logic, the fact remains that this man, who is what he is solely because he happens to be the son of his father, can not show his face in any British city, say Bradford, without stopping every mine and factory, closing every store, emptying every school and college and crowding every roof, pavement and window to suffocation. The entire community downs tools and resigns itself to the supreme task of seeing, hearing and shaking hands with a modest and indeed nervous young man.

Wells may talk about "the inanity" of "Wales," but with all his literary success H. G. Wells has not reached one-hundredth of the people who have come into contact with Edward, P. The money that Wales influences is only to be reckoned in billions of dollars. To whatever object he subscribes, anybody who is anybody must also send a subscription, and in the case of the British Empire Exhibition, which was felt

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MAGAZINE writers say that the woman's vote has helped to improve politics. There is no argument that, for many national reforms and new standards of quality, we all owe thanks to the intelligent, constructive perseverance of the American Housewife.

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AS YOU know, DAIRYLEA is the concentrated wholesomeness of the purest, fresh bottle milk and is produced in New York State, where milk laws are most stringent. It is the world's most safe-guarded milk—the same milk which U. S. Senator Copeland, when Health Commissioner of New York City, called "the best in the world."

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Be sure of this can.



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One Dr. West's Tooth Brush will keep your teeth sound—your gums firm and healthy. But the convenience and economy of using two Dr. West's, alternately, appeals to many who are particularly careful of their teeth and gums.

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A special massage brush in the Patented Dr. West's design to invigorate the gums. Bristles are super-quality, extra stiff, with ivory, pyroxylin handle. Price 75c. Ask your dealer.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

to be a heavy burden, his characteristic epithets at once raised an extra one hundred million dollars. At this moment all that is north of the Tweed in Britain is demanding that the Prince of Wales shall be allowed to resume the ancient title of Prince of Scotland, and the precedents for nearly a thousand years are being examined.

It is thus no use for the Prince of Wales to pretend that he does not matter. Sentiment is here of an enormous importance. And if a prince is a prince at all, his person is held by millions to be sacred. It may be a nuisance. It may mean a life of terrifying drudgery. It may be the hardest of hard luck. But one fears that there is no escape for Captain Windsor. His name is on the draft and he can not quit. His business is inevitably the King business, and he is far too efficient at it to be spared before the business has really begun. The Prince can command, therefore, a whole world of sympathy. But, in his own phrase, he must still "carry on."

He doesn't want to "carry on," according to a report cabled from London by the New York *Herald Tribune* Bureau. In fact, according to this dispatch, it is "common talk" in London that the Prince has no great hankering to become the next King of England. The London *Daily Herald*, a Labor paper, in the course of "a sharp rebuke to the Prince for continuing to risk his neck," is credited with the statement that:

There is a wide-spread impression, based on reported utterances of his own, that he would rather be a private citizen.

The dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, which contains the above quotation, continues:

His persistent refusal to wed, despite family and public pressure brought to bear on him, is regarded as supporting the belief that he plans to renounce the succession.

There has been no precedent in British history for such renunciation, altho there have been some cases of that kind on the part of some of the continental monarchies. The question promises to be brought in the near future to a showdown as a result of the Prince's accident of last Saturday, the effects of which still remain.

Aside from newspaper comments on the Prince's passion for hard rides, the fact that anxiety concerning the risks he runs should have found expression in a question put to the Speaker of the House of Commons, is striking evidence of the deep and wide-spread character of this anxiety.

All week long the editorial writers have been insistent that the Prince ought to give assurance that he will cut out steeplechasing. The only discordant note was that struck by the Liberal *Westminster Gazette*, which avers:

"The fact is, that while every one would be profoundly grieved if a really serious accident befell the prince, nobody would admire him more for allowing himself to be mollycoddled."

Most other comments do not go the lengths of those in *The Daily Herald*, which charges it is time the Prince took life more seriously and devoted his energies to occupations more worth while than hunting and steeplechasing during the day and dancing all night.

But while it is conceded elsewhere that the Prince, as the hardest working public man in the country, is entitled to his favorite recreation, it is contended he ought to deny himself the luxury of gambling with his life, the more especially as he is not a prudent rider.

The Prince's mail-bags at York House are burdened with letters from the public voicing the same point of view. It is not suggested that he give up riding and hunting generally, but simply should make it his first policy not to partake in steeplechasing or cross-country racing, and also he should ride less recklessly to hounds.

There is reason to believe that King George, who is more responsive to the movements of public opinion, will use his utmost influence with the Prince to have him agree with this decision, and there is a demand also that Premier MacDonald should formally offer advice to the royal heir. The attitude of the Prince toward this public pressure remains to be disclosed.

Some of those closest to him are doubtful whether the present public outcry is altogether well advised. It is suggested in these quarters that imposition of further restraints on his liberty of action would be the most likely way of having him throw up succession to the royal office, for which he is widely believed to have the greatest distaste.

The concern of the British press, especially of those who seem to think "the world's most promising career" would be ended if the Prince met a fatal accident, suggests to the *Pittsburgh Gazette Times's* editorial comment to the effect that:

It is evident from this that Great Britain still has those who worship royalty and are willing to make themselves ridiculous to exhibit their loyalty.

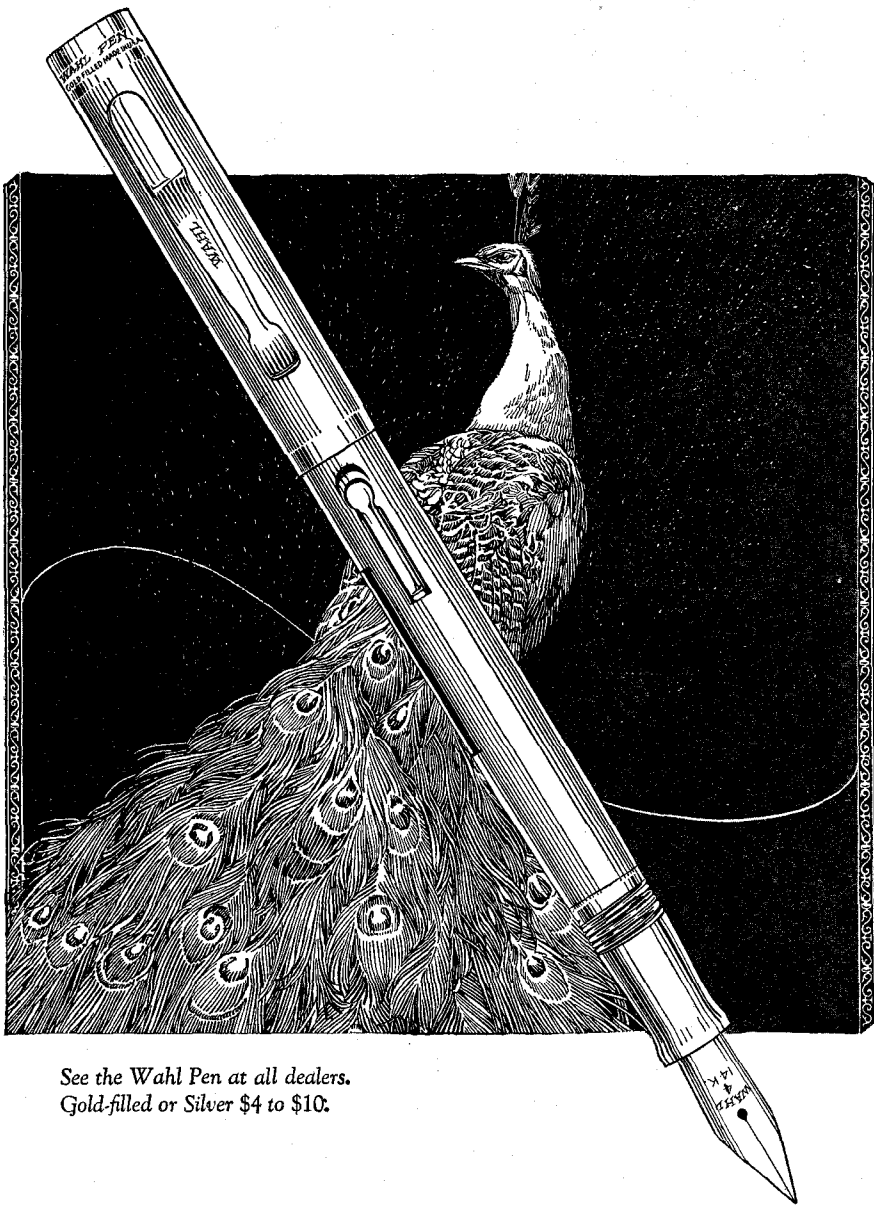
Doubtless the chief thing at stake in the Prince's devotion to rather dangerous sports is his own bodily welfare. Being popular, a fatal accident would be a shock, but it would not necessarily affect the future of the British Government a particle. Had the monarch any real authority it might make a great difference as to the occupant of the throne. The present King succeeded to his brother's claim.

The Prince of Wales appears to resemble others rather youthful in that he wants to live his own life. Perhaps he feels that tumbling off a horse now and then is "the life." In other respects, too, he is reluctant to accept suggestions. This would indicate that he is somewhat stubborn, which is not an undesirable trait under many circumstances. If he yields to the advice that is being tendered him, he may do something toward insuring his bodily welfare, but he may lose some of the acclaim which has gone to him as a "regular feller."

As for the Prince himself, let him run "sporting chances" if it pleases him, advises the Boston *Crown Prince*, who has settled down to the job of farm-machinery salesman. *The Herald* speculates with regard to Wales and his reckless riding:

Perhaps he is a fatalist and believes that a Prince born to be a King will never be killed as a jockey in the field, but it would not be a comfortable throne if one had to be taken to it in a wheel-chair.

But at that Wales may have in him some of the possibilities of Henry V, whose escapades as a Prince were even more reckless, and yet who proved every inch a King



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points guaranteed.

FOR every hand that writes, for every man or woman who uses a fountain pen, there is a new idea—a beautiful, all-metal Wahl Pen of gold or silver.

Wooden pencils gave way to Ever-sharp metal pencils. The metal pen is just as modern and just as logical a development. For the Wahl Pen is practically indestructible. Drop it, lean against it, screw the cap too hard—nothing will break.

The all-metal barrel, thin yet strong, gives greatly increased ink capacity. Its better balance—the feel of the pen in your fingers—makes writing easier, smoother. The beautiful finish carries the Wahl Metal Pen into the hands of

men and women who appreciate the best in life, who know that fine, efficient instruments are definite factors in producing good work.

What made the Wahl Metal Pen possible

The self-filling fountain pen brought into use the rubber sac which actually holds the supply of ink.

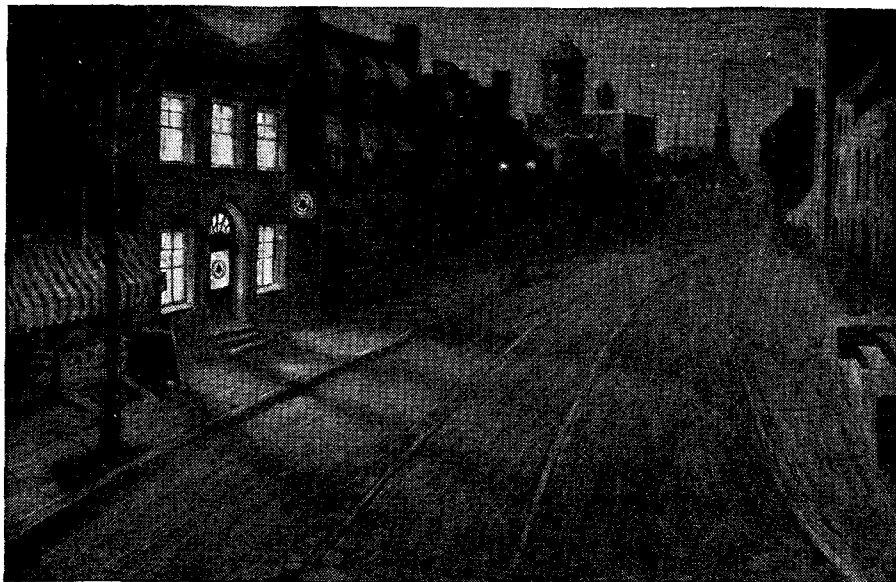
Formerly the ink was contained in the barrel of the pen itself. And so it was necessary to use a material that the acid in the ink would not eat away.

The use of the rubber sac made possible the modern Wahl Metal Pen. The Wahl metal construction gives greater strength, greater ink capacity, and the beauty which is found only in engraved gold or silver.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO

Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

WAHL PEN



In the Dead of Night

In the dead of night fire breaks out—the alarm must be given. A child is taken sick—the doctor must be called. A thief enters the home—the police must be located.

In the dead of night the American turns to his telephone, confident he will find it ready for the emergency. He knows that telephone exchanges are open always, the operators at their switchboards, the wires ready to vibrate with his words. He has only to lift the receiver from its hook to hear that calm, prompt "Number, please." The constant availability of his telephone gives him security, and makes his life more effective in wider horizons.

Twenty-four-hour service, which is the standard set by the Bell System, is the exception in the service of Continental Europe. An emergency may occur at any time. Continuous and reliable service has become a part of the social and economic fibre of American life.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

PERSONAL GLIMPSES *Continued*

A PURE IDEALIST IN CONGRESS

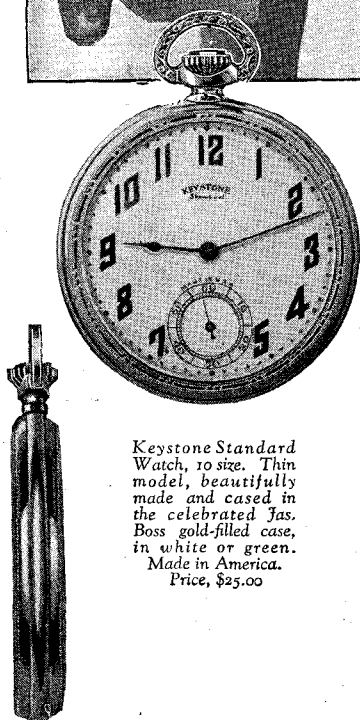
A MAN who is like "one of the old Sunday School story-books come to life," who "lives in constant physical torture," but is nevertheless "a sentimentalist, an idealist, and evangelist," is now reported to be "putting his stuff across," in the somewhat troubled and oleaginous halls of Congress. He has all the old hard-boiled politicians guessing, says a veteran newspaper correspondent, Edward G. Lowry, in *Collier's Weekly*, for he has proved that he can be "a Sunday school idealist," and an active, successful politician too. Just now he is said to be aspiring to become a Governor, Senator, or even Vice-President. He is Representative William David Upshaw, of Georgia, and he has had an amazing career, reports Mr. Lowry, "because he believes in all the copy-book maxims." Mr. Lowry's brief sketch of his life and character runs:

When Upshaw was eighteen years old and working on his father's farm in Cobb County, Georgia, he fell off a load of wood and hurt his back. He lived in exquisite torment and did not walk a step for seven years. Any vibration caused him such agony that holes were cut through the floor and his bed supported on four tree-trunks that rested in the ground. He was condemned by the doctors to be a bedridden invalid for the few remaining days or weeks of his life. That was forty years ago.

Before Upshaw was hurt, he had been the neighborhood correspondent for the weekly newspaper at the county seat and had written pieces for the old *Sunny South*, published at Atlanta. After a few months in bed, he took up these small tasks again. He signed his contributions "Earnest Willie," a most complete revealing touch. It tells his whole story. He is "Earnest Willie" to-day.

Presently young Upshaw so far improved that he began to be able to move about in a wheel-chair. He was invited to make a speech before a Baptist convention, and accepted. In his first speech in Congress he confessed: "If I know my heart, I came here, as Henry Grady used to say, 'with a sense of consecration,' determined in the language of the country-school patron, to 'sign for a full scholar'—and to be right honest about it. I plead guilty to the soft impeachment of loving to make a speech when I have something to say." Upshaw never has to deny himself on that score. He always feels that he has something to say, or, as he puts it, a message to deliver.

I asked Upshaw once when he became interested in politics, and he replied simply enough: "I was born a patriot. My father taught me around the family altar that if good citizens do not control this Government, bad citizens will. I cast my first vote with a sense of consecration. It was a gala day for me. My heart was exalted. I was hauled seven miles in a wagon, my bed hung on springs, to the old Oregon court ground, where I cast my ballot for that stainless and pure leader, William J. Northen, for Governor. He was our man." Upshaw talks like that. He can't help



Keystone Standard Watch, 10 size. Thin model, beautifully made and cased in the celebrated Jas. Boss gold-filled case, in white or green. Made in America. Price, \$25.00

“What’s wrong with this picture?”

Absolutely nothing. Even the bridegroom’s watch is right.

Keystone Standard Watches are always keeping time and always in keeping no matter what the time, the place (or the girl). They are fine, thin, handsomely designed timepieces—the sort of watch that makes a fellow feel better dressed and up-to-the-minute.

Metal dial with raised numerals, and it’s cased in the celebrated Jas. Boss Gold-Filled Case in white or green.



Made and guaranteed by The Keystone Watch Case Company, sold by jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler does not have it, write us direct and give us his name. Other styles and sizes at correspondingly moderate prices.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., Established 1853
New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

KEYSTONE *Standard* WATCHES

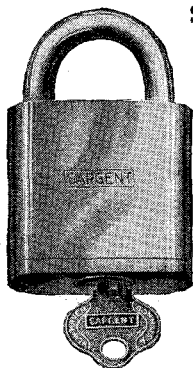


The quality of permanence

THOUGH it is always in accord with the best of architectural design, Sargent Hardware means more to the home than decoration. It possesses, to an unusual degree, the quality of permanence. Solid, time-resisting brass or bronze is used in its making. Each working part represents the finest skill and ingenuity. Through all the years, Sargent Hardware will contribute to the worth and security of the home.

Use Sargent locks, knobs, window catches and other hardware throughout your new home. Select Sargent Easy Spring Locks for inside doors and Sargent Cylinder Easy Spring Locks for exterior doors. The maximum of protection is obtained with these. As an added convenience, cylinder locks for entrance and other outside doors, each of which has its own keys, may be master keyed so that your one key, and only yours, will open all.

There are beautiful Sargent styles to harmonize with every type of home. Write for the Book of Designs, or the Colonial Book for patterns of this period. Select Sargent Hardware with your architect.



SARGENT & COMPANY
Hardware Manufacturers
40 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT CYLINDER PADLOCKS

This type is as impregnable as the Sargent Cylinder Lock for house doors. Pry it, twist it, beat upon it. Only the proper key will open it. It affords real security on tire rack, garage, tool-house or locker doors and chests of valuables. It may be master keyed in combination with your house locks.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

it. He thinks in that strain. It is his natural manner of expression.

Making a casual reference to one of his competitors in his first race for Congress, reports Mr. Lowry, he said in the House:

"No knightlier spirit than Edgar Watkins ever went to worthy combat or shivered lance at Camelot or Stirling." Just like that; it's unusual in these arid days. Mr. Watkins is a lawyer in Atlanta. No one but Upshaw could ever think of him naturally and unaffectedly as one of those who might have shivered a lance at Camelot. But our hero lives in that brilliantly colored old romantic world. He knows nothing drab or prosaic.

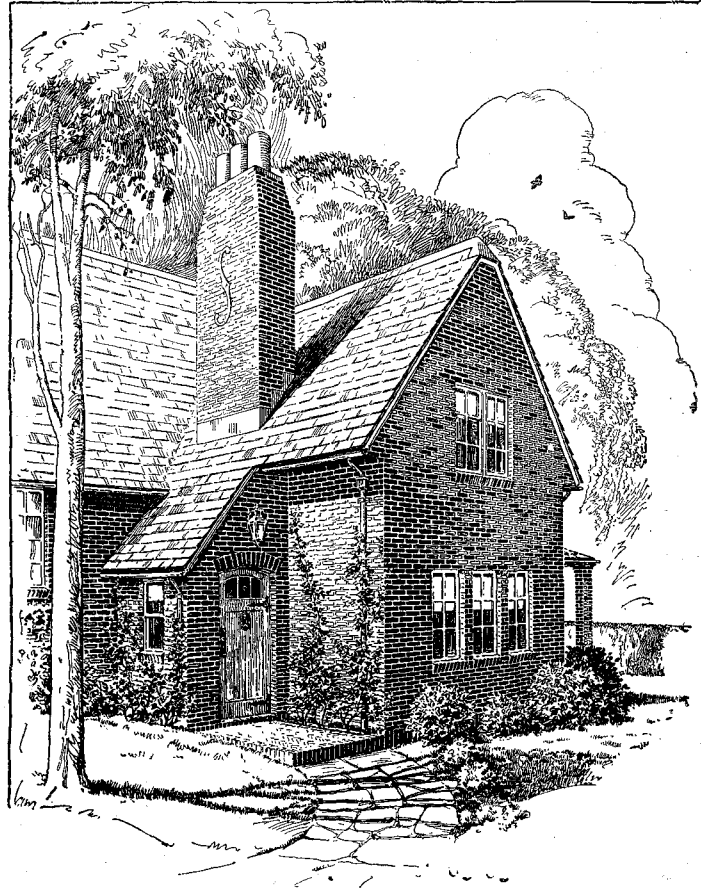
Prohibition, however, says Mr. Lowry, is really his subject. "As a foe of the Demon Rum, he makes some of the old teetotalers look like the original Face on the Barroom Floor." One of his recent speeches concluded as follows:

"Finally, my colleagues, I preach no doctrine that I do not practise. Put a sleuthhound after my tracks from the birthday of my citizenship until this day, and if you find I have not practised the things for which I now plead, I will resign from Congress."

Upshaw made his first public speech in a contraption of his own devising. It looked like one of these wooden lawn-swings with a seat suspended from a crosspiece hung on four springs. Upshaw was taken from his bed and put in this machine, hauled to the railroad in a wagon, and then put in the express car. He was carried out on the platform at Atlanta and spoke sitting in a chair. He is still so fragile that he can not always command enough strength to stand and speak.

He was twenty-six or twenty-seven years old before he was able to move about in a wheel-chair. He collected his "inspirational" and religious sketches into a book and called the volume "Echoes from a Recluse." From the proceeds of this book and platform lectures delivered from his rolling-chair he got enough money to enter college at the age of thirty-one. He had lived all these years in a plaster cast that enveloped his whole body. Now he had it replaced by a steel jacket, which he still wears. It must be a constant torture. It prevents him from sleeping. He works every night until midnight, so as to go to bed thoroughly tired. He is up again by 7 or 7:30. He is at the House Office Building soon after eight o'clock every day. Nine out of every ten Sundays he is away making speeches. In the summer he goes on a Chautauqua circuit. As he says, he loves above all things to make speeches.

But he apparently manages to attend to the affairs of his district and the money chores of his constituents. He comes back to Washington at each election with increasing ease. The first time he had a hard contest against six opponents, all experienced politicians, and some of them of considerable local reputation. On the morning of election day he had less than a dollar in his pocket and not a penny in the bank. As he would never think of saying, he had "shot the works," and he won. The second election was easier, and the third time he made a clean sweep. And Atlanta is a hard-headed business town.



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THE alluring beauty and the long life of the Face Brick house have always appealed to home-builders; and now the American people are discovering that the Face Brick house is also the most economical. Savings in repairs, painting, depreciation, insurance rates, and fuel costs in a few years more than compensate for a slightly higher initial outlay. You will find a full discussion of these significant facts in "The Story of Brick." For your copy address, American Face Brick Association, 1734 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Ill.

Booklets you ought to have:

"*The Story of Brick*," a most artistic, illustrated book with indispensable information for anyone thinking of building. So interesting that it is used as a reader in a number of schools. Sent free. "Invaluable to home-builders. Information well worth \$5.00," says one of hundreds of enthusiastic readers.

"*Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans*" embrace 96 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. They are issued in four booklets, 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; any one of the books, 25 cents. Please send stamps or money order. "I would not part with them for a

hundred times their cost. They are simply invaluable to me."

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BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

TO BEAUTIFY AMERICA WITH NOBLE TREES

IF THE LONG DEAD INDIAN of pioneer days could speak to us, and tell what he regretted most in his lost kingdom of the wilderness, perhaps his heart would ache most for the stately green aisles of the great forests. There, where the deer roamed, and the awkward bear hunted the wild honey, and the birds sang their woodland song, have grown up great cities. But the cities, in their turn, are awakening to the fact that they can beautify their avenues, their parks, and their residences, by planting trees again, until the residential sections of some of our cities, viewed from a distant hill, look like forests dotted with dwellings that peep out here and there among the greenery.

Of quite another type is the American linden, or basswood, but it is a genuine native and very good landscape material. The broad leaf and trim trunk, combined with its close head, adapts it to planting in small yards at points where coarse foliage is desired. It is rather rapid growing and likes moist, loamy slopes. Like the elm, it may be moved readily when it is dormant. Fairly large young trees will not object to being transplanted to a new home, if this is done when there is no sap flowing. This is true of most of our native hardwoods.

Hickory and black walnut should need no introduction. They are a part of the life of nearly every young American. It is strange that when we reach maturity the lure of the Siberian Jam Tree sometimes takes us away from such tried and true friends as the hickory and black walnut. The ideal location for these nut trees is at the edge of a grassy slope, in some river bottom of the Middle West. There at first frost the nuts will fall from the trees and roll to the lower edge of the slope, where one may then easily gather them. In a man-made landscape their location should be similar—in clumps at the edge of sweeping stretches of turf.

If one should have the collecting fever, he might start on the oaks. If it is the desire to collect that leads people so often to buy the imported varieties of untried landscape materials, the oaks will gratify this craving for variety. There are the pin, shingle, burr, swamp, white, scarlet, willow-leaved, chestnut, and red oaks, and more from which to choose.

With oaks in the landscape there is no dullness when fall comes. Jack Frost splashes each as tho with magic tinting, and scarlet, bronze, yellow, and red vie with each other until the beholder is surfeited with the gleaming colors. The dream of the brilliantly colored Jam Tree might come true—if you planted American oaks.

There is an oak for almost every type of landscape. Some are shrubby, while others, like the swamp white oak, lift their

heads high and are most stalwart. Pin, scarlet, red, and burr oaks are medium-sized, compact-headed trees, suitable for small home grounds or for great masses in larger landscapes. Older oaks are transplanted with difficulty, and the smaller ones should be carefully handled when dormant. It is best to plant nursery-grown trees of not more than three inches diameter.

If one's desire for collecting is not satisfied with the oaks, there are the maples to be considered. Among the maples are the striped-bark maple, or moose-wood; the red, scarlet, or swamp, maple; the rock, or sugar, maple; the white, or silver, maple, and the little-known shrubby mountain maple. For a close-headed, clean tree, there is none better than the hard, or sugar, maple. It is as American as Plymouth Rock. Faster-growing, but of softer wood, the soft maple has a very definite place in American landscape. At times it takes the form of great, overarching tree plumes not unlike certain forms of the elm. It can be transplanted easily. If wounds on the soft maple are kept from rotting by painting after the surface has dried, it will last far beyond the average.

The little mountain maple is a shrub, or shrubby tree, sometimes twenty feet in height. It is valuable for high screen or large shrub mass plantings. If it could be given a foreign education and a name of puzzling complexity, it should sell like the



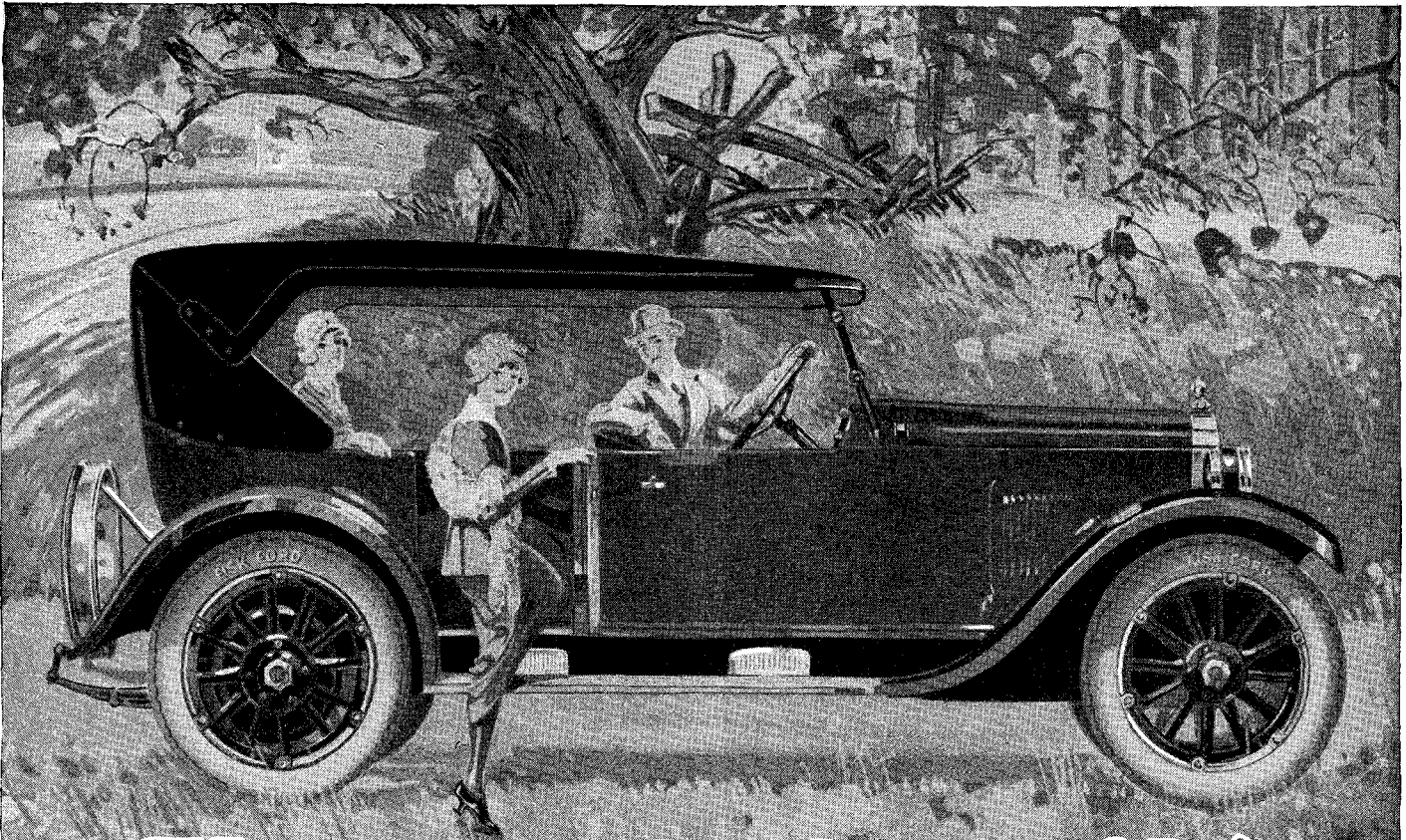
Photograph by Brown Bros

DIGNITY AND FRIENDSHIP IN AN ALLEY OF OLD TREES

This corner of the old Yale Campus, in New Haven, shows an effect obtained by the American elm, considered one of our foremost trees, whether for landscape effects, for adorning "front yards," or "as the crowning beauty of an American street."

Now is the time of year for tree-planting, and Arbor Day is the official date. The piquant suggestion is made by the American Tree Association, of Washington, that we prepare now for the centennial of Arbor Day, in 1972, by planting trees that will be in full growth and beauty then. "Every man or woman who plants a tree performs a really constructive act for the welfare of our nation," they declare, so "try it and see how much better you feel!" The next question naturally is, "What tree?" and Mr. Arthur Hawthorne Carhart, in *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington), makes a plea for the landscape use of the native trees. He says:

There is no tree which has ever been imported which surpasses the American elm for landscape effects. When arching over a house, tossing plummy limbs in the midst of a field, making the canopy in a bit of woods, or as the crowning beauty of an American street, it is supreme. It can be easily established, winds do it little damage, and it harbors few pests. True, there are its moth and scale enemies, but the American elm is quite worth saving, and the shot and shrapnel of appropriate spray should fly thick and fast when these insect nuisances attack a stately elm.



Happiness—And Lots of It!

YOU ARE bound to be happy with a Willys-Knight. Happy in the very beauty of it—in the silky action of it—in the price of it—happy in the way it keeps going on and on without any fussing with the engine.

The Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine is engineered to improve with use. *It does improve with use.* No noisy, hammering cams. No valve-grinding. No bother with carbon. None of the woes of ordinary poppet-valve engines.

This is the same type of engine used in the costliest and most famous cars of Europe. Willys-Knight owners report 50,000 miles and more without so much as touching a tool to the engine.

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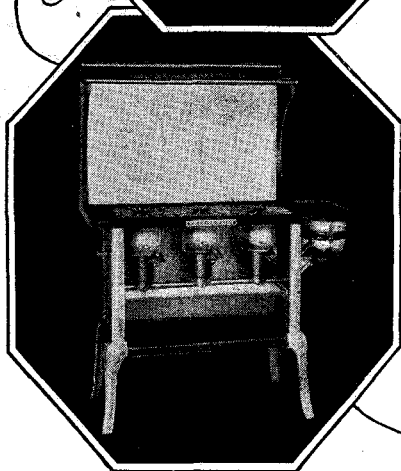
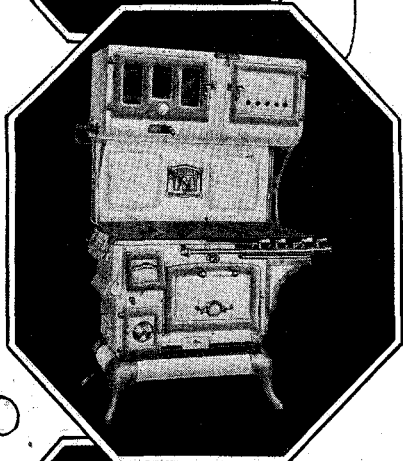
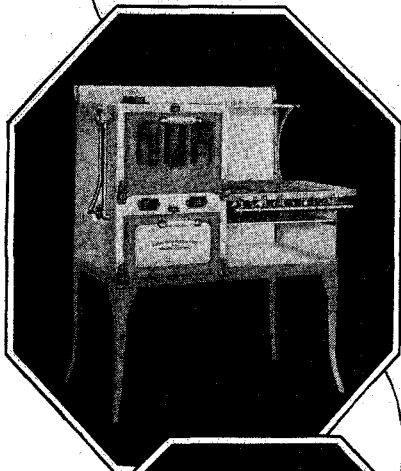
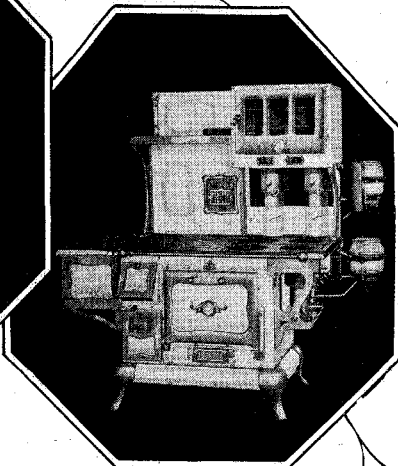
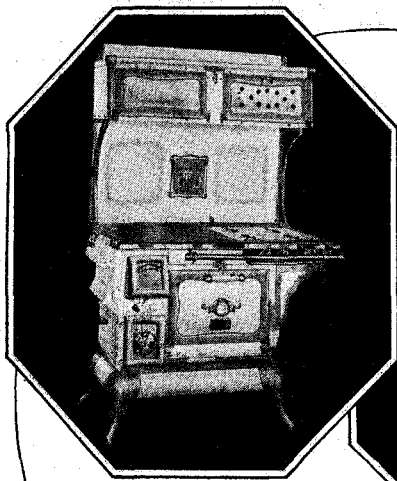
Willys-Knight Models: 2-passenger Roadster \$1175; 5-passenger Touring \$1195; 7-passenger Touring \$1325; 5-passenger Coupe-Sedan (Standard \$1450, De Luxe \$1550); 5-passenger Sedan \$1695 (De Luxe \$1895); 7-passenger Sedan \$1995; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

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The Range that Makes a Perfect Kitchen

Put an Alcazar in your home for the utmost in cooking convenience, comfort and economy.

The highest types of ranges bear this name; not only the celebrated Duplex type of Alcazar which in one model burns coal or wood and gas and in the other model burns wood or coal and kerosene oil, singly or together, but also the finest gas ranges, kerosene gas cook stoves, coal and wood ranges.

The popularity of an Alcazar range is not only attributable to its handsome and graceful appearance, but to its good cooking and splendid baking qualities as well.

The best dealer in your town will show you the Alcazar ranges—just the model for your requirements. See him before you decide—or write us.

Alcazar Range & Heater Co.
407 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

proverbial hot cakes. As the American mountain maple, it is just as good if we will but use it.

American ashes, the hackberry, the lovely, white-stemmed birches, the beeches, the sycamore, certain of the cottonwoods, the larger willows, and the picturesque Kentucky coffee-tree are all good native trees. No more pleasing effect can be secured than by planting some of the drooping varieties of native willows by the shore of a lake; the ashes are clean, of medium size, and good for lawn or street planting. The sycamore is a standard landscape element when a tall-growing, conical hardwood tree is in demand.

All this article attempts is to call attention to the very valuable native hardwood trees which are so often deserted for some gaudily advertised importation. The mission, therefore, could not be fulfilled if attention were not directed to several of the smaller trees of considerable worth because they

IN GOD'S PLACES

By FLORENCE POLK HOLDING

Come, walk the windy heights with me
And feel the furious gusts that blow
Across your brow, and watch below
The mighty trees that bend and bow
To their all-conquering Deity.

Come, walk with me in forests deep,
Where all is still save for the cry
Of some wild bird flung out on high,
Or murmuring wind whose lullaby
Sings the submissive trees to sleep.

—*American Forests and Forest Life.*

adapt themselves to planting near a house, as accent points in shrubbery masses and as specimens on small lawn areas.

First of the group is unquestionably the thorn or hawthorn. The elm is regent of the big trees, but the hawthorn is king of the group of smaller trees. A collector of varieties would be supremely happy accumulating specimens of the various hawthorns. The red-bud and the eastern dogwood bear striking flowers. The trees themselves are not unattractive when not in bloom. The brilliant display of the red-bud or the blossoms of the dogwood, which make the woods snowy with bloom, surpass the flowers of any hardy imported tree. Another excellent member of this group of native flowering ornamental trees is the wild crabapple.

Do you know *Ostrya virginica*? His other names are Ironwood and Buttonwood. This little tree often forms a lower story under the higher arching elms and maples. It flourishes on moist slopes throughout the Middle West, often being mistaken for a young elm. Planted under other trees of greater height or with other shrubs and trees of its size, it is a marked addition to the landscape. All our native trees have homely names. Elm, hickory, ash, alder, poplar, beech, birch, oak, ironwood, dogwood—all suggest plain but sterling characteristics. The lure of the imported tree of curious name may catch your attention, but do not let it draw your money from you.

TREE-LEGENDS AND FABLES

HOW many dramas of childhood joy, young love's hopes and fears; dramas of terror and deep despair, yes, even the last great drama of all, death itself, have been played out, with the forest as a stage! It is not to be wondered at, then, that stories, poems, and legends from the most ancient times have grown up around the forest, or with the trees as their setting. Appropriately for Arbor Day Mr. Walter K. Putney has gathered a few of the legends, and recounts them in *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington) as follows:

The legends about the trees are almost as numerous as those about the birds, and some of them are exceedingly interesting.

The ancient heroes were likened to the oak because of its sturdiness, and in commending good deeds of younger men, a ruler or leader would say, "Be thou like the oak." Keats speaks of the oaks as "Those green-robed senators of mighty woods"; Dryden, "The monarch oak, patriarch of the trees"; and in the *Æneid* we find Virgil speaking of the oak as "Jove's own tree." Perhaps the most famous oak in this country is the "Charter Oak" of Hartford, Connecticut. It was, as will be recalled, the custodian of Connecticut's lost charter.

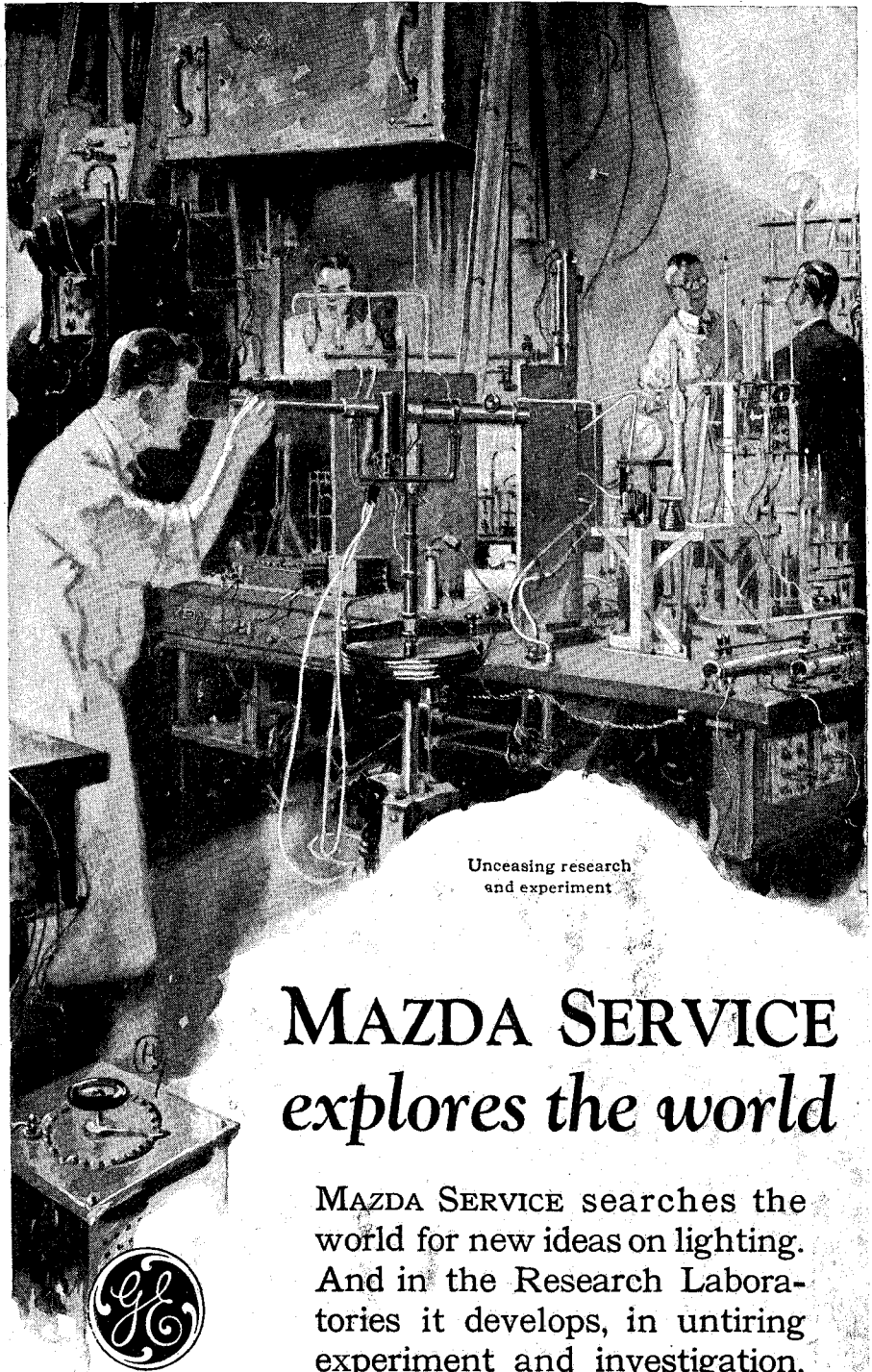
One member of the elm family was the "lotus" of the ancient people, and there is an old legend that tells us that he who once tasted the lotus never wished to return to his native land again. Another legend says that the one who tastes the lotus goes from the sight and knowledge of all friends, living as a stranger in a strange place, nobody ever knowing his fate. The elm, also, has been "winter's saint" and "beauty of winter," as well as "the athlete of winter." Just why this is so may be hard to say, except that when the leaves are gone and the wintry winds blow, the elm shows its true grace, bending to the storms but never breaking.

Another tree "of exceeding grace" is the beech, and this has always been called the true lovers' tree from the earliest days. We are told that the ancients had a custom of pouring wine on the roots of the beech and embracing it, because it was thought that the beech would grant the desires nearest the heart if this were done.

A tree with a very curious history is the sycamore. The sycamore, it is said, is the tree that Joseph and Mary rested under on their flight into Egypt. In old times (twelfth and thirteenth centuries) miracle plays were produced in many European churches, so as to give the people a lot of visual instruction. The sycamore of the East did not grow in Europe, but a tree did grow there which had leaves something like those of the ancient sycamore. It was one of the maple family. Because the tree was known as a "sycamore" in the miracle plays, the name clung, and to-day this same tree is still known as the sycamore, altho it is no relation to the real sycamore.

Another historic tree was the mulberry. An old child-song of play said something about "all around the mulberry bush." The mulberry was known as Minerva's tree because the Greeks dedicated the tree to her. The mulberry was considered a tree of superior wisdom because it was the last of the cultivated trees to open its buds in the spring, and a "weather" sign of old times was to wait until the mulberry had budded before being certain that winter had really departed.

There have been many curious beliefs



Unceasing research
and experiment

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RESEARCH LABORATORIES
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Genasco Latite Shingles are locked together—and clamped firmly to your roof. This means there is no curling, no warping, no bulging. And the wind can't lift them nor drafts get through.

Genasco Latite Shingles are durable because they're weather proofed with the famous Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement. They are beautiful and fire-safe because their exposed surface is a thick layer of natural-colored granulated slate—unfading red, green or blue-black.

Genasco Latite Shingles can be laid right over old, worn out, wood shingles—just as quickly and inexpensively as over new boards. Write for illustrated folders.

THE BARBER ASPHALT COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

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FRONT
VIEW



Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key" that locks them together. This "key" is invisible on the completed roof.

BACK
VIEW



See This Key



Genasco Latite Shingles

about trees and lightning. Old farmers would tell us that the beech, for example, is never struck by lightning because it is "rich in fat and can resist the electricity of the air." This was also thought to be true of other soft-wood trees, like the birch, linden, chestnut, etc. On the other hand, the "poor" trees, like the oak, elm, maple, etc., would attract the electricity and could not resist it.

One of the most curious stories is that found of the birch shaking. If you will watch the birch you will see its leaves shake and tremble when no other tree feels a breeze. Some old legends tell us that Christ was scourged with a rod made from the birch, and that as long as there is a birch left upon the earth it will shiver and shake in dread remembrance of the fact.

A similar story is told of the aspen of Scotland, and the only difference is that the cross was made of its wood, instead of the rod.

THE JUNGLE PROBLEM: "WHEN DO WE EAT?"

THE night wind faintly stirring the dried grasses at the water-hole, the stillness of the listening Indian forest, the sense of fearful waiting for something unknown and dangerous, is broken by the "scream of the jaguar, the snarl of the leopard, and the whine of the bear," so we read in "Claw and Fang," by Ernest Glanville (Harcourt, Brace and Company). These stories of the land of wild life, where lions battle with other fierce animals and each other, seem to bring the very breath and sound of India more near than ever before. Lions always on the prowl, looking for food, would tend to make your hair rise and cold chills gently creep up your back, but not so with the native hunter as witness the story of Ngonyama.

Ngonyama was one of a family of three lion cubs. In his youth he waited while his royal mother stalked her prey, and brought him and his brothers their food. At this time he was only a small warm bundle of yellow fluff, with little round furry ears. Night by night as the cubs grew older they were taken out by their mother, and they learned to stalk and kill for themselves. They soon learned that only great patience and absolute stillness would get for them the antelope, or hartebeest. One night Ngonyama, having stalked and killed a water-buck and eaten all he wanted, left it, expecting to return to it the next day, but as Mr. Glanville relates, Ngonyama's plans interfered with those of a mighty Indian hunter, by the name of Mahamba, who, hearing the lion roar in the darkness, slipped out in the forest and stole all the water-buck that was left. What happened then, Mr. Glanville tells us:

Ngonyama awoke in the evening with a robust appetite, and his thoughts went at once to a fine feast that awaited him, for it was he who had killed the water-buck, having stalked it near the water-pool and dispatched it in a neat and work-

manlike manner, which gave him immense satisfaction. There was meat there for three, but he would dine alone, issuing no cards to his own folk, who had treated him atrociously. But what was his rage when, on arriving at the place, there was no sign of a feast, except a few scattered bones and a skull that was quite clean of meat and hide. Hyenas had been at the feast, and jackals and ringed-crows and man. The relief of a swear-word was denied Ngonyama. He stood sniffing and grumbling on the scene of the vanished feast.

Ngonyama went to the water-pool to see if he could kill an antelope, and after him went the mighty hunter, Mahamba, who had decided that the easiest way for him to get meat was to wait until the lion had eaten and retired; then Mahamba would come out of his hiding-place and take what was left, as he had done with the water-buck. However, he reckoned without the rhinoceros. Mr. Glanville writes of that disappointing moment:

The pool hunter trades on the compelling pressure of thirst, and is at best not far removed from the assassin who lurks in hiding to plunge a cowardly blade in the back of the unsuspecting victim, and the meanest of all the pool hunters is he who pours a charge of shot into a mass of sand-grouse pressing thick on each other to drink thirstily after a long flight. Thousands of lions through the years have haunted the scattered pools to lie in wait for thirst-stricken antelope, and the antelope have learnt to regard the shining pool, set within its rim of crumbling banks, as a death-trap, so that they will stand for hours, when approaching water, to discover trace of a hidden foe. If they detect a trace of foe, then rather than drink there they would trek for miles to some other pool known to them. But the horned rhinoceros has no fears; and when he marches down to the pool some of the timid folk take advantage of his protection to snatch a mouthful, and to Mahamba, hidden among the roots on the banks, down rolled a rhino. He waded in till the water reached his lips, when he condescended to swallow, and having swallowed a couple of gallons, he lifted his ponderous feet out of the mud with a sucking noise and reached the bank as an antelope stampeded. The rhino considered the flying buck, and then steered a course that would put him on the scent of the cause of the buck's alarm. He moved on a wide circle round the pool until he cut the current of air coming from the water. He sifted the messages which told of a curious conjunction of lion and man. Both scents he detested, and having got them, he followed them up with his ridiculous little tail erected and his ears held forward. As he neared the pool the scent increased, and his rage grew, till at last with a squeal he bounded forward with all the earth-shaking fury of an animated railway-engine on legs. The impetus carried him by Ngonyama, who was lying flat to the ground, and the young lion lifted his head to view the disappearing bulk which had missed him by a yard. Having passed the lion, the rhino lost the lion's scent; and the scent of man disappeared under a searching flavor of wild fennel, the juices of which a quaking Mahamba had squeezed out to disguise his own powerful bouquet. The rhino came to anchor, twitched his ears, moved his nostrils, then with astonishing lightness moved off to the right, and circled round



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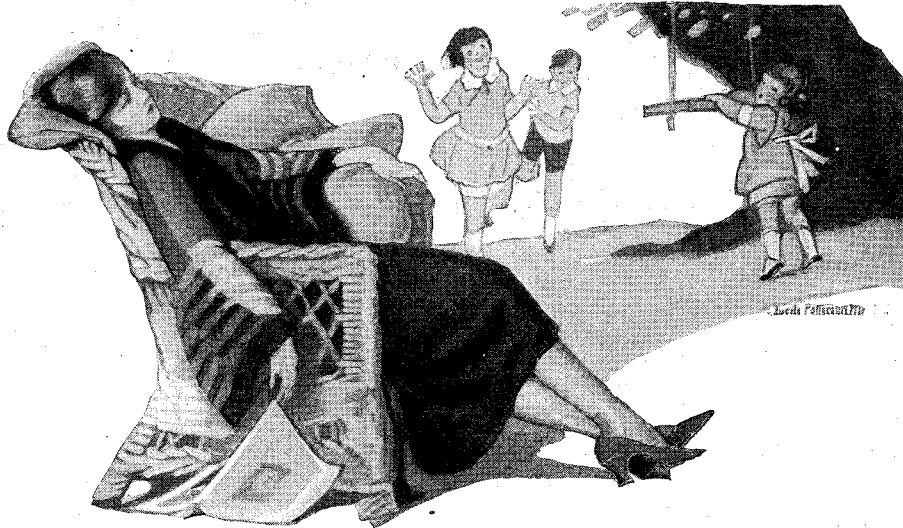
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 Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (nr. Shelburne)
 Baltimore—325 North Charles St. (2nd floor)
 Bangor—John Connors Shoe Co.
 Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
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 Berkeley—The Bootery
 Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
 Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
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 Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

to cut the wind again. This maneuver brought him once more to leeward of the still crouching lion and to the current of scent; then did he whip round, hoist his tail, and charge anew. This time Ngon-yama had to spring to avoid being rammed, and as he stood exposed to view all the watching antelope moved. Then arose what is known as "a sensation," and the lion was not happy. He frowned upon the antelope, glared at the rhino, who was once more preparing to repeat the maneuver, then shook the dust of the place off his pads, and stalked away into the night, watched anxiously by a pair of jackals, who materialized mysteriously, and escorted off the scene by a couple of warty hartebeest. The rhino bored round with immense dignity, luffed into the wind, failed to detect any sign of the enemy, and rolled off to feed, leaving the antelope under the hartebeest outposts to go down and drink in peace.

Mahamba, seated uncomfortably amid the roots of the tree, was face to face with the ruins of his articles of faith. The spirit which rode in the rhinoceros had vanquished the spirit which dwelt with the lion. The meat-eater had been vanquished by the grass-feeder.

And what of Ngonyama? He had suffered in his dignity, and wandered straight away full of gloom and without purpose. Why did the clean earth tolerate the hideous encumbrance of a beast such as the rhino, whose thick hide protected every vulnerable part, and whose shocking temper made him a positive danger to peaceful folk? Ngonyama lacked the human relief of a swear-word, but he could roar, and he stooped to roar. His first roar was so magnificent, rumbling, and reverberating, that he got off a second and a third for the pure delight of making a noise. He lifted his head to listen to the rolling thunder as the sound crashed against distant kopjes, and back to his large yellow eyes came the old domineering spirit. He looked into the night, and then his head was suddenly thrust forward, for far away there shone out a tiny spurt of flame, and from afar came faintly the attenuated sound of a dog barking. He growled in his throat. He knew something about these things. The same kind of living light he had seen at Mahamba's kraal; that dog he knew and scorned as a familiar of man, but never before had he known man to be over in that part. It was worth investigating, and off he went at a trot till things jumped to his sight, and he stooped for a spy-out. Here was man sure enough, but a new sort of man from the scent; here also were dogs, and here also was meat, a new sort of meat. He crept up closer and closer, then crouched to make a full study of entirely strange creatures; and for a full two hours, a picture of patient and laborious care, he took in his impressions. Item, two men, one black, the other brown, with a new scent; item, one big gray dog and one small white dog, both with their ears pricked and their eyes peering at the spot where he, Ngonyama, crouched; item, a thing of moving light, red and white and shining, otherwise a wood fire, which he dismissed as beyond his reasoning; item, a cart and canvas awning, which he also put aside as beyond his attention; item, a pot, a water-barrel, and meat, which spluttered on the coals, also not worth attention; and last,

and most absorbing of all, four strange animals tethered to the cart-wheels. They looked something like zebras, but they were smaller, thinner in the neck, dull, and without stripes. For two hours he watched these things, making no sign, and at intervals he was startled by the sudden spurting of the fire. He watched the men eat, he watched them blow smoke, he watched the dogs as they gnawed the bones, stopping at intervals to stare in his direction, and he watched most of all the four new animals. For two hours he watched, then he slept back and circled the camp. At that very moment a lion roar burst out, quite near to him, a tremendous roar. The dogs barked. The black man lifted a piece of the fire, and two other fires at once flared up, while the brown man reached out and picked up something that gleamed in the light.

Ngonyama circled, got the wind of the stranger, and made out a huge lion standing, and by his side a lioness crouching, with her tail switching.

He crouched to watch developments.

The strange lion moved with long, stealthy strides round the camp of the men, his huge head turned inward, and as he moved the big gray dog moved his head. The brown man spoke to the gray dog, and the gray dog stood up, and, with his teeth bared and his hair bristling, moved his nose like a compass, pointed all the time at the lion. The brown man knelt beside the dog, and the thing that he carried in his hands moved with the nose of the dog, and when the movement came to a pale path of light that bit into the darkness, there were two things visible to Ngonyama one after the other. First, two round bright spots that suddenly gleamed out of the dark, and these were the eyes of the lion as the light shone on them; then a spurt of red flame from the thing in the man's hands, and a sullen, violent report that smacked stunningly on the ears. The prowling lion answered that challenge with a roar of pain, but the lioness heeded not these potent symbols of man's mysterious power. Ngonyama glanced at her, and found her standing with one paw flexed, neck outstretched, jaw tilted up, and eyes fixt in an hypnotic gaze on the four strange animals. Her one idea evidently was meat. No thunders and flames put her off. The small white dog, red-eyed and whip-tailed, saw her and barked. The black man took a burning stick from the fire and hurled it forth. It rocketed through the air, spouting flames, and fell hissing near the lioness, who started back growling. Immediately there came that stab of red, that fierce smacking report, and as the lioness reared up, showing the white of her underparts, there came yet another flash and violent concussion.

Ngonyama withdrew, leaving the lion and the lioness to death or the agony of wounds. He did not know that he struck the camp of a gold prospector, that the white dog was a bull-terrier, without nerve, that the greyhound could signal the presence of a lion, that the black man had no fear while his master was near, and that the white man, who was burnt brown, had schooled himself against all the terrors of the night, and that the four strange animals were asses, bred to indifference about everything but food. All he knew was that the value of silence had been again maintained, and that man was more dangerous than rhino. He was learning also that silence pays, and of all lions the Silent Hunter is much to be dreaded.



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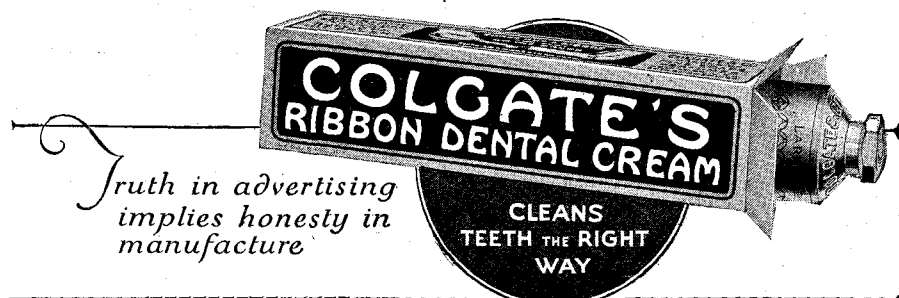
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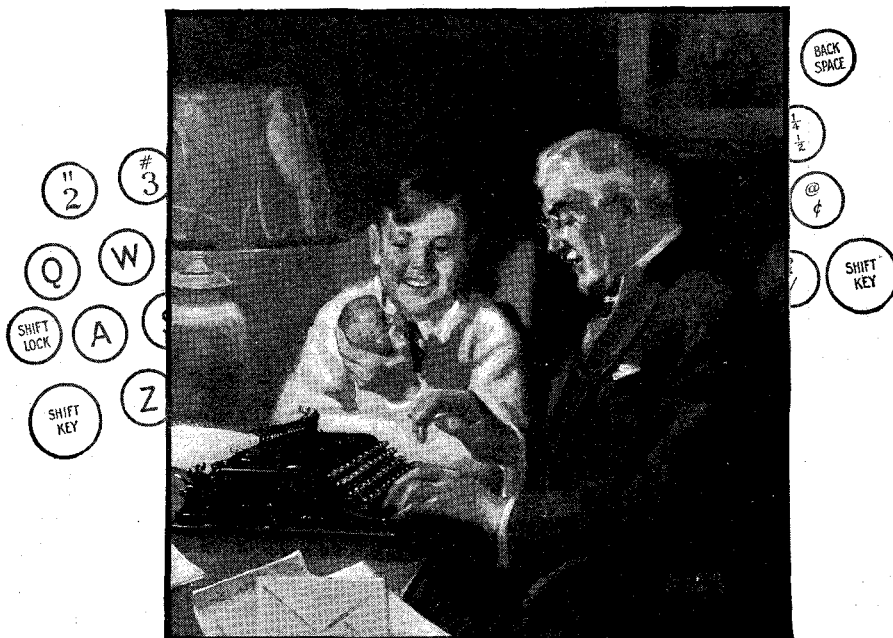
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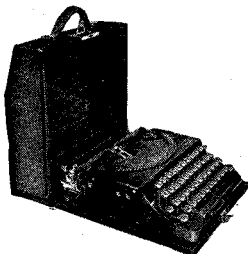
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

HERMITS, BUT NOT SAINTS

FAIRY groves of swaying grasses, long lacy seaweeds moving gently in the green water, colored pebbles, and twisted corals form the background of a marine garden. The darting minnows cast their quick shadows on the ocean floor, and Mr. William Crowder in his book about "Dwellers of the Sea and Shore" (Macmillan Company) tells us of the many inhabitants he saw moving and living in this cool shadow-land. Leaning over the side of his boat, intently watching, he suddenly saw a young moon-snail's shell become most agitated. Mr. Crowder tells us about the shell's inhabitant:

At once I recognized the object of my early visit to the seashore. It is the little hermit crab.

Here he comes, now! Crawling actively over the bottom, he pauses from time to time and scrapes the sand in search of a morsel of food. From his busy claws comes the glint of the morning sunshine, and on the texture of those members there is a delicate iridescence produced by the diffraction of light. Soon he spies a dilapidated whelk shell half buried in the silt, and cautiously advances toward it. Its size is nearly equal to the one he carries; its decrepit condition, its calcareous incrustations, to which small seaweeds have anchored themselves, show that several summers have passed since it was instinct with life. After a preliminary frisk with his long threadlike feelers, he quickly rolls it over several times, giving the exterior a rapid, but thorough, examination. Then deftly inserting his great claw into the opening, he explores the interior.

A scale worm, clinging just within the glazed entrance, seems evidently not to concern him. The crab's pressing occupation now is to determine whether or not these precincts contain something more formidable—perhaps a member of his own tribe. He finds it free from these, however, and prepares to take it over. Grasping the rim with his pincers he is about to withdraw from his old shell and transfer to the new-found one when his antennæ fall across the worm. This causes him to hesitate. Oh, well; no matter. There seems to be room enough for two. So, without more delay, he vaults over swiftly and nimbly into the other shell.

Possession is followed immediately by a momentary disappearance, whereupon all but the tips of his claws are hidden from sight. Soon his forebody emerges, and by the aid of the currents that wash the gill cavities, he sends forth a stream of particles consisting of the sand and debris that have filtered into the recesses of the scurfy ruin. The operation of retreating into the interior and coming forth to eject the rubbish is repeated several times, during which he does considerable squirming in the effort to adjust himself to the convolutions of the shell.

After these precautions against insanitation and discomfort, the crab, with his flexible hindbody firmly wrapt around the columella, or inside spiral, extends his legs and walks alertly away.

Having ensconced himself in his recently acquired shell, he now leaves the scene of the transfer in considerable haste. The

truth is, his movements betray an unwonted agitation. His antennae jerk spasmodically, and his nimble crawl accelerates to a brisk run. It is evident that some singular attraction in the vicinity draws him onward. Ah, so that is it! I suspected as much. He has come upon the partially devoured carcass of a female sand crab, over and around which the mud snails and other small scavengers are swarming. The crushed carapace of the animal shows that it met its death under the spiteful heel of some fisherman, a stupid clown who, prompted by innate wantonness as well as by a desire to safeguard his lines from a bait pilferer, has in this ignorant act destroyed one of his most valuable assets; for the larval young of these creatures serve as the chief supply of food to many fishes.

Arriving at the table the hermit crab brushes aside several of the assembled diners, and with his great claw tears from the exposed flesh a choice portion which he retains in this member; then using his smaller claw he plucks from the detached piece shred after shred which he carries to his mouth. Daintily, deftly he performs this gastronomical feat with a fastidiousness almost humanlike; but notwithstanding this apparent refinement, the crab, like all animals which live precariously, gorges to surfeit. With but few exceptions the search for food among the denizens of the seashore entails an acute problem, a problem wherein the struggle to eat is surpassed in intensity only by the struggle to keep from being eaten. And, curiously, it is with the higher forms that this struggle to maintain life is the most bitter. The tiniest morsel has scores of competitors. When, through accident or otherwise, a death among one of the larger animals takes place, a veritable windfall occurs; and the event seems to be telegraphed to the legions of the sea. Myriads hasten to the banquet. One and all, they come: the snails, the worms, the crustaceans. All, within the radius of the effluvial currents hurry to dispose of the corpse. Thus, in the economy of nature, each individual plays a part of the utmost importance; for it is through the desperate agency of hunger that the waters of our shores are purified.

After reducing the portion which he holds in his big pincer to a size small enough to be manipulated by the pair of fingerlike clasping appendages near his mouth, he passes to these what is left, and decides to move on. He does not proceed more than a few feet, however, before he stops and devotes some time in consuming what he can of the rest of his food; but, as he has literally bitten off more than he can chew, he finally ends by rejecting the remainder altogether.

Having satisfied the inner man, the hermit crab now gives some consideration to his external needs; for he is more or less of a fop, and will sometimes spend hours in grooming himself. Using either claw with equal facility, he rubs and scrapes all parts of his forebody and its appendages. His time, however, is given mostly to the cleaning of his feelers, his eyestalks, and his legs, whereof the joints of the last-named receive particular attention. Moreover, these toilet functions are very necessary; were he to neglect them in the slightest detail, his crust would eventually be overrun with plant growths which find in the horny composition an admirable holdfast; and their presence would indirectly cause his premature death by impeding his movements and making it difficult—in fact, impossible—successfully to cope with the vicissitudes of a life that is hazardous at best. The

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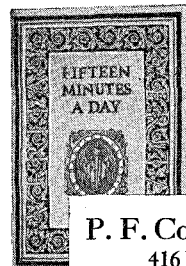
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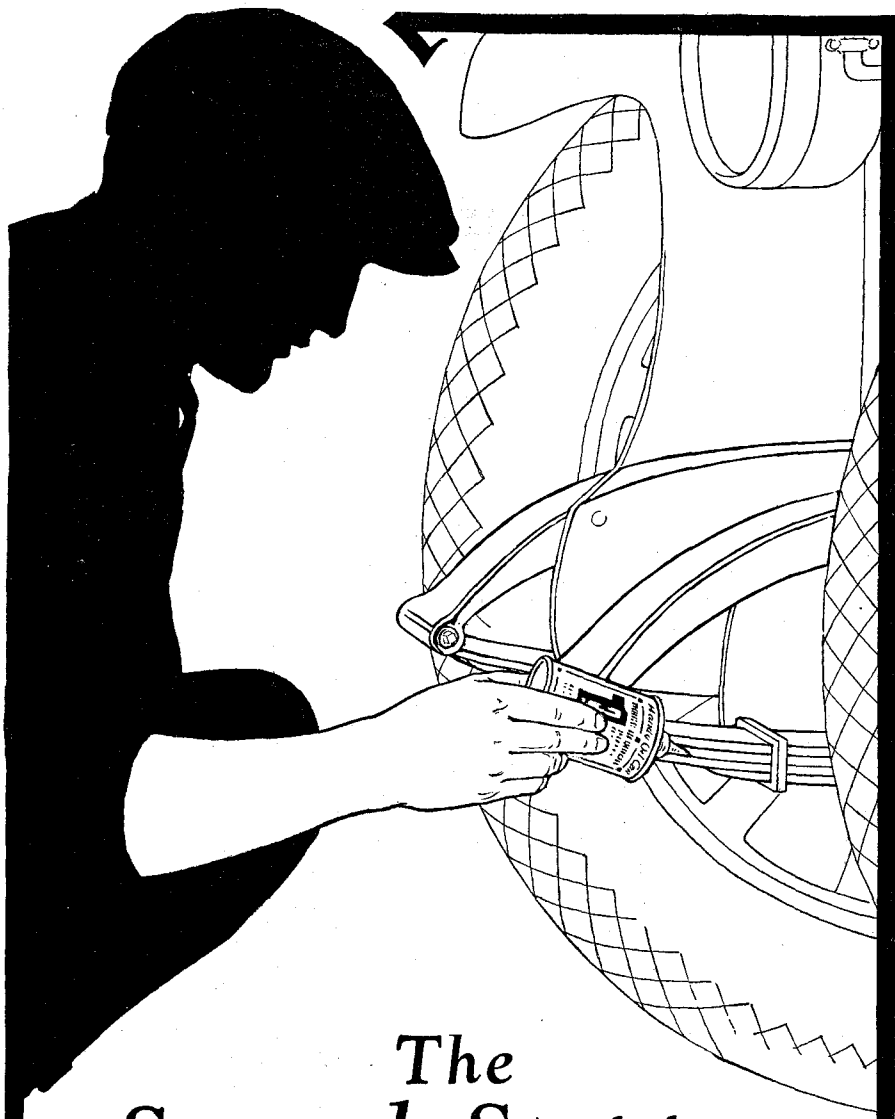


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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

result of this neglect is evident in the case of old crabs, many of whom, no longer retaining the suppleness of youth, have tufts of seaweed growing in those areas inaccessible to their chelipeds.

Hello, Who is this? Another hermit crab, attracted by the feast that our friend just left, has come within several inches of the primer. He is a great hulk of a fellow; and his shell is covered with a downy growth, for he carries with him a colony of coelenterates, which makes him look for all the world like a giant clad in furs.

Each catches sight of the other at the same instant. A momentary pause ensues. Then each, with his great claw extended, makes a sudden and furious rush for the other. The clash and rattle of their shells on the pebbles can be heard distinctly through the water as they come to grips and wildly seek an advantageous hold. Jabbing, cuffing, wrestling, they display an astonishing agility, encumbered as they are with their heavy shells, and the rapidity of their movements behooves one to watch sharply if he is to observe every detail. Now one is uppermost, now the other. Separating, they encircle one another with a sidewise movement, all the while keeping their big pincers thrust forward. Again they come together. They part. This time, however, the newcomer betrays a craven spirit; he precipitately leaves the field with a backward run. It were better, perhaps, to say he attempts to leave, for in his rapid retreat a stone obstructs his way, and the impact sends him topsy-turvy, causing him from fright or surprise to withdraw completely into his shell and to block the entrance with his claws. In a trice the other is upon him. Seizing one of the exposed claws, he tries to dislodge him by tugging so violently and rapidly that the collision of their shells beats a tattoo. The persistent attack evidently arouses a spark of pugnacity in the poltroon, for he relaxes sufficiently to emerge and flourish a threatening pincer. This, however, is his undoing. He is immediately grasped by one of his rear legs, is jerked clear of his shell, and is tossed over the aggressor's shoulder.

The vanquished crab, now exposed in all his nakedness, hurls his hind body under him and gropes around excitedly for some sort of object that will afford a shelter. None is within sight. It is now "any port in a storm." So, thrusting his hindbody into an interstice among the pebbles, he assumes a defensive posture and keeps a wary eye on the victor who, meanwhile, following the unvarying procedure among his kind, is feeling around the inside of the empty shell with his formidable claw. After a momentary investigation he exchanges it for the one he carries. Obviously all is not satisfactory; in a very short time he returns to his own. Now, according to the rules of fair play, he should at least be generous enough to relinquish the spurned shell to the loser, as he can by no means avail himself of the spoils of the conquest and still retain the shell he bears. But fair play is no part of the hermit crab's code of ethics; therefore, he seeks to distract the other, who soon shows a disposition to press matters in order to regain his property.

Awaiting in vain for an incautious moment when the victorious adversary would relax his vigilance, the dispossessed crab

G591

ventures closer. When within a few inches of the guarded shell, he makes a bold attempt to feint his enemy from his position by making a quick circuit around him at close quarters. The other is not to be caught napping, however. He engages the bereft one, and with a well-directed cuff, sends him flying backward.

These maneuvers are repeated again and again until it would seem there is no ending, or until one of the two tired of the contest, were it not for a circumstance that makes both of them forget their private quarrel. Two other males arrive in the vicinity. The first to spy them is our gladiator. He hurries forth to meet them, leaving behind the disputed shell. Then follows a skirmishing fight in which three hermit crabs are engaged.

This is an opportunity not to be lost by the defenseless one, so he speedily takes possession of his chattel. One would imagine that from his recent experience he has had his fill of fighting. Not so, however; he hastens to the fray and takes his part quite lustily, and the affair now becomes a battle royal among all four. For a number of seconds there is a confusing tangle of brandished claws and animated shells, while the staccato clicking of the latter rises in crescendo. Suddenly one of the warriors is knocked sprawling, upon which event the mass with one accord disintegrates and the crabs depart, all going their several ways. The fracas is over as suddenly as it was precipitated.

A PORCUPINE'S GOOD POINTS

THERE is a certain element of uncertainty about a porcupine as a pet, which will probably keep it from ever really becoming a fad. "Prickly Porky," as he has been named sometimes, would not seem to appeal as a reliable member of the usual domestic household, for if anything went wrong he might turn very prickly indeed. However, if you take a porcupine for a pet when he is a little baby, he will soon come to know and appreciate the good qualities of human friendship, so we are told by William L. and Irene Finley, in the *Nature Magazine* (Washington). "Dinty," their little porcupine, came to live with them when he was only a few days old, and even at that early age had a mind of his own, and put up his quills at any circumstance which struck him as being at all suspicious. "Dinty" started life under great difficulties. The Finleys tell the story like this:

In the first place, Dinty began life in an odd way. He just happened to come into existence. His mother died before he was born. She unfortunately had broken her leg in a coyote trap and was killed by the trapper. Dinty was an afterthought. He was born through a Cæsarean operation with a pocket-knife. It was in the sage and rocks of eastern Oregon. His first breath came as he lay in the hands of the trapper who was surprised at the success of his surgery, and the fact that the round prickly baby lived. So it happened that Dinty's first cradle was the pocket of a coat rocked by the gallop of a horse. He was put in a small wooden box, tagged at the express office, and started off on a long railroad journey that occupied the whole second day of his existence.

When we met Dinty at the station, his

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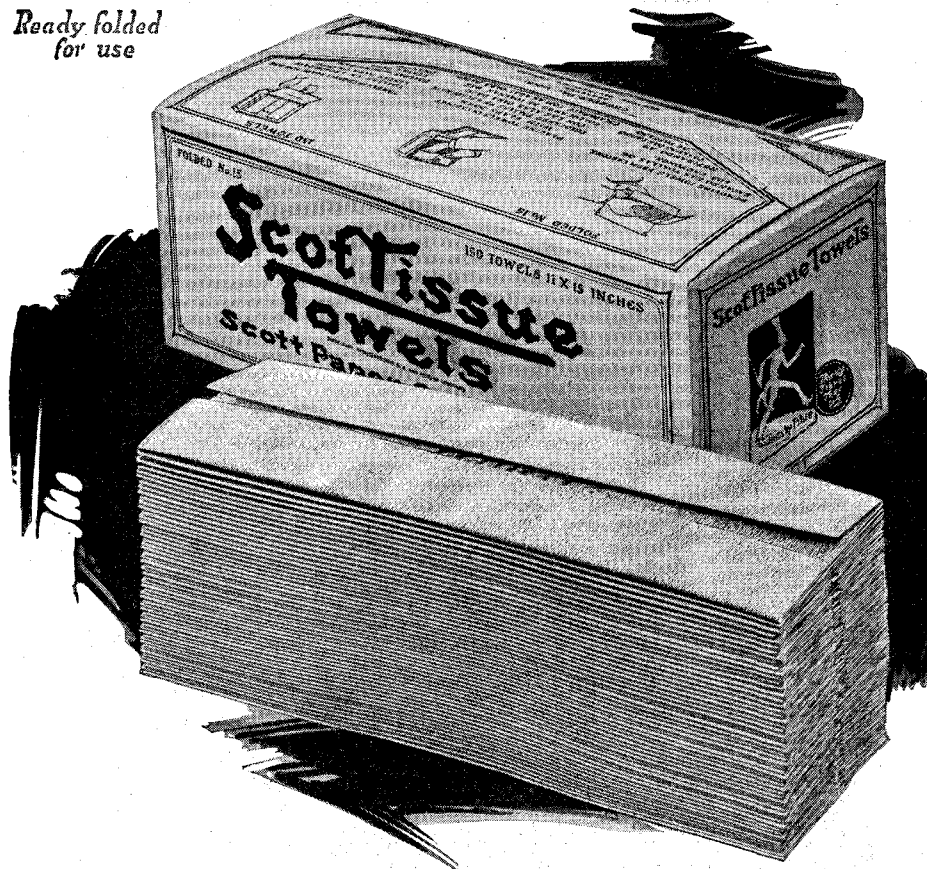
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

head was down in the corner of his box and his quills up. He knew instinctively this was the correct porcupine way of meeting strangers. When he reached our home, and we looked at his little mouth with two long sharp teeth above and two below like a squirrel, we felt helpless and unfitted when it came to mothering him. We had never had a baby porcupine before, but it is commonly known that all mammals are nourished from milk glands of the mother, and we were glad to find that Dinty had a taste for milk and a tendency to suck. In taking milk from a nipple and bottle, Dinty reminded us very much of a human baby. He gurgled and cooed. His hungry cry at the time and his lonesome call later on were a plaintive cooing note. In some ways, it was not unlike the cooing of a dove.

Dinty was kept in our study in a box by the fireplace, where he was warm and could be fed frequently. His meals consisted of cream diluted with several parts of warm water and a little sugar added. In two or three weeks he began to nibble at the stem of a spinach leaf. As he grew older he enjoyed lettuce, cabbage leaves and raw carrots. Later, as he outgrew his box, he was fond of going out on the lawn and cropping clover. During the summer he stayed around under some small firs on the hillside below the house.

To understand a porcupine, it seems, one should remember the traits that have come down to him in his long line of ancestors, as we read:

He didn't have the teeth or claws of a cat to fight his enemies; his legs were short and his body heavy, so he couldn't avoid trouble by running. He had, as the ages passed, developed a special kind of armor peculiar to his needs. A simple coat of hair could not prevent him from being torn to pieces when he crouched under the attack of a larger foe, so Mother Nature gradually stiffened and lengthened his hair to pointed quills. For the quill of a porcupine is really a specialized hair growth that is developed as a need of protection and safety. Underneath his skin are broad muscles that elevate or lower his quills by reflex action from his nerve centers. His tail is heavy and also armed with short, stiff quills. His eyes are small and, lest some enemy take him unawares, his quills rise and his tail slaps automatically when danger is near.

The point we were most interested in, as far as Dinty was concerned, was whether kindness would counteract his wild instincts. At first he had seemed impolite by turning his back on us, but within a few days he recognized a hand as a friendly symbol which meant dinner and protection. When he learned to crawl out of his box, his next step was to climb up my leg and sit on my lap. He liked to have his back rubbed. Of course he was safe in knowing that no one would rub it the wrong way. He could be handled by picking him up by the front legs. The under part of his body was unprotected by quills, and there was a place just behind his front legs extending up to his shoulders that was ticklish and tender, and he didn't want any hand to touch.

A wild porcupine is never dangerous unless a person gets near enough for a slap from his spiny tail. The quills are fastened to the body just as hair is. No porcupine can throw his quills as some people

think. The points of the quills are sharp and have very tiny recurved barbs. If they penetrate the skin or clothing even lightly, the barbs catch and the quills pull easily out of the porcupine's hide.

Dinty enjoyed our companionship. He accepted us as relatives and playmates. He was lonesome and wanted company. He followed us about just as our dog does. In the wild, he would have lived on leaves, tender shoots and the bark of trees, yet I never saw him gnaw bark, because he had access to a cabbage patch. He liked almost anything we liked, especially fruit.

It might seem odd for a dog to make friends with a porcupine, but that is just what happened. It came about in this way:

Peter, our little dog, is accustomed to meet all sorts of visitors. He has played with bear cubs, bobcat kittens, coyotes, badgers, coons and others. When he walked into the study and saw Dinty shuffling along the floor, he stepped proudly up with an expression that plainly said, "What a round, furry ball to play with!" Perhaps it was the delicate odor that reminded one of pineapples that took Peter's fancy. At any rate, Peter nosed right into Dinty's side, but he jerked back. "This little cub with a pin in his side is one of father's jokes," said Peter as he looked up with a side turn of his head. He walked around to smell the other side of the baby, but it, too, was full of pins. He pawed at the black ball, but the pins stood on end. As a last resort, he put his shoulder down to rub against Dinty, but he got stuck again. Peter couldn't understand. This new visitor looked interesting, but who wants to play with a pin-cushion?

On the other hand, Dinty took to Peter from the first, perhaps because he looked a little more like a porcupine than we did. Dinty reared up on his hind legs and nosed into Peter's hair with a gentle cooing sound as if he had found something motherlike that he had never before known. It suited Peter to have Dinty scratch and nozzle in the curly hair of his back. It generally ended when Dinty tried to crawl up and sit on Peter, because a stray quill or two were sure to find the way to Peter's skin. Dinty often put his arms around Peter's neck. It was a one-sided love, for Peter merely endured.

Dinty's ancestors were night animals. It was natural, therefore, for him to sleep during the day and forage at night. He was at his best toward the dusk of evening. He loped after us along the path in the woods. His gait was like a lumbering little bear. This was his play time. His game was to catch one of us by the leg. If we avoided him, he swung around rapidly, erecting his quills and backing up a few steps. Then shuffling a little from side to side, he whirled again with great rapidity, ran forward, backed up and slapped his tail at an imaginary antagonist. Every time he played meeting a foe, his head would go down and his quills flare out all over his body. When we allowed him to catch us, his quills settled back quickly. He hugged the leg and began climbing with the expression, "I'll not fight you, but I was just showing how to do it."

Many times we have met a wild porcupine in the woods. We generally approach him quietly, but he is always full of suspicion. His tiny eyes, slow movement, dull-witted expression always seem incapable of any real friendship—an impossible pet. However, during the year that Dinty stayed with us, he showed a real affection

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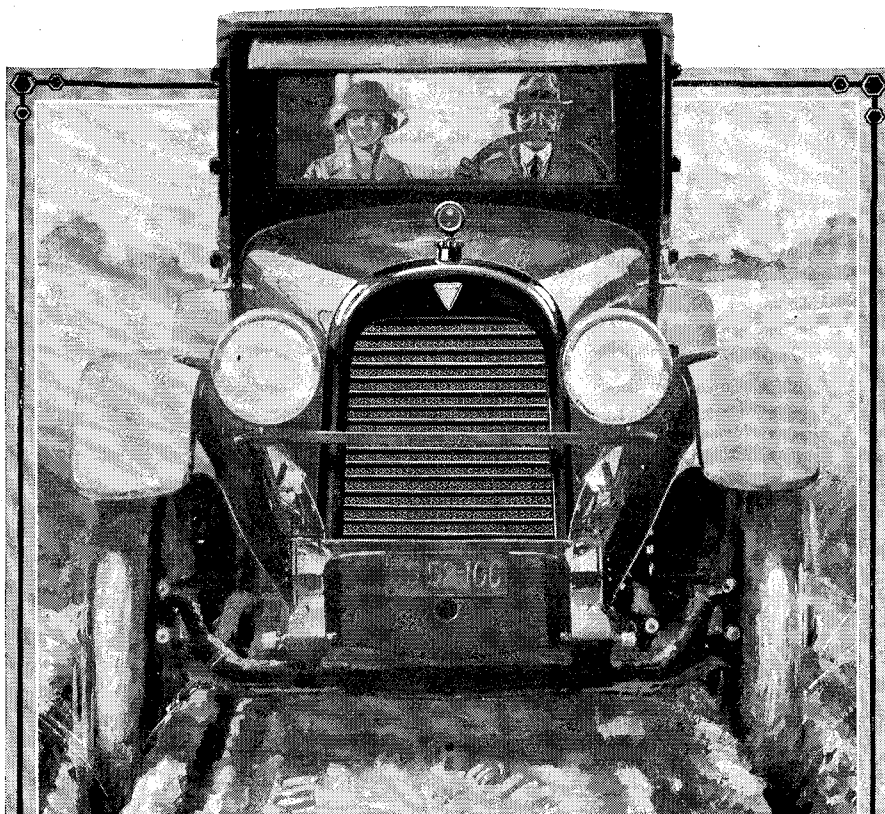
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES*Continued*

for us. When we called him, he had a musical and welcome cooing answer. When he was a year old he weighed about 15 pounds. His sharp incisor teeth could have mutilated a finger, but he showed a gentleness in nibbling a bare hand that would have been too dangerous to trust if we had not known Dinty. With all the hair-trigger disposition of his ancestors in handling their weapons, his friendship for us overcame this wild instinct. Whenever we approached and spoke to him, and with all the handling, and petting, he never slapped at us with his tail nor raised his spines in anger or fear after the first few days of our acquaintance. Even his tail, which is his main weapon of defense, we handled without danger. He paid no attention to having a quill or two pulled out, as souvenirs for a visitor. The quills, therefore, undoubtedly came free from his body without pain. We admit that he was not as easy a pet to handle as some we have known; yet it was surprising to see how close to his body Dinty could keep his armor so as not to endanger the hand that touched him.

Dinty stayed with us a year. Then he began to wander a little more, and stay out nights occasionally. The call of the woods was in him. He eventually worked on north through the forest along the river. If you ever meet him, he may seem reticent or bashful. Sit quietly by for a little while. If you are friendly and unafraid, he will surely show the love for human kindness that he gained in his year's stay as one of the members of our family.

BRUIN'S SPICY BREW

IF there is any mischief to be done in a zoo, then some kind of a bear is sure to be at the head and front of it. A black bear, a brown bear, a grizzly bear, any kind of a bear, is busy from early morn to late evening thinking up some original kind of trouble in which to involve himself. Probably two lively small boys and a bear could wreck a zoo, if they only had time and opportunity, for what the small boys would not think to do the bears would. Dr. William T. Hornaday in the *Washington Post*, discusses the ability bears possess in this direction:

Considered as a group, the bears of the world are supremely interesting animals. In fact, no group surpasses them save the Order Primates, and it requires the enrolment of all the apes, baboons and monkeys to accomplish it.

From sunrise to sunrise a bear is an animal of original thought and vigorous enterprise. Put a normal bear in any new situation that you please, he will try to make himself master of it.

Use any new or strange material that you please, of wood, metal, stone or concrete, and he will cheerfully set out to find its weakest points and destroy it. If one board in a wall happens to be of wood a little softer than its fellows, with wonderful quickness and precision he will locate it. To tear his way out of an ordinary wooden cage he asks nothing better than a good crack or a soft knot as a starting-point.

Let him who thinks that all animals are mere machines of heredity and nothing

more take upon himself the task of collecting, yarding, housing and keeping a collection of 30 bears from all over the world, representing from ten to fifteen species. In a very short time the believer in bear knowledge by inheritance only will begin to see evidence of new thought.

In spite of our best calculations, in 22 years and a total of about 70 bears, we have had three bear escapes. The species involved were an Indian sloth bear, an American black bear and Himalayan black bear. The troublesome three laboriously invented processes by which, supported by surpassing acrobatics, they were able to circumvent our overhanging bars.

Now, did the mothers of those bears bequeath to them the special knowledge which enabled them to perform the acrobatic mid-air feat of warping themselves over that sharp-pointed overhang barrier? No; because none of their parents ever saw steel cage-work of any kind.

The traits common to the majority of bear species as we see them manifested in captivity are the following:

First, playfulness; second, spasmodic treachery; third, contentment in comfortable captivity; fourth, love of water; fifth, enterprise in the mischievous destruction of things that can be destroyed.

Next to apes and monkeys, I regard bears as the most demonstrative of wild animals. The average bear is proficient in the art of expression. The position of his ears, the pose of his head and neck, the mobility of his lips and his walking or his resting attitudes all tell their story.

To facial and bodily expression the bear adds his voice; and herein he surpasses most other wild animals! According to his mood he whines, he threatens, or warns by loud snorting. He roars with rage, and when in pain he cries or he bawls and howls.

In addition to this he threatens an enemy by snapping his jaws together with a mighty ominous clank, accompanied by a warning nasal whine. An angry bear will at times give a sudden rake with his claws to the ground or the concrete on which he stands.

Now, with all this facility for emotional expression, backed by an alert and many-sided mind, boundless energy and a playful disposition, is it strange that bears are among the most interesting animals in the world?

With but few exceptions the bears of the world are animals with philosophic minds, and excellent reasoning power, tho rarely equal to that of the elephant. One striking proof of this is the promptness with which adult animals accept comfortable captivity, and settle down in contentment.

Dr. Hornaday believes that captivity brings out many traits of character that in a wild state are either latent or absent; and, he holds, after twenty years of daily observation we now know that:

The grizzly is the most keen-minded species of all bears.

The big Alaskan brown bears are the least troublesome in captivity.

The polar bear lives behind a mask, and is not to be trusted.

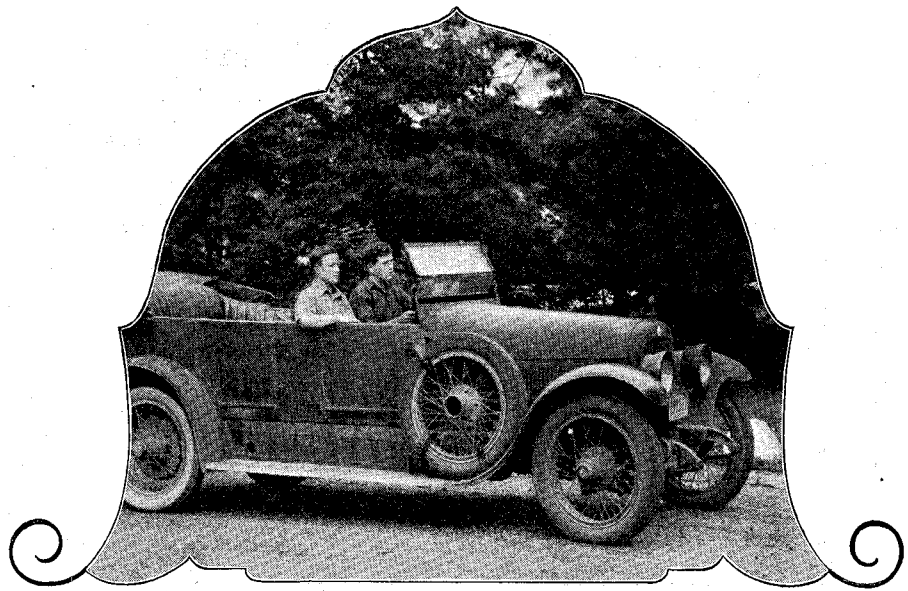
The black bear is the nearest approach to a general average in ursine character.

The European brown bears are best for training and performances.

The Japanese black bear is nervous, cowardly and hysterical.

The little Malay sun bear is the most savage and unsatisfactory.

We will now record a few cases that serve to illustrate the mental traits of bears. Case 1. The Steel Panel. Two huge male



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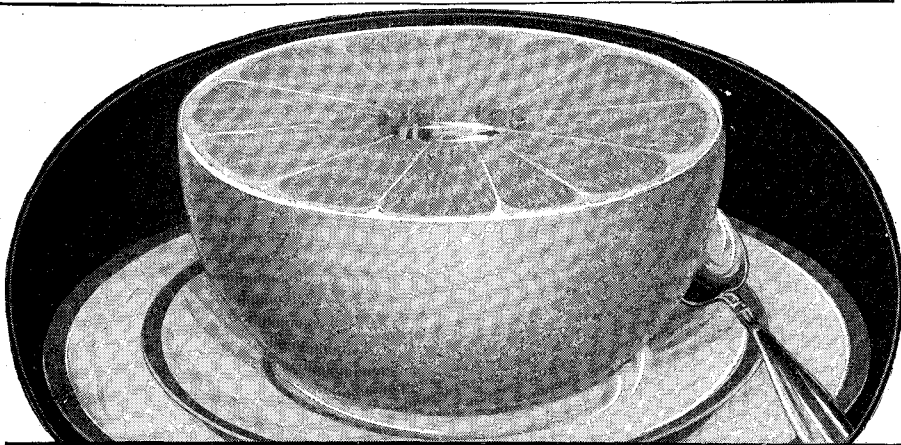
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FLORIDA



FLORIDA

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

Alaskan brown bears, Ivan and Admiral, lived in adjoining yards. The partition between them consisted of panels of steel. The upper panels were of heavy bar-iron. The bottom panels, each four feet high and six feet long, were of flat steel bars woven into a basket pattern. The ends of these flat bars had been passed through narrow slots in the heavy steel frame, and firmly clinched. We would have said that no land animal smaller than an elephant could pull out one of those panels.

By some strange aberration in management, one day it chanced that Admiral's grizzly bear wife was introduced for a brief space into Ivan's den.

Immediately Admiral went into a rage, on the ground that his constitutional rights had been infringed. At once he set to work to recover his stolen companion. He began to test those partition panels one by one. Finally he found the one that seemed to him least powerful, and he at once set to work to tear it out of its frame.

The keepers knew that he could not succeed; but he thought differently. Hooking his short but very powerful claw into the meshes he braced backward and pulled. After a fierce struggle an upper corner yielded. Then the other corner yielded; and at last the whole upper line gave way.

I reached the scene just as he finished tearing both ends free. I saw him bend the steel panel inward, crush it down with his thousand pounds of weight, and dash through the yawning hole into his rival's arena.

Then began a great battle, but no serious injuries were inflicted before keepers drove the fighters apart.

Case 2. Ivan's Begging Scheme. Ivan came from Alaska when a small cub and he has long been the star boarder at the bears' den. He is the most good-natured bear that we have, and he has many thoughts.

Having observed the high-arm motion that a keeper makes in throwing loaves of bread over the top of the nine-foot cage work, Ivan adopted that motion as part of his sign language when food is in sight outside.

He stands up high like a man, and with his left arm he motions, just as the keepers do. Again and again he waves his mighty arm, coaxingly, suggestively, and it says as plain as print: "Come on! Throw it in! Throw it!"

If there is too much delay in the response, he motions with his right paw, also, both arms working together. It is irresistible. At least 500 times has he thus appealed, and he will do it whenever a loaf of bread is held up as the price of an exhibition of his sign language. Of course Ivan thought this out himself, and put it into practise for a very definite purpose.

Case 3. Admiral Will Not Tolerate White Boots. Recently our bear keepers have found that Admiral has violent objections to white rubber. Keeper Schmidt purchased a pair to take the place of his old black ones, but when he first wore them into the den for washing the floor the bear flew at him so quickly and so savagely that he had all he could to make a safe exit.

A second trial having resulted similarly, he gave the boots a coat of black paint.

But one coat was not wholly satisfactory to Admiral. He saw the hated white through the one coat of black, promptly registered "disapproval," and the patient keeper was

forced to add another coat of black. After that the new boots were approved.

Case 4. The Mystery of Death. Once upon a time we had a Japanese black bear named Jappie, quartered in a den with a Himalayan black bear—the species with long, black side-whiskers and a white tip to its chin. The Japanese bear was about one-third smaller than the Himalayan black.

One night the Japanese bear died, and in the morning the keepers found it lying on the level concrete top of the sleeping-dens.

At once they went in to remove the body; but the Himalayan black bear angrily refused to permit them to touch it. For half an hour the men made one effort after another to coax, or entice, or to drive the guardian away from the dead body, but in vain. When I reached the strange and uncanny scene, the guardian bear was in a great rage. It took a position across the limp body, and from that it fiercely refused to move or to be driven. As an experiment we threw in a lot of loaves, and the guardian promptly raked them over the dead one and stood pat.

We procured a long pole, and from a safe place on the top of the nearest overhang, a keeper tried to prod or push away the guardian of the dead. The living one snarled, roared, and with savage vigor bit the end of the pole. By the time the bear was finally enticed with food down to the front of the den, and the body removed, seven hours had elapsed.

The silver-tip grizzly bear of the Rocky mountains has a mental trait and a corresponding habit which seems to be unique in bear character. It is the habit of burying food for future use. Says Dr. Hornaday:

Once I had a rare opportunity to observe this habit. It was in the Canadian Rockies of British Columbia, in the month of September (1905), while bears were very active.

Mr. John M. Phillips and I shot two large white goats, one of which rolled down a steep declivity and out upon the sliderock, where it was skinned. The body of the other was rolled over the edge of the cliff, and fell on a brushy soil-covered spot about the same level as the remains of goat No. 1.

The fresh goat remains were promptly discovered by a lusty young grizzly, which ate to satiety from goat No. 1. With the remains of goat No. 2 the grizzly industriously proceeded to establish a cache of meat for future use.

The goat carcass was dragged to a well-chosen spot of seclusion on moss-covered earth. On the steep hillside a shallow hole was dug, the whole carcass rolled into it, and then upon it the bear piled nearly a wagon-load of fresh earth, moss and green plants that had been torn up by the roots.

Over the highest point of the carcass the mass was 24 inches deep. On the ground the cache was elliptical in shape, and its outline measured about 7 feet by 9. On the lower side it was 4 feet high, and on the upper side 2 feet.

The cache was built around two large saplings, as if to secure their support. On the uphill side of the cache the ground was torn up in a space shaped like a half moon, 28 feet long by 19 wide.

I regard that cache as a very impressive exhibit of ursine thought, reasoning and conclusion. It showed more forethought and provision, and higher purpose in the conservation of food than some human beings ever display, even at their best. The plains Indians and the buffalo hunters were horribly wasteful and improvident. The impulse of that grizzly was to make good use of every pound of that meat, and to conserve for the future.

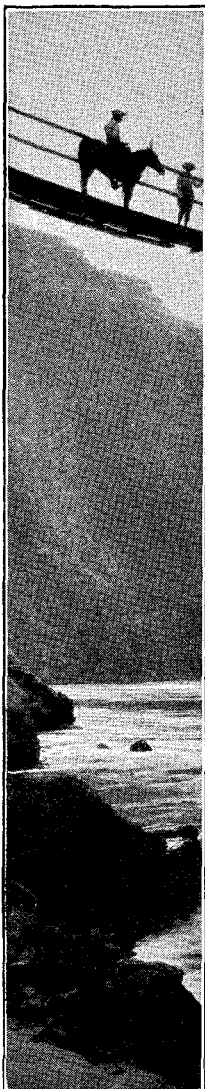
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

THE EVOLUTION OF THE USELESS

"WHAT is the use of it?" was the question that used to be asked by an investigator when he found a strange structure or substance in a plant or animal. He then set himself to finding out the use of it, and sometimes he even invented a more or less plausible reason for its existence and peculiarities. It never occurred to him that there might be no answer to get. The biologists of the present generation, says Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, director of Science Service, in its *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington), have given up the expectation of finding a use for everything, for they do not now assume that everything is useful in the sense of being a benefit to the creature possessing it. It may be an accidental or inevitable accompaniment of general development—a mere by-product of life. He goes on:

This modern point of view was expressed by A. G. Tansley, president of the Botanical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the recent Liverpool meeting, when he said:

"An organism may produce parts which are useless or even harmful to it, provided that the whole is still able to carry on and reproduce itself in its actual conditions of life.

"In regard to a multitude of characters there is not only no proof but not the smallest reason to suppose that they have now, or ever did have, any survival value at all."

This view will relieve the zoologists and botanists of a lot of the bother they have had in trying to hatch up reasons for everything. Formerly when a plant was found to contain something poisonous or bad tasting, the botanist "explained" it by assuming that the noxious compound was put there or developed there because it kept the plant from being eaten. But the compound is formed by the chemical reactions of the plant's vital processes, and it may or may not be a protection to it.

So, too, when the old-school entomologist found an insect that looked hideous—to human eyes—or that gave off an odor that was disagreeable—to human noses—he assumed that the bug appeared or smelled as horrible to the birds that prey on it as it did to him, and, therefore, its enemies avoided it. Perhaps that was so—and perhaps it wasn't. A skunk undoubtedly makes use of its poison gas as a weapon of defense, and it certainly is an offensive weapon. But many a poor bug may exude an odor quite as bad in proportion to his size and yet not get any benefit from it. Doubtless he has become so used to his odorless aura as to be quite unconscious of it, and often wonders why he is not more popular in society.

A scientist from Mars studying our earthly ant-hill would be quite puzzled to understand why the automobiles shot out jets of ill-smelling smoke, until the happy thought occurred to him that it was for the purpose of preventing pedestrians approaching too close and perhaps climbing on behind. He would wonder why heaps of shale were stacked up around our coal-mines. But he would consider the question solved when he surmised that they could serve as ramparts in case the



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mine mouth were attacked by a mob of strikers.

Man may be "the measure of all things," as Protagoras said, but he is liable to mislead himself when he attempts to put his own meaning into nature.

INTERNAL GLANDS AS REGULATORS OF SLEEP

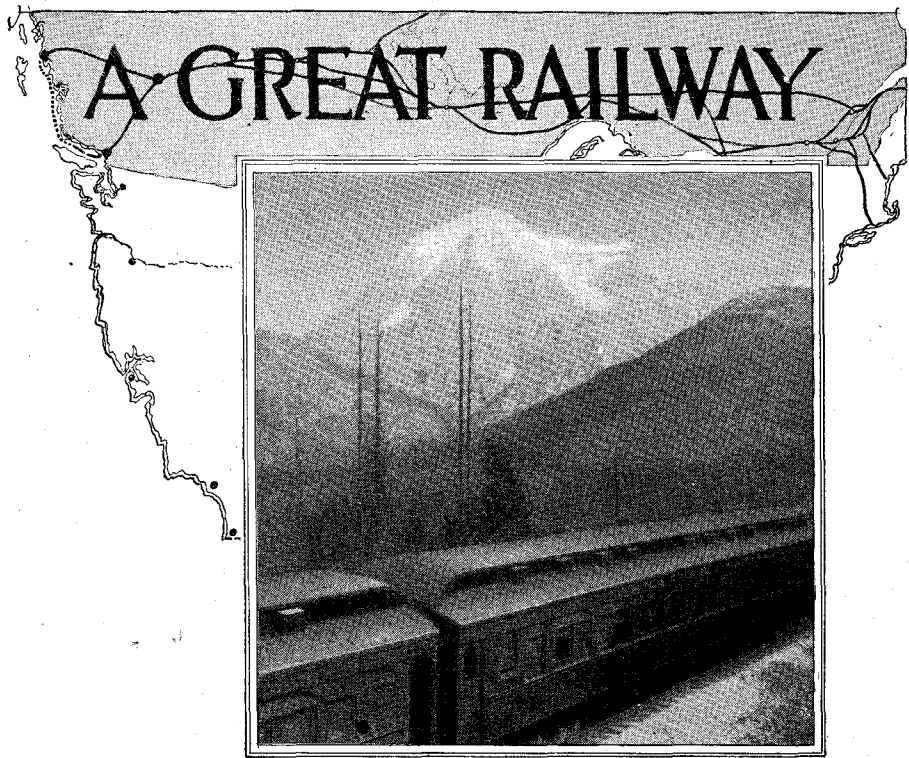
HOW are you off for iodine? Not the tincture that you buy as an antiseptic, but the product of the factory that you carry about in your body—your own thyroid gland? This secretion of this organ has long been recognized as of great importance to health and the proper performance of our bodily functions. A German physician, Dr. Janert, sees in it also a regulator of bodily temperament, and especially of sleep. From his point of view, sleep is a paralysis of the nervous system by the fatigue-toxins. Much iodine, fewer toxins—less sleep required. The heavy northern races have less iodine, more toxins and a resulting phlegmatic temperament. The southern has more iodine, less toxic substance and greater vivacity. This view, which is interesting, whether correct or not, is set forth by the doctor in an article contributed to *Kosmos* (Stuttgart). After remarking that the activity of the various glands differs in different individuals according to the physical type which is itself dependent upon the glandular activities of countless preceding generations, he says:

We know that the iodine in the thyroid gland is useful in neutralizing the fatigue poisons and other toxic materials produced in the body when work is done. This is particularly important for our nervous system. A fresh brain quite free from such poisons turns out a different sort of work from a brain burdened with poisons. A man well supplied with iodine is as intellectually vivacious as quicksilver is mobile. The suprarenal glands and the thyroid are reciprocating properly in their mutual activities. These suprarenals liberate into the blood-stream a substance—adrenalin—which has the property of increasing the blood-pressure by constricting the blood-vessels and which furthermore stimulates all the organs and apparently the thyroid in particular, or at any rate the liberation of iodine. These processes are not under the control of the will, and are set in operation by the stimulation of the sympathetic nerve-system.

But as in a system of pumps, when the pipes become very narrow the resistance within them is increased, the person with contracted blood-vessels exhibits increased blood-pressure and is in a "state of tension."

Dr. Janert here calls attention to the fact that the more perfect the reciprocity between the suprarenals and the thyroid the more definite the stamp they impress upon the individual, since they may be able to partially suppress the secretions poured into the blood by the other glands, which produce various effects. He says:

In the case of very active persons, and



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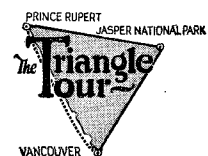
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

especially those of an intense temperament, the thyroid empties itself of iodine that this may enter into combination with the fatigue substances. Sleep is immediate, since the thyroid is fully exhausted and the fatigue-substances rapidly paralyze the nervous system, producing profound slumber, which alone can refresh the organism. Adults of this type usually sleep eight or nine hours. We see, therefore, that there is the closest connection between the function of sleep and the transformation of the iodine in the body. As soon as a child is born, it utters a cry, and in this manner it forces the first iodine into the blood by means of the muscular contraction of the crying-muscles. The embryonic blood contains no iodine. And long years must pass before the thyroid gland is sufficiently mature to exert its full activity. For this reason alone children would require in any case profound slumber. And unhappy the child who because of bodily disturbances remains lacking in iodine after birth as well as before. It will be overtaken by ruin of body and mind.

The author next considers the types which require but little sleep. These are persons in which the transformation of the iodine does not take place so rapidly. Climate also plays a part here. Northern persons tend to be larger, slower, more phlegmatic, and less passionate. These are moderate in their vital expressions, do not mature so early, and often reach a great age. He continues:

When we observe the influence of climate on the chemical composition of the body, it becomes obvious, by reason of the manifold forms exhibited by the Indo-Germanic race, how great its antiquity must be—or else we must assume that it is properly not a single "race" and can not have had a common origin.

From this point of view it is extraordinarily interesting also to consider the structure and destiny of animals, from the gigantic Saurians to the smallest dog.

Dr. Janert here remarks that the northern type of mankind requires less sleep than the southern, since its intellectual activity is less vivacious and the formation of the fatigue toxins less active. He concludes:

Sleeping and waking form a circuit. During the progress of the daily work fatigue stuffs collect and demand iodine to neutralize them. If the provision of iodine be exhausted, then the fatigue stuffs paralyze the nervous system, and this means sleep. This on the other hand prevents fresh work, and thus new fatigue stuffs are not formed, so that gradually iodine is stored up till it is in the ascendance in the organism, whereupon the sleep is interrupted. Every long-continued illness may have the effect of overstraining the thyroid and exhausting it, for it is also a function of iodine to remove the waste matter formed in the body by the metabolism due to disease germs. Finally the balance of the internal secretions may be entirely destroyed by illness. Such persons need much sleep; since they have too little iodine (or iodine of inferior quality) at their

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disposal, they must do less work or none to maintain the balance in the body. Unfortunately, too, this inferior quality of iodine acts itself as a poison.

USELESSNESS OF MODERN ASTRONOMY

THE navigator and surveyor use astronomical facts that were about as well-known a century ago as they are now. The great advances of astronomy during recent years are simply additions to knowledge—they are of no practical value. Even if we could prove Mars to be inhabited, it is doubtful whether we could make any use of our knowledge. This confession is made in *Popular Astronomy* (Northfield, Minn.) by Prof. William H. Pickering of Harvard, one of the best known of the modern school of "planetary astronomers." He writes:

Our known positions of the sun and stars enable the navigator safely to cross the seas, the explorer to find his way in unknown lands, the civilized governments to make accurate maps of their territory, and every one to know the time of day. What the questioner usually really means, however, is not that at all, but "What are the practical every-day uses of modern astronomical research, as compared with the usefulness of, let us say, chemical, electrical, and certain geological investigations?" That is quite a different question, and the answer must be definitely that the investigations of modern astronomy are of no practical value. The results of astronomical research do serve to lift the minds and hearts of certain types of educated men and women, and like archeology, music, and art, give pleasure and enjoyment to thousands of the same classes. None of these latter subjects otherwise has any practical value whatever in the materialistic world. Nevertheless, few of the more intelligent and educated classes would willingly do without them. Admitting these premises, which can hardly be doubted, it might then be argued by some persons, and it is perhaps true, that those branches of astronomy, like those kinds of music which give the greatest enjoyment to the largest number of intellectual persons, are the most important.

During the present century the two main branches of astronomy, sidereal and planetary, have advanced and diverged so rapidly, that they should now really be considered not as one, but as two separate sciences. Ninety-nine per cent. of the modern professional astronomers are stellar astronomers, and naturally stellar facts appeal most strongly to them, but should their verdict consign planetary astronomy to a mere insignificant department of the science as a whole, or should the question be settled on the broader basis of general interest?

If the relative importance of the two sciences depends at all, as above suggested, on the interest that they excite, and the enjoyment that the general public obtains by reading of the new facts learned by astronomers, then there can be but little question that the decision would be in favor of planetary astronomy, for it is very certain that ten men would read a magazine article recording a new fact learned about Mars or the moon to one who would read a similar article regarding some detail of the stellar universe.

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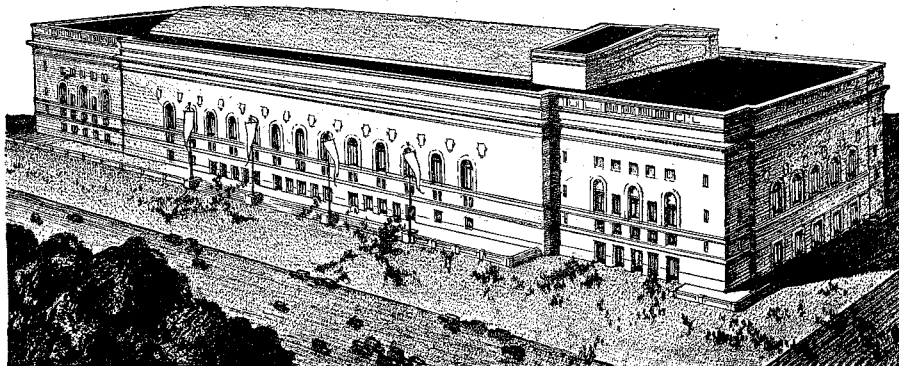
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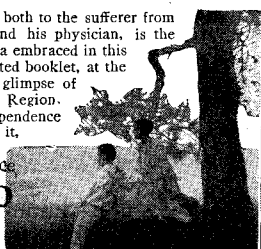
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

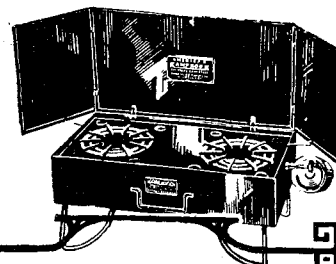
astronomy, with its hundreds of conscientious workers carefully measuring the distances between double stars, or the rates of motion of far-distant nebulae, and its occasional spectacular results like the measurement of the actual diameters of the larger suns. Such work always excites our admiration. But at the same time it is insisted that those matters once accomplished do not retain the perennial interest for the intellectual public that pertains to the steady advance in our knowledge of those bodies more closely resembling our own Earth. For this reason it appears to the writer that the comparatively new science of Planetary Research, founded by Schiaparelli, should no longer be looked on as "the tail of the dog," but should be granted its rightful position as a distinct and separate science, standing by the side of its elder sister, the ancient Sidereal Astronomy.

Before Schiaparelli's day, Professor Pickering tells us, few facts were known about Mars, and practically nothing about the other planetary bodies. The outer planets were a mass of clouds, the moon a mere heap of rocks, and of the inner planets nothing at all had been learned. There were not enough facts known to make a separate science. Our knowledge of the planets in general has advanced but little since Schiaparelli's day, but our acquaintance with Mars and the moon has latterly increased by leaps and bounds. Regarding both of these bodies there are still clearly plenty of new facts yet to be discovered, that are of general public interest. He continues:

That physical changes occurring upon these planets, for such they both are, resemble similar phenomena occurring upon the earth more closely than was supposed a few years ago is now apparent. The mere fact of this resemblance makes them of far more interest to us than any distant star, or group of stars, just as if China were now suddenly discovered, it would be of far more interest and importance to us than any discovery about such distant bodies as the moon and Mars.

The investigations now going on with regard to the moon show that our knowledge of that body has hardly begun, and that there is enough to be learned there, on account of its proximity to the earth, to fully occupy the time of many observers for many years. There is indeed enough there alone to make a distinct science, quite different from the older selenography—the drawing of the moon. It appears to the writer that we have here a science in embryo, a science allied more closely either to geology or to meteorology than it is to sidereal astronomy. Indeed, it seems to bear no resemblance whatever to the last-named science. A sidereal astronomer is but an intelligent layman when discussing Mars or the moon.

It now may perhaps naturally be asked if this new science, this planetary research, is so interesting, and has so much before it, why do not some of the sidereal astronomers in possession of suitable telescopes take it up, in preference to their own studies? The answer is that a telescope alone is not enough, the most important



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hing of all, next to the observer, is a suitable climate. Suitable climates are usually found only in regions remote from the great centers of civilization. The extreme south of Europe and northern Africa, our southwestern States, and the West Indies are the most accessible and satisfactory civilized places yet found for prosecuting such investigations. The most suitable instrument to employ is a good refractor of ten to twenty inches aperture. The combination of the place, the instrument, and the observer is rare, while ordinary ideal astronomy can be practised anywhere.

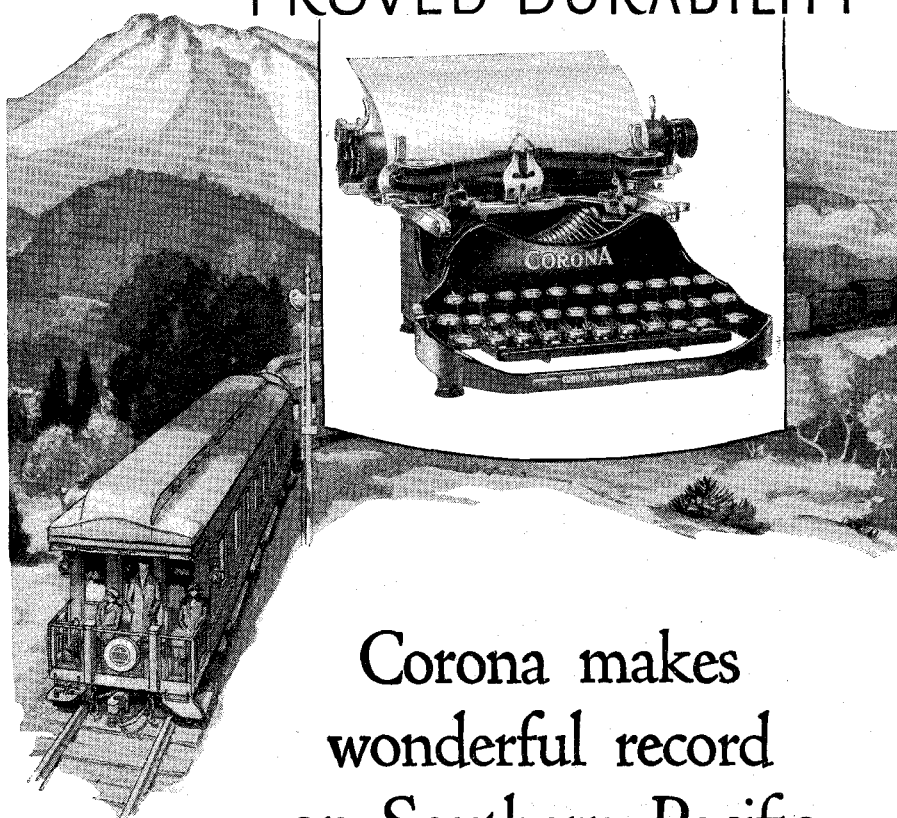
CHEMICAL STIMULATION OF SEEDS

THE vital functions of plant-cells can be stimulated by chemical means, according to a Bulgarian plant-physiologist, Prof. M. Popoff of the University of Sofia, who has been conducting experiments for many years to test this hypothesis. It is possible to stimulate the germ-cells of certain animals by such means, and since seeds consist essentially of embryo cells, he formed the opinion that by the application of suitable stimulants larger and more flourishing plants might be produced with corresponding increase in the crop yield. The results obtained by him, first in the Royal Gardens of Sofia and later in the open field, have confirmed this theory, since he has been able to increase the yield in some cases from 20 to 50 per cent. or even more. The method employed was suggested by the artificial parthenogenesis practised experimentally in recent years by many scientists—in other words, the development of the maternal germ-cell without fertilization. An example is the development of the eggs of the sea-urchin when exposed to certain chemical salts. Some of the results obtained by Dr. Popoff are described in *Die Umschau* (Frankfurt) by Dr. St. Konsuloff, who says:

The correctness of his theory has been demonstrated by Popoff in experiments on plants and animals. Infusoria, for example, can be made by cell-stimulation to reproduce more rapidly and to become larger; dormant buds of elder or horse-chestnut will open more rapidly when the same substances are injected into them; slow-healing wounds will close more rapidly under their influence. As for the effect on seeds, larger roots sprout from them and the plants become bigger and stronger. This suggested the idea that a richer harvest might be gained by such stimulation. The experiment was accordingly tried with highly successful results.

With respect to the principle upon which Professor Popoff bases his theory, it may be said that the foundation of all life processes is respiration, in other words, a process of oxidation. The living substance unites with the oxygen of the medium which surrounds it, whether this be air or water. In other words, it absorbs oxygen, thus setting up a series of chemical transformations which constitute vital phenomena. But it is well known that certain things accelerate the process of oxidation. To quote again:

When we bring living substance in



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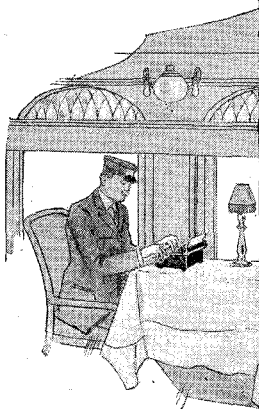
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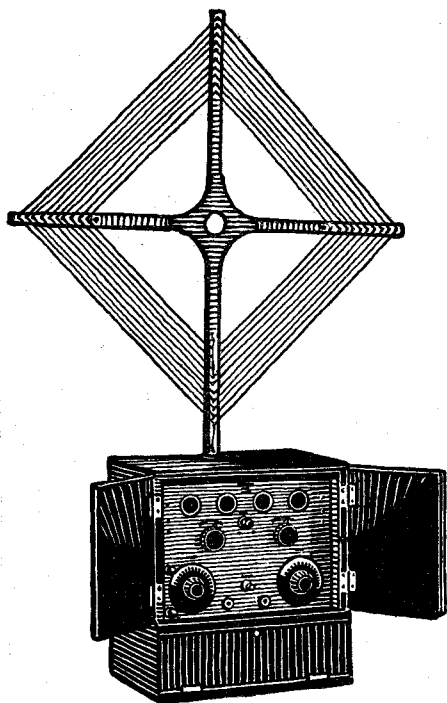
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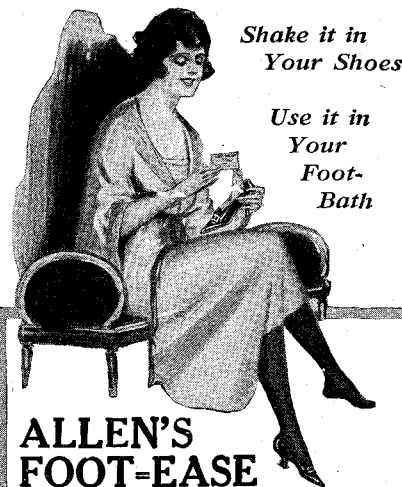
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION Continued

contact with a medium capable of taking up oxygen, some of the latter is abstracted from the living tissues, and after the stimulant has ceased to work the affinity of the tissue for oxygen is increased; an oxygen "thirst" is exhibited, which can be satisfied only by the setting up of energetic oxidation processes, so that the cell begins to breathe more vigorously than is usual. In other words, the cell is stimulated and there is an intensification of the vital processes.

Professor Popoff's investigations have shown that a large number of substances are capable of acting as stimulants in this manner, the property depending upon their affinity for oxygen. Among the substances found to be effective stimulants are carbon dioxide, many salts of magnesium, manganese, potassium, sodium, mercury, iron, arsenic and its compounds, various alcohols and phenols, narcotic substances, such as ether, chloroform etc., a number of fluorescent substances, and so forth. It is obvious that all these various substances do not produce an identical stimulating effect. Each of them requires a certain definite time, and this depends in turn upon the kind of seed. The result is unsatisfactory if the time is too brief, while if it is too long the seed may be weakened or injured. In practice the principal solutions used for this seed-stimulation are magnesium chlorid and sulfate, manganese nitrate and sulfate, potassium chlorid, and potassium arsenite. The seeds are placed in these solutions for a certain length of time and then planted. An enormous number of experiments were necessary, naturally, in order to determine which stimulants had the best effect on any given kind of seed, and these experiments were concerned chiefly with the more important kinds. Likewise numerous tests were required to determine the most favorable degree of concentration, the length of time which gave best results, and so forth. These experiments began in 1914, in Popoff's laboratory and in the Royal Botanical Gardens at Sofia, and after eight years of patient study it was deemed practicable to test the conclusions arrived at in the open field. This was done in the summer of 1922, and the results of these first tests on a practical scale with wheat, onions, maize and millet were so excellent that Professor Popoff in the following year arranged to have these tests made on a large scale, in various parts of Bulgaria, in order to fully determine the advantages, and to correct any possible disadvantages, due to one cause or another. The article closes with detailed results. The crops to which the new method was applied included rice, barley, wheat, oats, maize, rye, fodder-beets, tobacco, cotton, and peas. The results obtained were remarkable both in the size and vigor of the plants and in the yield.



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INVENTION BY WHOLESALE

THE old-fashioned inventor who toiled by himself and made his way against discouragements and difficulties is being supplanted by the coordinated team-work of trained minds. So at least we are assured by Waldemar Kaempffert, who writes under the above title in *The Forum* (New York). Group invention, he says, is destined to take the place of "one-man" invention. Indeed, he regards one-man invention as a fiction; usually, he believes, it is an accumulation of old devices, an aggregation of familiar parts producing a new result. Many years ago a textile expert testified before the British House of Lords that spinning-machinery was even then a compound of about eight hundred inventions. On a linotype machine, an automatic machine-tool, a talking-machine, a list of the dozen or more unexpired patents by which it is protected will be found. Group invention simply hastens the process of accumulation or aggregation; correlation occurs simply, speedily, and directly. He continues:

As this tendency toward organized group invention becomes more marked, the "outside" inventor will find it more and more difficult to upset established manufacturing methods. The hired inventors and research engineers have at their command splendidly equipped libraries, experimental apparatus, patent lawyers to guide them, money, and time. The world is enmeshed in the dragnet of research organization; nothing in technical literature, nothing in foreign laboratories, can escape.

Such a system prevents the premature burial of a new technical idea. The principle of the dynamo was buried by its original inventor, Pacinotti, in a paper read before a scientific society. Nowadays the librarian of an industrial research laboratory would bring the paper to the notice of the director.

For the outsider to cope with a system of invention so vigilant, so thorough in its laboratory and literary explorations, is difficult. Assume that he has invented a startling improvement in telephones. He must lay his invention before the research engineers of one company in the United States. The chances are that the outsider has been anticipated. Even if the invention is new and valuable, it must conform to existing telephone practise. The more revolutionary the proposal, the less likely is it to be adopted.

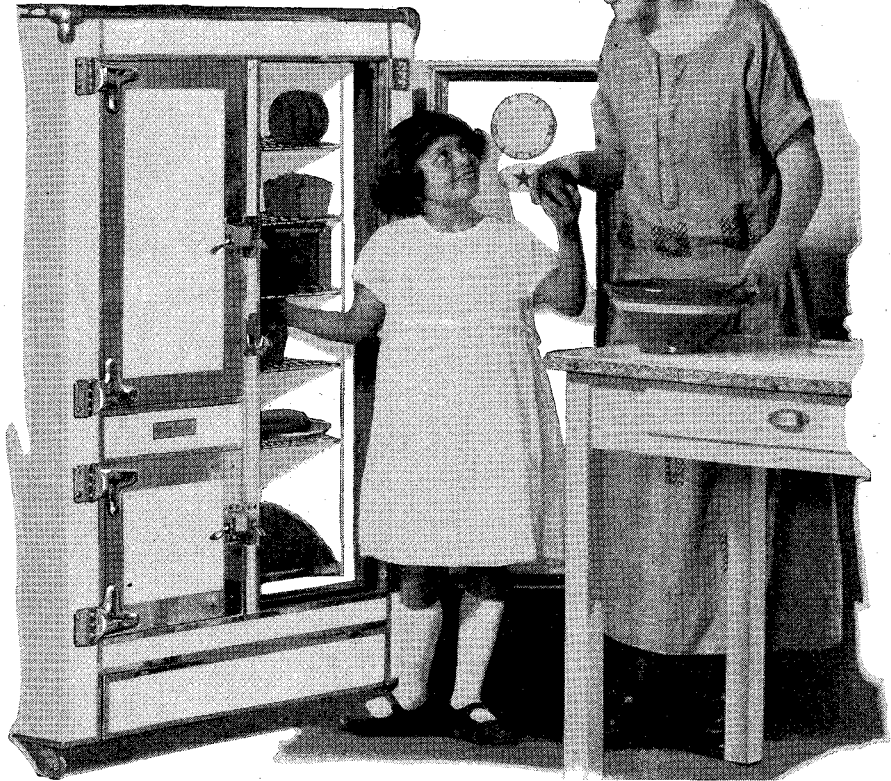
The history of the automatic telephone is a case in point. Altho it was well-developed twenty years ago, it could not be generally introduced in the face of the opposition of the telephone company. Now we are to have automatic "centrals," developed, however, by an organization of employed inventors along lines disclosed by outsiders in expired patents.

Standardization is another lion in the path of the single-handed inventor, even if he is not compelled to deal with a monopoly. Writes Mr. Kaempffert:

Wherever there is standardization there are powerful vested interests. Let us take the railroad as an example. There are no railway trusts, but there are standardized locomotives, cars, tracks, and methods of operation. Imaginative outsiders have devised concededly practical mono-railways capable of transporting passengers at

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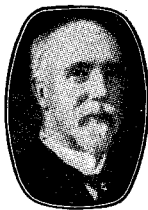
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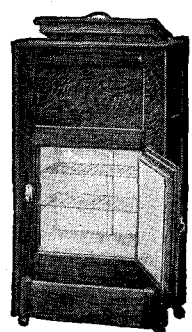
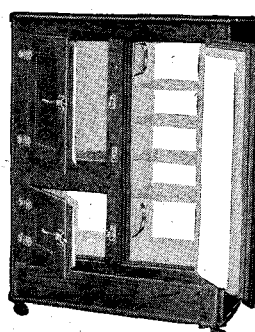
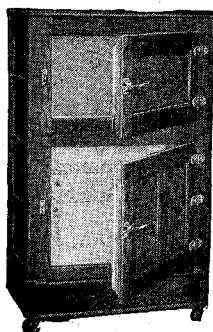
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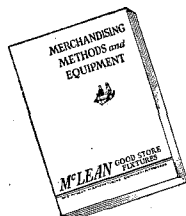
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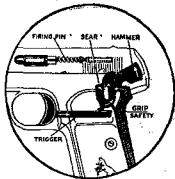


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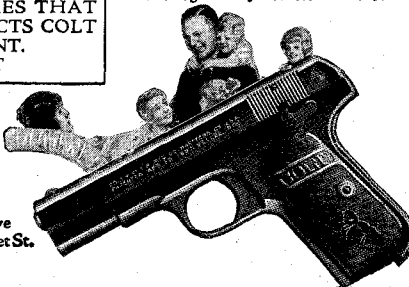
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

speeds of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. One of them was Schlick, an ingenious German engineer. Despite all his convincing models, the railway magnates brushed Schlick aside, pointing out that billions would be required to reconstruct the railways of such a vast country as the United States.

Even the less daring engineer who would electrify our steam-roads, encounters the same financial resistance. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul is the only transcontinental trunkline railway of the United States which has thus far been electrified in this alleged electrical age.

Similarly, there is no phonograph monopoly, but extraordinary standardization. Poulsen's beautiful telegraph—an instrument which makes it possible to record a whole opera electromagnetically on a fine steel wire and to reproduce it without the hissing, spitting, or scratching produced by the contact of a stylus on a disk—is destined to languish unused. The Pollak-Virag high-speed telegraph can transmit 100,000 words an hour in legible script. If it were introduced telegrams would be but little more expensive than posted letters, but the telegraph companies of the world will have none of it.

Cavil at standardization as we may, it will become more pronounced as the number of manufacturers who adopt group or organized inside invention increases. Standardization means economy in manufacture and in selling. To change the habits of a hundred million people is time-consuming and money-consuming. An avalanche of advertising was required to make men buy and use safety razors; to convince the public that pianos can be played with air blown through perforations in a roll of paper; and to drive home the point that dust can be sucked out of a carpet with a vacuum-cleaner.

England so heartily disliked the idea of driving coaches by steam, instead of hauling them by horses, that it passed its famous Road Locomotive Act, which limited road speeds to ten miles an hour and made it necessary for a mounted man carrying a red flag to precede a mechanically propelled road vehicle. Because of this piece of legislative folly, the automobile was developed in Germany and France, and by the time the Road Locomotive Act was repealed, England found herself handicapped in competing with continental automobile makers.

Since organized, group invention means more and more standardization and more and more frozen social and factory customs, the obstacles opposed to the outsider must become more and more formidable, the writer concludes. His instinct for contrivance must inevitably be paralyzed, another evidence of that lessened scope for initiative and individual enterprise which characterize modern quantity-production methods, and on which economists, sociologists, and psychologists have so frequently harped. He goes on:

The Arkwrights, Cartwrights, Watts, and Ericssons of the future will find it practically impossible to cope with the granitic inflexibility of standardization. They can hope to succeed only if their

inventions constitute the bases of industries of which the world has at present no conception. It was thus that Edison triumphed; for he invaded the field of electricity when dynamos, motors, and electric lamps were unknown; when he could build from the ground up. Indeed, the entire modern system of generating, distributing, metering, and utilizing electric energy is based upon the ideas of this one extraordinary man.

Edisons are rarer than comets, and they will be still rarer. Invention is becoming more and more a branch of engineering and, therefore, of applied science. To the trained physicist and chemist we must look for the startling invention of the future rather than to the illiterate Arkwright, the inspirational Cartwright, or the self-taught Goodyear. Industrial problems are becoming too complex. If we are ever to utilize the sun's heat or the energy so abundantly liberated by radium, the academically trained scientist (in the pay of some corporation) is more likely to point the way than countrymen and blacksmiths of the type who gave us the locomotive and the flying-machine.

The outsider of the future may supplant the typewriter with some radically new form of writing-machine, or devise an artificial substance to take the place of building timber if our forests are ever entirely hewn away, or fabrics which will be cheaper and more efficient than those now made of natural fibers. He will not be completely extinguished, like the prehistoric dinosaur or dodo, but he will be compelled to content himself with a minor rôle as industrial revolutionist.

THE KATA-THERMOMETER

THIS instrument, which measures the cooling power of the atmosphere, rather than its temperature, has lately been greatly improved, we learn from the editorial page of *The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press* (New York). It was invented a few years ago by Dr. Leonard Hill and was a significant step in appraising the correct atmospheric conditions in which workers could produce at maximum efficiency, and minimum fatigue and discomfort, says the paper named above:

It consists of a double-bulbed spirit thermometer, with a large bulb at the bottom and a small bulb at the top. The connecting glass tube is graduated between 100 and 95 degrees F., the mean of which may be taken as the average temperature of the human body. The instrument is first placed in hot water, whereby the spirit is made to rise into the top bulb; it is then dried and placed in the atmosphere of which an estimate of cooling power is required, and the time taken for the spirit to drop from the 100- to the 95-degree mark is noted. The lower bulb may be covered with a wetted muslin sleeve; if the instrument is used thus, the cooling is due to convection, radiation and evaporation. If used dry, it is due to convection and radiation. The difference between the two readings gives the measure of cooling by evaporation.

The kata-thermometer, as developed by Dr. Hill, has been demonstrated to be of immense value in factories and mines, where thermometer readings give no indication of the cooling power of the air, in spite of the immense importance of this factor in the maintenance of healthful

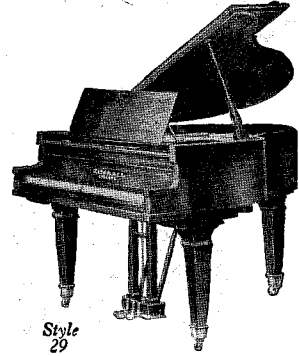
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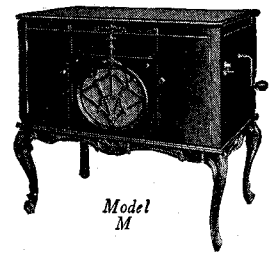
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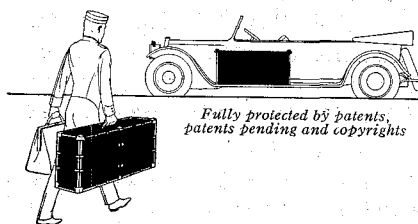
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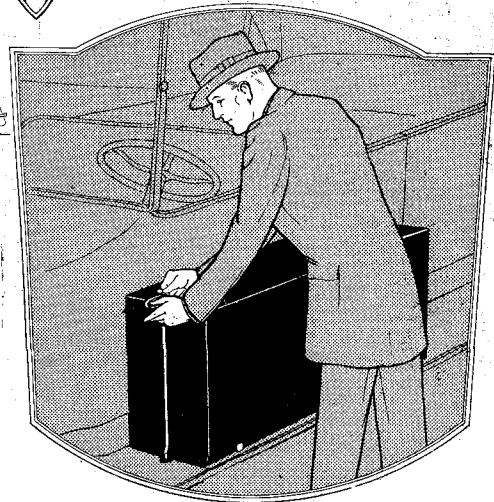
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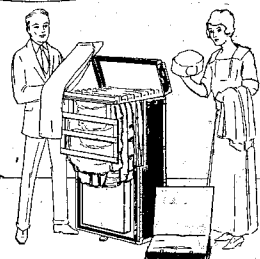
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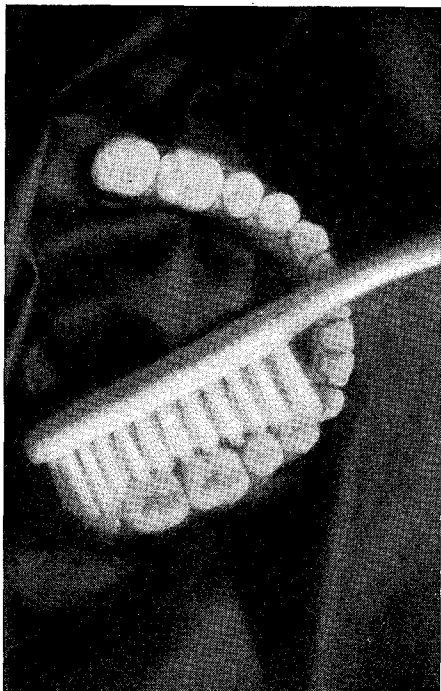
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

conditions. However, the need for the preliminary preparation of the instrument before each reading indicated inherent clumsiness of utilization of the idea, a drawback that recently has been obviated by Dr. E. H. J. Schuster, who has invented a kathermometer that is automatic in operation, by which a continuous record of atmospheric cooling power is recorded. The instrument is arranged to be heated at regular intervals by an automatic contrivance, the duration of the cooling period being registered as part of a curve. This latest refinement in invention obviates personal attention and control. The new instrument will doubtless find wide application in mines, factories and offices, where individual output, whether mental or physical, is dependent to a large extent on satisfactory atmospheric conditions.

DRUGLESS DRUG STORES

WHEN is a drug store not a drug store? The answer to this ought to be, "When it sells no drugs"; and yet we are assured that "drug stores" now exist that are not pharmacies at all. They look like the real thing, but all that they sell are the "side lines"—the soap, the tooth-brushes, the stationery and the soda-water. *The Druggists' Circular* (New York) waxed indignant over this state of affairs, and even suggests, editorially, that legislation may be sought to stop it. Pendulums, says the editorial writer, have a way of swinging about so far in one direction and then turning and going the other way. To some observers it appears that the commercialization of the drug business has reached its extreme, and the time has arrived when pharmacy should reassert its rights to the dominant position in the drug store. He proceeds:

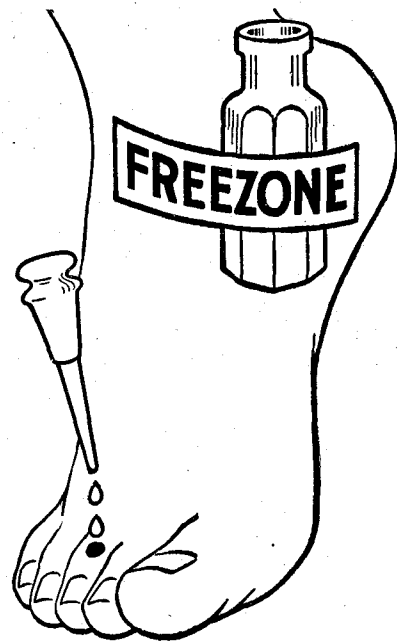
More and more have drugs, medicines, physicians' supplies and allied lines been shoved into the background in the stores in which they were once the only line carried until now, in many places, they have been shoved out completely and "drugless drug stores" have come into being.

Partly because the pharmacist is supposed to know better than a mere merchant the difference between preparations of merit and the other kinds, partly because the druggist keeps open after the grocery and dry-goods stores have closed, partly because drug stores are found at convenient points close at hand, while the other places may be less easily accessible, and partly, perhaps, for other reasons, the public has grown into the habit of calling on the druggist for many things not strictly pharmaceutical. The druggist, seeing an opportunity to make more money by supplying these things, has not been slow to meet the public at least half way, and in many instances considerably more than half way.

What the result of this change in the mercantile policy of drug stores has been is known to their proprietors generally. That many of these proprietors have profited by the change, is well understood. That it has enabled druggists to retain

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much trade even in pharmaceutical and allied lines which, but for the new policy, would probably have drifted to the department stores is generally agreed. The change has not been without its material advantages. But has it not gone too far?

Many think that it has. It has gone so far that "drug stores"—of the drugless variety—are now conducted by men and women who have not been trained in pharmacy, who are not trained as pharmacists, who have not been brought up to give any consideration to the ethics of the profession of pharmacy; by men and women, in short, to whom the prized expression "more than a merchant" does not apply.

All this can not fail to work to the detriment of the real drug store and to the detriment of the public. To offset this evil it now seems incumbent upon the professional pharmacist to let the public know that he is a professional pharmacist with all that that designation implies; that his place of business is also a professional office, which is conducted on a plane higher than that yet attained by the grocery store, the beauty parlor, the restaurant, or the ribbon counter.

It is likely that there will be laws passed to prohibit the use of the words "drug store" to designate a place of business not conducted by a pharmacist. It is hardly to be expected that a statute will be enacted to prevent those who wish to do so from selling in their places of business any legitimate general merchandise. Such a statute certainly is not desired by druggists, even tho certain kinds of the merchandise in question were formerly known as side lines in drug stores but latterly have become the principal lines in the more commercialized of these establishments. It would seem that the remedy, if any, for the situation is in the hands of the pharmacists themselves.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of
"THE LITERARY DIGEST"

Published weekly at New York, N. Y.

State of New York } ss. For April 1, 1924.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Managing Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.

Business managers, The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1924.

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(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

EUROPE'S SHRINKING SHARE OF OUR FOREIGN TRADE

EUROPE'S SHARE of the total foreign trade of the United States is diminishing while the share of other parts of the world is on the increase. This is the most significant fact found by *The Guaranty Survey* of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York and the Cleveland Trust Com-

pany's *Business Bulletin* in their studies of our 1923 foreign trade figures. Both bank papers present interesting diagrams showing how non-European parts of the world are looming as our customers and as sources of trade. The diagrams prepared for the Cleveland bank, which we reprint on this page, show the volume of our import and export trade with Europe and with the rest of the world, not in actual values, but in values corrected for price changes. The slanting

line crossing the upper part of each diagram shows the trend as completed from the fifteen-year period—1900–1914. As carried through 1923, of course, this line shows what trade figures would be if this normal trend were continued. But in all the diagrams “the black columns from 1915 on show sharp deviations from the trend lines, as a result of the abnormal situation created by the war.” Since 1920, there is noted a tendency to work back to normal. For instance, “while our imports from Europe in 1923 were 30 per cent. below normal, they have shown consistent improvement each year since 1918, by which time they had dropt to nearly 85 per cent. below normal.” But the deficiency in imports from Europe has been more than made up for by the high level of our imports from the rest of the world, and indeed, our foreign trade as a whole in 1923 was very close to normal solely because “our trade with the world outside of Europe made up the deficit growing out of our subnormal trade with Europe.” Analyzing our trade with Europe, the Cleveland authority comes to the conclusion that while it is possible for us to enjoy sustained prosperity regardless of conditions in Europe, nevertheless Europe is still “the most important foreign market for our surplus commodities, and as such is an important contributing factor in stimulating and maintaining prosperity in the United States,” and if a satisfactory solution of the reparations problem is achieved, “European buying should be an important factor in the next major upward movement of American business.”

In *The Guaranty Survey's* discussion of our foreign trade, attention is first called to the fact that our excess of exports over imports was very small last year; in fact, it amounted to only \$376,000,000, which is only 4.7 per cent. of the value of foreign trade for the year—in only three years since 1897 has it been smaller.

Taking up the geographical distribution of our foreign trade the writer for the New York bank points out that last year the trade with Europe “represented only 41 per cent. of the total value of our foreign commerce as against 44 per cent. in 1922, and 55 per cent. in 1913.” This, we are reminded, is by no means a new development, and a chart is presented and reproduced at the bottom of this page showing the geographical distribution of our foreign

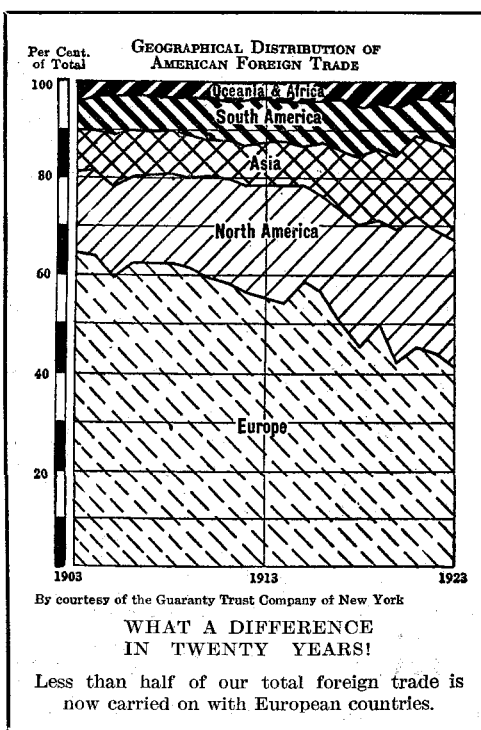
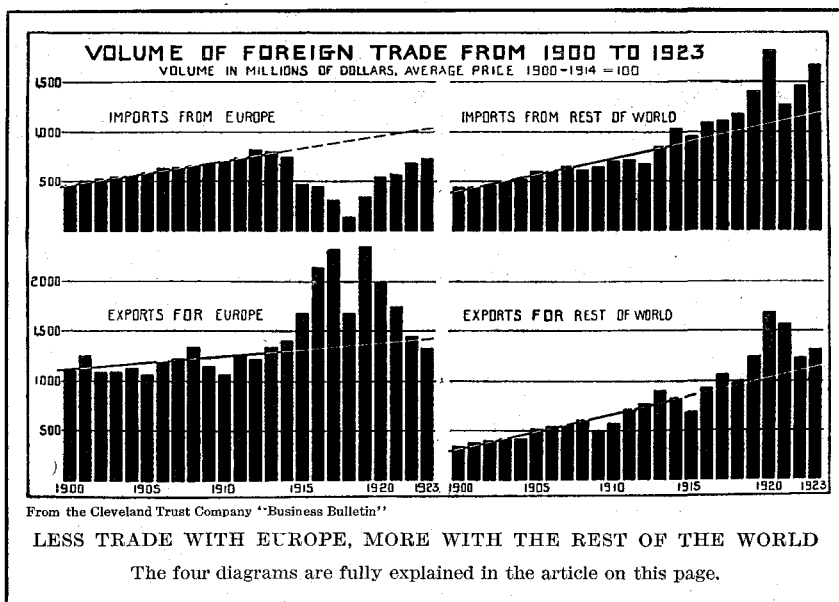
trade by percentages for the last twenty years. To quote from *The Guaranty Survey's* comment on this chart:

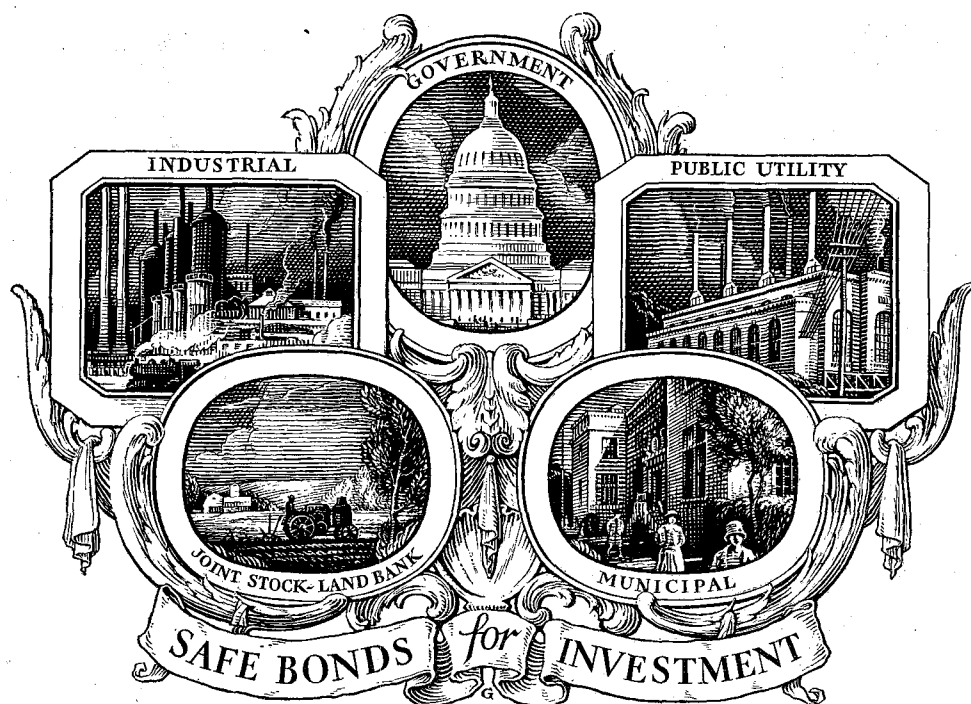
Trade with other North American countries shows the most consistent gains, altho its nearly uninterrupted rise was temporarily checked during the war. Our trade with Asia, on the other hand, fluctuated irregularly until 1916, when it began a series of rapid upward strides which have continued until the present. South American trade showed a general tho irregular increase until 1921, when it slumped heavily. In the last two years; however, it has made measurable progress toward regaining the high mark of 1920. Trade with Oceania and Africa has shown a fairly regular increasing tendency, but, like South American trade, suffered a severe setback from the world-wide depression three years ago.

This shifting in the geographical distribution of our trade with foreign countries is, no doubt, attributable in some measure to temporary and abnormal conditions growing out of the war; but for the most part it is to be explained on other grounds. It is a significant fact that, with the exception of Asia, the principal changes of the last ten years were merely continuations of previous trends.

European conditions are especially important as an explanation of recent changes in the composition of our exports and imports. The complex system of credits and markets which is necessary for the successful operation of modern industry was badly disorganized by the war, and in general has revived much more slowly than has agricultural production. The result is naturally a large European market for American manufactures and a restricted one both for foodstuffs and for raw materials for use in manufacture.

This brings us to a consideration of





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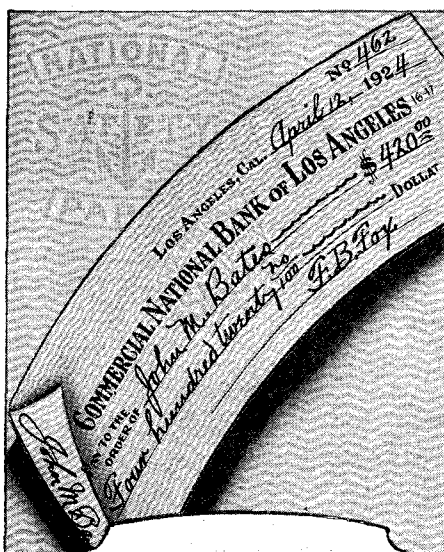
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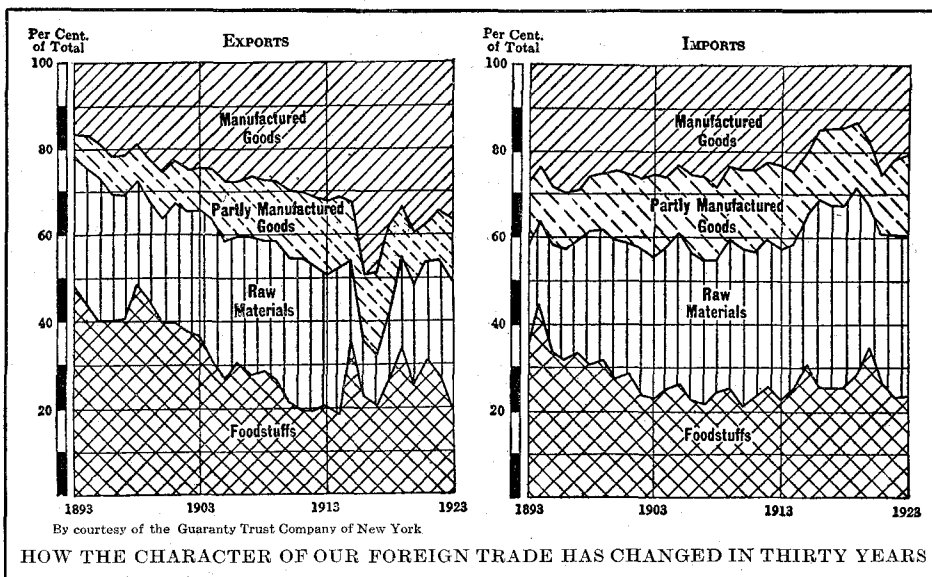
INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

the "what," as well as the "where" of our foreign trade. There have been some interesting shifts in the last thirty years which are fully portrayed in the two charts on this page. Attention is called

of Europeans into the other countries of the New World.

In many respects South America is far better adapted for the reception and absorption of the excess populations of Europe, and especially of Southern Europe, than is the United States. Aside from its distinct need of increased population, it bears a much closer similarity to the countries of Southern Europe in race, religion, climate, customs, and political and



to the decline in the relative value of the foodstuffs we export, and to the increasing importance of manufacturing as opposed to agriculture, "reflected in the rapidly increasing exports and declining imports of the consumers' goods and the equally marked increase in imports of raw materials." This has its bearing on the diminishing relative importance of our trade with Europe. For, with our industrial development the essential feature of our foreign trade is no more "the exchange of American foodstuffs and raw materials for European manufactures." Certain aspects of recent economic changes are then discuss as follows:

In the United States this development has in recent years taken the form of a rapid process of industrialization, which, as indicated above, has tended to reduce the opportunities for the profitable interchange of commodities with the industrial countries of Europe, but which at the same time has operated as a stimulant to our trade with the agricultural countries of the Western Hemisphere. In most of the countries of the New World an advanced stage of industrialization has not yet been reached, but increasing population has made possible a more highly developed economic organization and a tremendous expansion in production and in foreign commerce. And scarcely less remarkable has been the recent economic growth of the Far East, where increasing industrial specialization has been reflected in a rapid expansion of foreign trade.

The economic changes which give rise to new trade routes are due in no small measure to the shifting of centers of population. If, as now appears probable, the permanent policy of the United States is to be a strict numerical limitation on the inflow of aliens, the outstanding feature of human migrations for many years to come may well be a great movement

social institutions. With further agricultural, industrial, and railroad expansion in South America, the opportunities for the European immigrant will be greatly increased.

The effect of this expansion will be an additional stimulus to international trade, both with Europe and with North America. In the past, the exchange of commodities across international boundaries has been based in a considerable measure on disparities in stages of economic development. To the degree in which these disparities are removed, the trade routes of the future will be determined with reference to natural economic advantages.

A FEW THINGS TO ASK THE BOND SALESMAN

CAREFUL investors will subject the securities offered by the ubiquitous bond salesman to certain strict tests, we read in *The D & E Review* (New York), published by a Broadway investment house. With regard to a bond, it is suggested that it would pay any investor to ask:

- 1-a. Is the business of a stable nature?
- 2-a. What is the record of earnings?
- 3-a. Is the management both capable and experienced?
- 1-b. What is the value of the property in relation to the amount of bonds?
- 2-b. What is the nature of the lien?
- 3-b. What is the market value of the junior securities?
- 1-c. Is the yield not only fair but "in line"?
- 2-c. What are the chances of price appreciation?
- 3-c. Is there definite assurance that the bond can at any time be readily turned into cash?
- 1-d. What is the character of the banker behind the issue?

OUR INVESTMENT IN CUBA

BEING a big brother to Cuba is not all altruism, or even politics. It involves a tremendous investment of American capital in the Island, and so any economic improvement in Cuba is a direct benefit to this country. It is pointed out in *The Business Conditions Weekly* of the Alexander Hamilton Institute that Cuba's return toward financial stability has involved "cutting the budget from \$130,000,000 to \$60,000,000, and a year ago borrowing \$50,000,000 from investors in the United States." Several recent statements from our Department of Commerce have, we are reminded, emphasized Cuba's economic improvement. "The orgy of inflation that followed the war, with swollen revenues and riotous expense involving dubious and unchecked contracts, culminated in paralysis and debt. It has been supplanted by sane and constructive industry." According to Department of Commerce figures there are about \$110,000,000 of Cuban Government bonds held in this country with other investments, as follows:

United States Capital in Cuba

Sugar properties.....	\$750,000,000
Railroads.....	110,000,000
Public utilities, telephone and telegraph companies.....	100,000,000
Hotels, office buildings and other urban real estate.....	80,000,000
Miscellaneous manufacturing....	40,000,000
Tobacco and cigars.....	50,000,000
Miscellaneous agricultural lands other than sugar and tobacco ..	25,000,000
Mining.....	35,000,000
Independent docks, warehouses and terminal facilities.....	10,000,000
Merchandising.....	30,000,000
Banking.....	20,000,000
Total.....	\$1,250,000,000

After the financial crisis of 1920-1922, with the closing of nineteen native banks, foreign banking institutions undertook the financing of the country. So that now deposits in American and Canadian banks in Cuba approximate \$124,000,000 while deposits in native banks are only \$50,000,000. The business is said to be about equally divided between the United States and Canadian banks. While there are only six foreign banks in Cuba, some of them have a large number of branches. For instance, our own National City Bank has twenty Cuban branches and the Royal Bank of Canada, sixty-six. Last year the Federal Reserve Banks of Boston and Atlanta opened agencies in Havana. It is estimated by the Department of Commerce that 77 per cent. of the sugar production in 1923 was controlled in Cuba by American and Canadian capital, the proportion of mills in which the Americans actually hold control being 54 per cent. We are reminded that last year Cuba paid up its \$7,000,000 war debt to the United States and cut down its own internal debt by \$4,000,000. The close financial connection between the United States and Cuba is emphasized by the fact that, as this authority notes, "United States money is legal



"When mother issues specifications for a job"

FUNNY thing about women-folk. When they put us on one of those round-the-house carpenter jobs, they not only tell us we've *got* to do it but they look at us in a way that says *we can't!*

Let's get together on this thing men! We can't do a regular job when we use a can-opener for a screw-driver and a bread-knife for a saw. We've got to have *tools*—good tools.

Let's show 'em. Begin to assemble your complete tool outfit with a Simonds Hand Saw, a Simonds Hack Saw and a Simonds File. Then you'll have *tools*—tools that were famed for their cutting qualities before most of us cut our baby teeth.

There is a Simonds Saw, File or Machine Knife for every cutting purpose—for steel, wood, paper, ice, leather, cork, rags—produced, from raw material to finished product, in Simonds plants where its quality is *certified*. But to get the genuine, you must say **SI-MONDS**.

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Multiplying the Healing Virtues of Your Morning Glass of Water

The healing virtues in the morning glass of water is Nature's gift to mankind to keep the inner body clean. But add to it a dash of clean-tasting, pleasant, effervescent, sparkling Eno's "Fruit Salt"—Derivative Compound and the effectiveness of the water is multiplied to such an extent that it loosens the waste portions of digestion, dislodges the gases generated thereby, and clears the system of the poisonous elements caused by constipation. The effect is as invigorating to the internal system as a bath is to the outer body. Experience the wonderful benefits of this thirst quenching, invigorating health drink.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

tender in Cuba, and the only paper currency in circulation on the Island is American," it being estimated that something like \$200,000,000 of American currency is now in use there.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION IN TERMS OF FARM MACHINERY

ONE organization that realizes to the full the extent of farm distress during the last two or three years is the National Association of Farm Equipment Manufacturers. When the farmer has no money he can not buy new tools, and a recent circular quoted by *The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore) shows that the production in 1922 of farm implements was about one-third or one-half, and in some cases even less, of that in 1914. Fortunately, we read, "the tide has turned and rather better financial conditions of the farmers is enabling them to begin buying implements somewhat more freely, but until farmers get back to the ability which they had in 1914 to equip their farms with adequate machinery, the farm business and the agricultural implement business will suffer." According to the association's circular, "twenty of the leading companies have lost \$50,000,000 in two years." As we read further in editorial comment of *The Manufacturers' Record*:

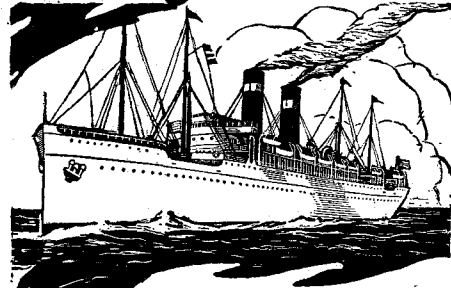
In studying the condition of the farmers it is well to study how depression in agriculture has hit the implement manufacturers; how their depression has hit the iron and steel and other industries which furnish the raw materials for the vast agricultural implement business of the country. Judging by the comparative figures of 1914 and 1922, the farms of this country must be exceedingly short of adequate equipment and implements for handling their business to the best profit. The figures are given as follows:

PRODUCTION OF FARM MACHINES (United States Government Figures)

	1914	1922
Plows.....	1,335,104	431,409
Harrows.....	764,666	254,458
Corn Cultivators.....	378,934	89,633
Mowers.....	274,521	80,484
One-Horse Cultivators.....	254,158	58,619
Grain Binders and Headers.....	215,386	41,458
Sulky Rakes.....	139,565	30,019
Corn Planters.....	114,657	21,783
Cotton Planters.....	101,256	17,874
Broadcast Seeders.....	106,018	46,889
Grain Drills.....	89,370	17,606
Corn Binders.....	52,087	9,638
Hay Loaders.....	25,865	15,891
Thrashers.....	13,548	8,885
Reapers.....	56,982	1,869
Corn Shellers.....	74,319	44,579
Listers.....	37,953	10,391
Land Rollers.....	22,470	1,777
Soil Pulverizers and Packers.....	12,724	2,940
Rakes, Side Delivery.....	20,213	9,155
Rakes, Sweep.....	23,304	9,051
Stackers.....	6,437	1,651

Practically all other lines of farm equipment have had similar declines.

California fortnight cruises



All the joys of sailing for fifteen bracing days—all the comforts and gay pastimes that a splendid ocean liner affords. The adventure of exploring the Panama Canal, Havana and Balboa. Cool breezes all the way.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 26.—Premier Poincaré is defeated in the Chamber of Deputies on the ministerial pensions bill by a vote of 271 to 264, and resigns; but is urged by President Millerand to remain in office.

More than 100 persons are reported to have perished in landslides on March 26 at Amalfi, Italy.

March 27.—Pope Pius XI confers red hats on Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein at a public consistory in St. Peter's Cathedral.

Raymond Poincaré agrees to President Millerand's request that he form a new ministry and is renamed Premier.

March 28.—The Turkish National Assembly passes the national defense budget of 27,000,000 Turkish pounds.

March 30.—In a speech before the People's Party, Foreign Minister Stresemann expresses himself in favor of restoring the monarchy to Germany.

March 31.—Bridges on the main road between Longford and Athlone, in central Ireland, are blown up and the roads blockaded with felled trees. The Republicans disclaim responsibility.

Premier Poincaré announces that the guiding principles of the new ministry will be a prompt reparations settlement, based on the economic experts' report, and rigid domestic economy.

April 1.—Gen. Erich Ludendorff is acquitted of treason for his part in the "beer garden" revolt last November, and Adolf Hitler, Chief of Police Poehler, of Munich, and two others are sentenced to five years' confinement for their part in the putsch.

DOMESTIC

March 26.—The independent offices' appropriation bill reported in the House carries \$398,496,890, or \$103,384,486 less than last year's appropriation and \$241,741 less than budget estimates. Of the total, \$349,065,000 is intended for the Veterans' Bureau, a reduction of \$98,388,086 under the amount appropriated last year.

March 27.—Indictments charging Representative John W. Langley, Republican, of Kentucky, Millard F. West, a former Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and four others with conspiracy to defraud the Government of internal revenue taxes and "corruptly" to defeat the Federal Prohibition act are returned by a Federal grand jury in Washington.

Senator Borah introduces a resolution requesting the President to call an international conference on economic questions and further limitation of armaments on land and sea.

March 28.—Senator McKellar of Tennessee introduces a resolution for an investigation by the Judiciary Committee to determine whether Secretary Mellon is holding office illegally in being interested in trade and commerce.

Twenty-six miners are killed by an explosion in a mine at the Pocahontas Coal Company at Yukon, West Virginia.

Contempt charges are preferred by the Senate against H. F. Sinclair and are

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When U. S. Word Rolls were reduced during June, 1922, from \$1.25 to \$1.00, we pledged to improve their quality and lower their prices still more, when the volume increased sufficiently. Now the necessary volume has been realized and it becomes our pleasant duty to express our appreciation of the vastly increased popularity of U. S. Player Rolls, in terms that provide a material saving and greater enjoyment from your player piano investment.

On and after April 1, 1924, all \$1.00 U. S. Word Rolls will be priced at 75c, without sacrificing musical excellence, workmanship, quality, quantity or materials. They will be maintained the highest grade that skill, money and eighteen years of specialization can accomplish, with the pledge of any further price reduction, that increased volume may dictate.

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Hundreds of women tell us they have used their Bissell for fifteen years or more—and it's still a daily standby.

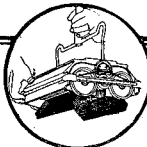
It cleans so easily—a few runs up and down, all the average home needs between regular "cleanings." Nothing can take the place of the Bissell for the countless little everyday jobs.

Easy to empty—a press of the thumb on the lever. And the famous "Cyco" Ball Bearings make the Bissell run easier and last longer than any other sweeper.

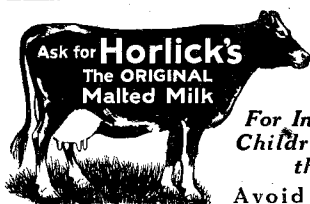
Sold by furniture, hardware, department and house-furnishing stores everywhere, at around \$5.00 or \$6.00, and Toy Bissells for the children, 25c and up, depending upon style and locality.

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Avoid Imitations

56 Prizes for Pecan Recipes



\$25.00 for the best recipe for use of pecans in staple foods, salads, desserts, cakes, candies, etc., submitted before September 1, 1924.

\$10.00 each for five next best.

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\$1.00 package of perfected Keystone Assorted Pecans, FREE for every additional recipe accepted.

The only condition is that your recipes shall be different from—or an improvement on—those found in our booklet, entitled

"Fifty Proved Pecan Recipes"

This announcement will not appear again. Enter this contest today. Write for FREE copy of that booklet to

Elam G. Hess, President, Keystone Pecan Co., Box 404, Manheim, Penna.

CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

presented to the District of Columbia Grand Jury.

Att.-Gen. Harry M. Daugherty resigns at the request of President Coolidge.

March 29.—The total number of ballots received on the Bok Peace Plan are 610,558, of which 76,381 are against the plan and 534,177 are for it.

Fourteen persons were killed in tornadoes and gales which on March 28 swept down the Mississippi Valley from Minnesota to Missouri and Kentucky, according to reports just coming in.

March 30.—Floods in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Maryland, caused by warm rain and melting snows in the mountains, devastate a wide area and take a toll of thirteen lives.

March 31.—Harry F. Sinclair is indicted for contempt of the United States Senate in refusing to answer questions of the Public Lands Committee in relation to the Teapot Dome oil lease.

The Senate Finance Committee unanimously approves the provision in the revenue bill for a 25 per cent. reduction on income taxes payable this year.

Senator Dill of Washington introduces a resolution demanding the removal from office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt.

Oregon's compulsory school law, which requires children of grammar school age to attend the public schools, is declared unconstitutional in an opinion handed down by the Federal Court in Portland. The law was adopted by initiative at the general election in 1922 by a vote of 115,506 to 103,685.

April 1.—H. F. Sinclair, lessee of the Teapot Dome oil deposit, pleads not guilty to the indictment charging him with contempt of the United States Senate, and furnishes a \$5,000 bond.

Changing Weather.—Blood tells—at least in the fancy of some people who think more of birth than of plain ability. Young Benson was calling on the village belle one evening. Her father, a crusty old curmudgeon, stumped into the parlor just as things were getting pleasant, and sat down in a rocker by the stove.

"Looks like snow, sir," said young Benson, trying to be sociable.

"Nuthin' of the kind," grunted the old man.

Benson was squelched. A terrible silence reigned. Then the old man by the stove awoke out of a kind of reverie. He looked at Benson hard and said:

"What's your name, son?"

"Livermore Benson, sir," said the visitor.

"What? Old Reuben Benson's son?"

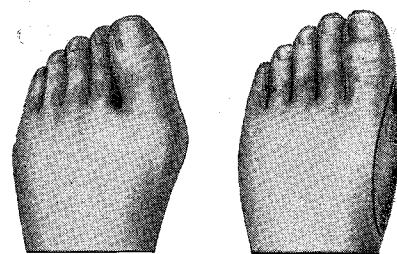
"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said the old man. "It may snow, it may snow."—*The Continent.*

No Kin.—While calling the roll at the beginning of the term, one of the teachers of the Tech came across the name Carl Sanburg.

"Do you know," she said, looking at the name, "that there is a well-known modern poet whose name is Carl Sandburg?"

"I ain't him," assured the youth.—*Indianapolis News.*



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There's no need to suffer the torture of tender, aching bunions and enlarged toe joints or the annoyance of bulging, unsightly shoes. Nearly 100,000 sufferers get relief every year with Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer.

This device is made of soft, flexible, antiseptic rubber. It removes pressure on the bunion, gives immediate relief, hides the enlarged joint and reduces the enlargement. When worn under the stocking it is not visible and will not shift out of place.

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Write for free book, "The Feet and Their Care," and a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for corns. Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Dept. 804, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, or 62 W. 14th St., New York City.

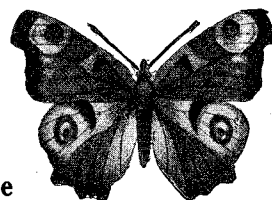
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"B. E. E." Detroit, Mich.—"It seems that *shellac* is spelled *shellac*, whereas the past tense is *shellacked*. We would like to know if you can apprise us of the grammatical rule that brings the *k* into this word. It seems customary on the part of varnish manufacturers to spell *shellac* in this way."

Until about a hundred and fifty years ago most, if not all, of the words in the English language that now end in *c* were spelled *ck*; thus, *mimick*, *musick*, *physick*, *picknick*, *shellack*, etc. Some of these spellings are still retained in the language, as, *knapsack*, *hammock*, *hillock*, etc. But during and since the dropping of the redundant letter, it was found necessary to restore it in forming the verbal derivatives of the words, for *mimicing* would be pronounced *mimising*; *picnicing*, *picnising*; *shellacing*, *shellasing*, and also *mimised*, *picnised*, *shellased*, for the past tense, since *c* before *i* or *e* *s* always given the sound of *s*. Hence all such words have the *k* restored in forming the verbal derivatives, so that the pronunciation of the words may not be destroyed.

The rules applying to the subject are stated in "Words we Misspell" as follows: *c*. This letter has two sounds, one hard, the other soft. *C* is hard like *k* before *a*, *o*, or *u*, as *cake*, *cork*, *curd*, or at the end of a syllable when not followed by *i* or *e*, as *music*, and before any consonant excepting *t*, as *claim*, *craft*. *C* is soft like *s* when preceding *i*, or *y*, as *cedar*, *cider*, *cyclone*.

Monosyllabic words ending with the sound of where *c* follows a vowel commonly take *k* after the *c*, as *back*, *beck*, *click*, *clock*, *cluck*.

Words having more than one syllable with the sound of *k* where *c* follows a vowel, or other vowels than *i* or *ia*, commonly take *k* after the *c*, as *attack*, *arrack*, *cocksure*, *pucker*.

EXCEPTIONS to this rule are *havoc*, but *havocked*, *avocking*; *picnic*, but *picnicked*, *picnicking*; *hellac*, but *shellacked*, *shellacking*.

Words having more than one syllable that end with the sound of *k* in which *c* is preceded by *i* or *a* are commonly written without the final *k*, as *mimic*, *maniac*.

"S. A.," Rock Hill, S. C.—"In writing to a bank with reference to a certain commercial document, which of the following forms is correct: 'The enclosed draft on John Doe' or 'The enclosed draft drawn on John Doe'?"

Much depends on what follows. A draft is an order drawn on a person, and it seems redundant to say, "draft drawn on John Doe," but as the sentence is not completed its accuracy can not be determined. "The enclosed draft, drawn on John Doe for \$1,000, was presented for payment yesterday, but protested," is correct.

"C. C. M.," Schenectady, N. Y.—"What is the distinction in the use of *meet* and *pass*? Does *meet* mean reaching a given point from opposite directions and does *pass* imply overtaking someone going in the same direction? That is my understanding of the words, but I do not find authority for this use.

Meet may mean "to arrive at (a point from different directions), then, perhaps, to continue together; as, 'the two men met at the Flatiron building and walked up Fifth Avenue'"; but its usual meaning is "to arrive at (a point, from opposite directions), then to continue in opposite directions; as, 'The Chicago and New York trains meet at Erie.'"

Pass may mean either overtaking one going in the same direction or meeting one traveling in opposite directions.

"H. R. W.," Lampman, Canada.—(1) The division of the word *English* is *En-glish*; or *Eng-sh*—the latter form was preferred by the late Professor Francis A. March, Sr., and indicated by him in the first edition of FUNK & WAGNALLS Standard Dictionary, but Professor Calvin Thomas, who sought to harmonize word-divisions with sounds, indicated the first *En-glish* as the word is pronounced (*i* as in *hit*, *n* as in *sing*, *cond i* as in *habit*). (2) *Aggravating* is undoubtedly a nonsense word made up of *aggravating* and *moaning*.

"Name me!"



\$2000.00 in cash prizes

THIS ought to be easy. Here's the Carter Call-boy, the lad that you have seen calling for Carter Ink Products for over a year. Now he's calling for a name. He wants it so badly that we are offering \$2000.00 in cash prizes for the best one submitted—the one that best fits his personality and his business of calling for Carter's.

Here are the prizes: 1st—\$500, 2nd—\$400, 3rd—\$300, 4th—\$200, 5th—\$100, ten prizes of \$25 each for the ten next best names and twenty-five consolation prizes of \$10 each. Aren't these worth a little thought and a few minutes with pen and ink? Sit down right now and think of a name for the Carter Call-boy. All you have to do is follow the easy rules below. If you like you can get an entrance slip from your dealer. Send your names to the contest department—

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Box 27, Cambridge 41 Boston, Mass.



RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. All names must be written in ink.
2. The contest will officially close the 15th day of May. It officially opens the 15th day of March.
3. In case of tie, all of the tying contestants shall receive the full amount of the prize.
4. Names may be written on the slips given away free by stationers, druggists, etc.
5. The first prize will be awarded to the contestant who submits the name that is the most appropriate in the opinion of the judges. The other prizes will be awarded to those next most appropriate in order.
6. All names must be written in English.

7. Everyone is eligible except employees of The Carter's Ink Company or their families.

If you do not get an entrance slip from your dealer, remember to:

1. Write your answer in ink.
2. Give, in 25 words or less, your reason for choosing the name or names entered.
3. Give the name and address of the dealer where you usually buy your ink.
4. Give the name of the kind of ink used in writing your entrance paper.
5. Write your own name and address in full and plainly.

Contest Judges

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Helping to Fill In.—SHE—"Does he belong to the 400?"

SHE—"Yes, he's one of the ciphers."—*Jack-o' Lantern.*

When Hardware Was the Style.—SQUIRE—"Did you send for me, my lord?"

LANCELOT—"Yes, make haste, bring me a can-opener; I've got a flea in my knight clothes."—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

Horse Sense.—YOUNG LORDLING—"My word! There goes the Prince off a horse again. And he was traveling incognito, too."

PUNCHER—"Yep! But you can't fool a horse."—*Sun Dial.*

A Howler.—COCKNEY VISITOR—"What's that awful noise outside?"

COUNTRY HOST—"Why, that's an owl."

COCKNEY VISITOR—"I know it's an owl. But oo's 'owling?"—*The Dry Goods Economist.*

A Job to Suit.—FOREMAN—"Here, now, Murphy, what about carrying some more bricks?"

MURPHY—"I ain't feeling well, guv'nor; I'm trembling all over."

FOREMAN—"Well, then, lend a hand with the sieve."—*The Continent.*

What Do They Scrub?—"Guess my girl in college has changed her mind about basketball. She is evidently going in for something more useful."

"How so?"

"Now she writes that she has made the scrub team."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Easily Identified.—FIRST GOLFER—"That was a fine drive you made this morning."

SECOND GOLFER—"Which one do you mean?"

FIRST GOLFER—"Oh, you know—that time you hit the ball!"—*The Humorist (London).*

Keeping Father Amused.—"Are you sure the course is clear?" she whispered, sliding down to the arms of her lover.

"Yes," he replied. "I succeeded in boring a hole in the water-pipe. Your father has discovered it and will keep his finger over the hole until the plumber arrives."—*Virginia Reel.*

That Grand Structure.—ENGLISH CLERGYMAN—"And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey."

FAIR AMERICAN—"You bet, I'll rattle these off sure, but what I've been hankering to see ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper is the Church of England."—*Tit-Bits (London).*

The Fruits of Politics.—"What do you make of those telegrams referring to apricots, peaches, and other kinds of fruits?"

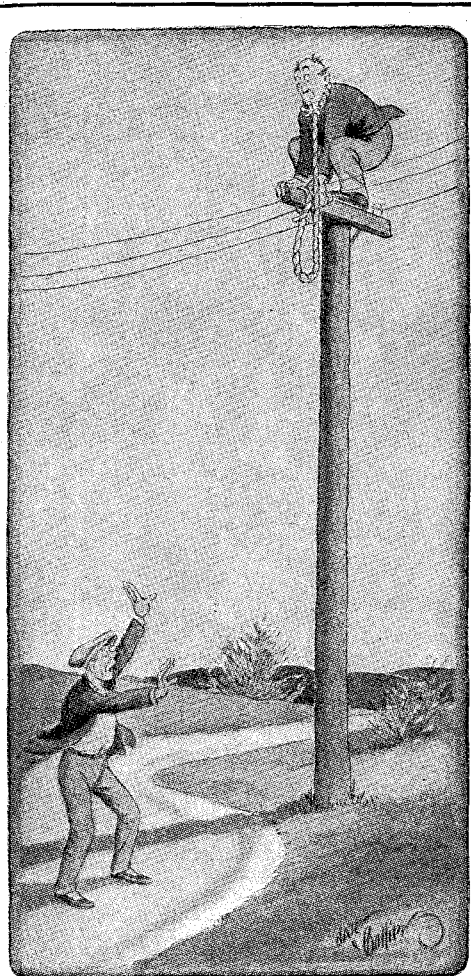
"They have me puzzled," answered Senator Sorghum. "They have spoiled my evenings at home. When my daughter turns the phonograph loose on 'There Are No Bananas,' I don't feel sure whether it's a song or a code message."—*Washington Star.*

Painful Occasion.—"Well, how did you enjoy your visit to the dentist's?"

"I was bored to tears."—*Boston Transcript.*

Interesting Experiment.—FRESH—"Say, prof, how long could I live without brains?"

PROF.—"That remains to be seen."—*The Guide.*



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PHOTOGRAPH FIEND (to would-be suicide): "Hey! wait just a minute till I run home and get my camera."

Effective "Motter."—POLICE JUDGE—"With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?"

MICHAEL MOONEY—"Wid a motter, yer anner."

POLICE JUDGE—"A what?"

MICHAEL MOONEY—"A motter—wan o' these frames wid 'God Bliss Our Home' in it."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Back to Nature.—Two colored men were standing on the corner discussing family trees.

"Yes, suh, man," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree," said Mose.

"Naw, man, trace 'em, trace 'em—get me?"

"Well, they ain't but two kinds of things dat live in trees. Birds and monkeys, and you sho' ain't got no feathers on you."—*Judge.*

Easy Job.—A republic is the form of government in which those who will not vote denounce the choices of those who do.—*Boston Herald.*

More Oil Scandals.—"What do you suppose the *Shenandoah* will find at the North Pole?"

"Doubtless a lot of Eskimos with stock in Doc Cook's oil-wells."—*Life.*

S. O. S.—"I have here a letter signed 'A Man in the Street.'"

"Answer it in a hurry. His situation is extra hazardous these days."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Rural Amenities.—"What be thinkin' of, Janet?"

"Nothin' much."

"Why worn't ye thinkin' of me?"

"I were."—*The Passing Show (London)*

Old Stuff.—"What are you crying for?"

"The doctor has taken one of my teeth out!"

"Pooh! My mother takes all of hers out every night, but she doesn't cry!"—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

New Sign Needed.—According to a contemporary, a New York bachelor girl is starting a movement to have all married men identified by tattoo marks, which is a step in the right direction. Blue eyes have come to be too common to afford positive proof of a man's matrimonial status.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Crucial Point.—"Is there no hope for my husband?"

"Go on, madame; . . ."

"Is there no hope, doctor; is there no hope?"

"That depends, madame, on what you are hoping for," said the doctor, reaching for his hat.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

Banished

To-day I fired my angry niece from the my poor abode; I placed her birdcage and valise and sunshade in the road. "You are too modern," I exclaimed, "we never could agree; you may be right, but I'll be blamed if you can live with me. You serve on juries in the courts, and think I not amiss; but I am of the old line sport who balk at things like this. You chas around in overalls upon the public street and show yourself in turner-halls when Mike combats with Pete. I see you smoking coffin nails, you think your smokin smart; you may be right, but what avar the right that breaks my heart? I do not like you modern maids who toil not neither spin, who cuss and spike your lemonades with anti-Volstead gin. I am old-fashioned, I allow, a relic of dead days: I wander gently with my cow along arcestral ways. But this poor shack is mine I wot, from rooftop to the sill, and when I own the hallowed spot I'll run it as I will. And so your baggage I have set outside the garden gate; your shaving kit, your cigarets, your sport togs in a crate." My niece, she listened, not aghast, but with a heartless grin; "You represent," she said, "a past that is too dead to skin."—*W. O. Mason in the Ohio State Journal.*